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THE HISTORY OF TOM
JONES, A FOUNDLING
Volume 3

H. Fielding, Esq.

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HISTORY
OF
TOM JONES,
A
FOUNDLING.

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VOL. III.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

—Mores hominum multorum vidit—

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THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK VII.
Containing three Days.

CHAP. I.

*A Comparison between the World and the
Stage.*

THE World hath been often compared to the Theatre ; and many grave Writers, as well as the Poets, have considered human Life as a great Drama, resembling, in almost every Particular, those scenical
Vol. III. B Representations,

Representations, which *Thespis* is first reported to have invented, and which have been since received with so much Approbation and Delight in all polite Countries.

This Thought hath been carried so far, and become so general, that some Words proper to the Theatre, and which were, at first, metaphorically applied to the World, are now indiscriminately and literally spoken of both: Thus Stage and Scene are by common Use grown as familiar to us, when we speak of Life in general, as when we confine ourselves to dramatic Performances; and when we mention Transactions behind the Curtain, *St. James's* is more likely to occur to our Thoughts than *Drury-Lane*.

It may seem easy enough to account for all this, by reflecting that the theatrical Stage is nothing more than a Representation, or, as *Aristotle* calls it, an Imitation of what really exists; and hence, perhaps, we might fairly pay a very high Compliment to those, who by their Writings or Actions have been so capable of imitating Life, as to have their Pictures, in a Manner confounded with, or mistaken for the Originals.

But

But, in Reality, we are not so fond of paying Compliments to these People, whom we use as Children frequently do the Instruments of their Amusement ; and have much more Pleasure in hissing and buffeting them, than in admiring their Excellence. There are many other Reasons which have induced us to see this Analogy between the World and the Stage.

Some have considered the larger Part of Mankind in the Light of Actors, as personating Characters no more their own, and to which, in Fact, they have no better Title, than the Player hath to be in Earnest thought the King or Emperor whom he represents. Thus the Hypocrite may be said to be a Player ; and indeed the *Greeks* called them both by one and the same Name.

The Brevity of Life hath likewise given Occasion to this Comparison. So the immortal *Shakespear*.

— *Life's a poor Player,*
That storms and struts his Hour upon the
Stage,
And then is heard no more.

For which hackneyed Quotation, I will make the Reader Amends by a very noble one, which few, I believe, have read. It is taken from a Poem called the DEITY, published about nine Years ago, and long since buried in Oblivion. A Proof that good Books no more than good Men do always survive the bad.

*From thee * all human Actions take their Springs,*

The Rise of Empires, and the Fall of Kings !

See the VAST THEATRE OF TIME display'd,

While o'er the Scene succeeding Heroes tread !

With Pomp the shining Images succeed,

What Leaders triumph, and what Monarchs bleed !

*Perform the Parts thy Providence assign'd,
Their Pride, their Passions to thy Ends inclin'd :*

A while they glitter in the Face of Day,

Then at thy Nod the Phantoms pass away ;

No Traces left of all the busy Scene,

*But that Remembrance says—THE THINGS
HAVE BEEN !*

* The DEITY.

In

In all these, however, and in every other Similitude of Life to the Theatre, the Resemblance hath been always taken from the Stage only. None, as I remember, have at all considered the Audience at this great Drama.

But as Nature often exhibits some of her best Performances to a very full House ; so will the Behaviour of her Spectators no less admit the above-mentioned Comparison than that of her Actors. In this vast Theatre of Time are seated the Friend and the Critic ; here are Claps and Shouts, Hisses and Groans ; in short, every Thing which was ever seen or heard at the Theatre Royal.

Let us examine this in one Example : For Instance, in the Behaviour of the great Audience on that Scene which Nature was pleased to exhibit in the 12th Chapter of the preceding Book, where she introduced *Black George* running away with the 500 l. from his Friend and Benefactor.

Those who sat in the World's upper Gallery, treated that Incident, I am well convinced, with their usual Vociferation ; and every Term of scurrilous Reproach

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was most probably vented on that Oc-
casion.

If we had descended to the next Order of Spectators, we should have found an equal Degree of Abhorrence, tho' less of Noise and Scurrility ; yet here the good Women gave *Black George* to the Devil, and many of them expected every Minute that the cloven-footed Gentleman would fetch his own.

The Pit, as usual, was no doubt divided : Those who delight in heroic Virtue and perfect Character, objected to the producing such Instances of Villainy, without punishing them very severely for the Sake of Example. Some of the Author's Friends, cry'd—' Look'e, Gentlemen, the Man is a Villain ; but it is Nature for all that.' And all the young Critics of the Age, the Clerks, Apprentices, &c. called it Low, and fell a Groaning.

As for the Boxes, they behaved with their accustomed Politeness. Most of them were attending to something else. Some of those few who regarded the Scene at all, declared he was a bad Kind of Man ; while others

others refused to give their Opinion 'till they had heard that of the best Judges.

Now we, who are admitted behind the Scenes of this great Theatre of Nature, (and no Author ought to write any Thing besides Dictionaries and Spelling-Books who hath not this Privilege) can censure the Action, without conceiving any absolute Detestation of the Person, whom perhaps Nature may not have designed to act an ill Part in all her Dramas: For in this Instance, Life most exactly resembles the Stage, since it is often the same Person who represents the Villain and the Heroe; and he who engages your Admiration To-day, will probably attract your Contempt To-Morrow. As *Garrick*, whom I regard in Tragedy to be the greatest Genius the World hath ever produced, sometimes condescends to play the Fool; so did *Scipio* the Great and *Laelius* the Wise, according to *Horace*, many Years ago: nay, *Cicero* reports them to have been 'incredibly childish.'—These, it is true play'd the Fool, like my Friend *Garrick*, in Jest only; but several eminent Characters have, in numberless Instances of their Lives, played the Fool egregiously in Earnest; so far as to render it a Matter of some Doubt, whether
their

their Wisdom or Folly was predominant; or whether they were better intitled to the Applause or Censure, the Admiration or Contempt, the Love or Hatred of Mankind.

Those Persons, indeed, who have passed any Time behind the Scenes of this great Theatre, and are thoroughly acquainted not only with the several Disguises which are there put on, but also with the fantastic and capricious Behaviour of the Passions who are the Managers and Directors of this Theatre, (for as to Reason the Patentee, he is known to be a very idle Fellow, and seldom to exert himself) may most probably have learned to construe the famous *Nil admirari* of *Horace*, or in the *English* Phrase, *To stare at nothing*.

A single bad Act no more constitutes a Villain in Life; than a single bad Part on the Stage. The Passions, like the Managers of a Playhouse, often force Men upon Parts, without consulting their Judgement, and sometimes without any Regard to their Talents. Thus the Man, as well as the Player, may condemn what he himself acts; nay, it is common to see Vice sit as awkwardly on some Men, as the Character of

Iago would on the honest Face of Mr. *William Mills*.

Upon the whole then, the Man of Candour and of true Understanding, is never hasty to condemn. He can censure an Imperfection, or even a Vice, without Rage against the guilty Party. In a Word, they are the same Folly, the same Childishness, the same Ill-breeding, and the same Ill-nature, which raise all the Clamours and Uproars both in Life, and on the Stage. The worst of Men generally have the Words *Rogue* and *Villain* most in their Mouths, as the lowest of all Wretches are the aptest to cry out *low* in the Pit.

CHAP. II.

Containing a Conversation which Mr. Jones had with himself.

JONES received his Effects from Mr. *Allworthy's* early in the Morning, with the following Answer to his Letter.

SIR,

I AM commanded by my Uncle to acquaint you, that as he did not proceed to those Measures he hath taken with

' with you, without the greatest Delibera-
 ' tion, and after the fullest Evidence of
 ' your Unworthiness, so will it be always
 ' out of your Power to cause the least Al-
 ' teration in his Resolution. He expresses
 ' great Surprize at your Presumption in
 ' saying, you have resigned all Pretensions
 ' to a young Lady, to whom it is impossi-
 ' ble you should ever have had any, her
 ' Birth and Fortune having made her so in-
 ' finitely your superior. Lastly, I am com-
 ' manded to tell you, that the only Instance
 ' of your Compliance with my Uncle's In-
 ' clinations, which he requires, is, your
 ' immediately quitting this Country. I
 ' cannot conclude this without offering you
 ' my Advice, as a Christian, that you
 ' would seriously think of amending your
 ' Life; that you may be assisted with Grace
 ' so to do, will be always the Prayer of

Your Humble Servant,

W. BLIFIL.

Many contending Passions were raised in
 our Heroe's Mind by this Letter; but the
 Tender prevailed at last over the Indig-
 nant and Irascible, and a Flood of Tears
 came seasonably to his Assistance, and possibly pre-

prevented his Misfortunes from either turning his Head, or bursting his Heart.

He grew, however, soon ashamed of indulging this Remedy ; and starting up, he cried, ‘ Well then, I will give Mr. *All-*
‘ *worthy* the only Instance he requires of my
‘ Obedience. I will go this Moment——
‘ but whither ?—why let Fortune direct ;
‘ since there is no other who thinks it of
‘ any Consequence what becomes of this
‘ wretched Person, it shall be a Matter of
‘ equal Indifference to myself. Shall I
‘ alone regard what no other ?——Ha !
‘ have I not Reason to think there is ano-
‘ ther ?——One whose Value is above that
‘ of the whole World !——I may, I must
‘ imagine my *Sophia* is not indifferent to
‘ what becomes of me. Shall I then leave
‘ this only Friend——and such a Friend ?
‘ Shall I not stay with her ?——Where ?
‘ How can I stay with her ? Have I any
‘ Hopes of even seeing her, tho’ she was
‘ as desirous as myself, without exposing
‘ her to the Wrath of her Father ? And to
‘ what Purpose ? Can I think of soliciting
‘ such a Creature to consent to her own
‘ Ruin ? Shall I indulge any Passion of
‘ mine at such a Price ?——Shall I lurk
‘ about this Country like a Thief, with
‘ such

‘such Intentions?—No, I disdain, I detest the Thought. Farewel, *Sophia* ; farewel most lovely, most beloved—’ Here Passion stopped his Mouth, and found a Vent at his Eyes.

And now, having taken a Resolution to leave the Country, he began to debate with himself whither he should go. *The World*, as *Milton* phrases it, lay all before him ; and *Jones*, no more than *Adam*, had any Man to whom he might resort for Comfort or Assistance. All his Acquaintance were the Acquaintance of Mr. *Allworthy*, and he had no reason to expect any Countenance from them, as that Gentleman had withdrawn his Favour from him. Men of great and good Characters should indeed be very cautious how they discard their Dependents ; for the Consequence to the unhappy Sufferer is being discarded by all others.

What Course of Life to pursue, or to what Business to apply himself, was a second Consideration ; and here the Prospect was all a melancholy Void. Every Profession, and every Trade, required Length of Time, and what was worse, Money ; for Matters are so constituted, that ‘Nothing out of Nothing’ is not a truer Maxim in Physics than

than in Politics; and every Man who is greatly destitute of Money, is on that Account entirely excluded from all Means of acquiring it.

At last the Ocean, that hospitable Friend to the Wretched, opened her capacious Arms to receive him; and he instantly resolved to accept her kind Invitation. To express myself less figuratively, he determined to go to Sea.

This Thought indeed no sooner suggested itself, than he eagerly embraced it; and having presently hired Horses, he set out for *Bristol* to put it in Execution.

But before we attend him on his Expedition, we shall resort a while to Mr. *Western's*, and see what farther happened to the charming *Sophia*.

C H A P. III.

Containing several Dialogues.

THE Morning in which Mr. *Jones* departed, Mrs. *Western* summoned *Sophia* into her Apartment, and having first acquainted her that she had obtained

her Liberty of her Father, she proceeded to read her a long Lecture on the Subject of Matrimony ; which she treated not as a romantic Scheme of Happiness arising from Love, as it hath been described by the Poets ; nor did she mention any of those Purposes for which we are taught by Divines to regard it as instituted by sacred Authority ; she considered it rather as a Fund in which prudent Women deposite their Fortunes to the best Advantage, in order to receive a larger Interest for them, than they could have elsewhere.

When Mrs. *Western* had finished, *Scopia* answered, ‘ that she was very incapable of
 ‘ arguing with a Lady of her Aunt’s superior Knowledge and Experience, especially on a Subject which she had so very
 ‘ little considered, as this of Matrimony.

‘ Argue with me, Child !’ replied the other, ‘ I do not indeed expect it. I
 ‘ should have seen the World to very
 ‘ little Purpose truly, if I am to argue with
 ‘ one of your Years. I have taken this
 ‘ Trouble, in order to instruct you. The
 ‘ ancient Philosophers, such as *Socrates*,
 ‘ *Alcibiades*, and others, did not use to argue with their Scholars. You are to consider

‘sider me, Child, as *Socrates*, not asking
 ‘your Opinion, but only informing you of
 ‘mine.’ From which last Words the Rea-
 der may possibly imagine, that this Lady
 had read no more of the Philosophy of *So-
 crates*, than she had of that of *Alcibiades*;
 and indeed we cannot resolve his Curiosity
 as to this Point.

‘Madam,’ cries *Sepbia*, ‘I have never
 ‘presumed to controvert any Opinion of
 ‘yours, and this Subject, as I said, I have
 ‘never yet thought of, and perhaps never
 ‘may.

‘Indeed, *Sepby*’, replied the Aunt, ‘this
 ‘Diffimulation with me is very foolish.
 ‘The *French* shall as soon persuade me,
 ‘that they take foreign Towns in Defence
 ‘only of their own Country, as you can
 ‘impose on me to believe you have never
 ‘yet thought seriously of Matrimony. How
 ‘can you, Child, affect to deny that you
 ‘have considered of contracting an Alli-
 ‘ance, when you so well know I am ac-
 ‘quainted with the Party with whom you
 ‘desire to contract it. An Alliance as un-
 ‘natural, and contrary to your Interest,
 ‘as a separate League with the *French*
 ‘would be to the Interest of the *Dutch*!
 ‘But however, if you have not hi-
 C 2 ‘thereto

‘ therto considered of this Matter, I
 ‘ promise you it is now high Time ; for
 ‘ my Brother is resolved immediately to
 ‘ conclude the Treaty with Mr. *Bliss* ; and
 ‘ indeed I am a sort of Guarantee in the
 ‘ Affair, and have promised your Concur-
 ‘ rence.

‘ Indeed, Madam,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ this
 ‘ is the only Instance in which I must dis-
 ‘ obey both yourself and my Father. For
 ‘ this is a Match which requires very little
 ‘ Consideration in me to refuse.

‘ If I was not as great a Philoso-
 ‘ pher as *Socrates* himself,’ returned Mrs.
Western, ‘ you would overcome my Pa-
 ‘ tience. What Objection can you have
 ‘ to the young Gentleman ?

‘ A very solid Objection, in my Opi-
 ‘ nion,’ says *Sophia*, — ‘ I hate him.’

‘ Will you never learn a proper Use of
 ‘ Words ?’ answered the Aunt. ‘ Indeed
 ‘ Child, you should consult *Bailey’s Dictio-*
 ‘ *nary*. It is impossible you should hate a
 ‘ Man from whom you have received no
 ‘ Injury. By Hatred, therefore, you mean
 ‘ no more than Dislike, which is no suffi-
 ‘ cient

‘cient Objection against your marrying of
 ‘him. I have known many Couples, who
 ‘have entirely disliked each other, lead
 ‘very comfortable, genteel Lives. Believe
 ‘me, Child, I know these Things better
 ‘than you. You will allow me, I think,
 ‘to have seen the World, in which I have
 ‘not an Acquaintance who would not ra-
 ‘ther be thought to dislike her Husband,
 ‘than to like him. The contrary is such
 ‘out-of-Fashion romantic Nonsense, that
 ‘the very Imagination of it is shocking.

‘Indeed Madam,’ replied *Sophia*, ‘I
 ‘shall never marry a Man I dislike. If I
 ‘promise my Father never to consent to
 ‘any Marriage contrary to his Inclinations, I
 ‘think I may hope he will never force me
 ‘into that State contrary to my own.

‘Inclinations!’ cries the Aunt, with
 some Warmth. ‘Inclinations! I am a-
 ‘stonished at your Assurance. A young
 ‘Woman of your Age, and unmarried, to
 ‘talk of Inclinations! But whatever your
 ‘Inclinations may be, my Brother is re-
 ‘solved; nay, since you talk of Inclinations,
 ‘I shall advise him to hasten the Treaty.
 ‘Inclinations!

Sophia then flung herself upon her Knees, and Tears began to trickle from her shining Eyes. She entreated her Aunt 'to have
' Mercy upon her, and not to resent so
' cruelly her Unwillingness to make herself
' miserable ; often urging, that she alone
' was concerned, and that her Happiness
' only was at Stake.

As a Bailiff, when well authorised by his Writ, having possessed himself of the Person of some unhappy Debtor, views all his Tears without Concern : In vain the wretched Captive attempts to raise Compassion ; in vain the tender Wife bereft of her Companion, the little prattling Boy, or frightened Girl, are mentioned as Inducements to Reluctance. The noble Bumtrap, blind and deaf to every Circumstance of Distress, greatly rises above all the Motives to Humanity, and into the Hands of the Goaler resolves to deliver his miserable Prey.

Not less blind to the Tears, or less deaf to every Entreaty of *Sophia* was the politic Aunt, nor less determined was she to deliver over the trembling Maid into the Arms of the Goaler *Bliss*. She answered
with

with great Impetuosity, ‘ So far, Madam,
 ‘ from your being concerned alone, your
 ‘ Concern is the least, or surely the least
 ‘ important. It is the Honour of your Fa-
 ‘ mily which is concerned in this Alliance;
 ‘ you are only the Instrument. Do you
 ‘ conceive, Mistress, that in an Intermar-
 ‘ riage between Kingdoms, as when a
 ‘ Daughter of *France* is married into *Spain*,
 ‘ that the Princess herself is alone consider-
 ‘ ed in the Match? No, it is a Match be-
 ‘ tween two Kingdoms, rather than between
 ‘ two Persons. The same happens in great
 ‘ Families, such as ours. The Alliance be-
 ‘ tween the Families is the principal Matter.
 ‘ You ought to have a greater Regard for
 ‘ the Honour of your Family, than for your
 ‘ own Person; and if the Example of a Prin-
 ‘ cess cannot inspire you with these noble
 ‘ Thoughts, you cannot surely complain at
 ‘ being used no worse than all Princesses are
 ‘ used.

‘ I hope, Madam,’ cries *Sophia*, with a
 little Elevation of Voice, ‘ I shall never do
 ‘ any Thing to dishonour my Family; but
 ‘ as for Mr. *Bliss*, whatever may be the
 ‘ Consequence, I am resolved against him,
 ‘ and no Force shall prevail in his Favour.

Western, who had been within hearing during the greater Part of the preceding Dialogue, had now exhausted all his Patience; he therefore entered the Room in a violent Passion, crying, ‘D—n me then if *shatunt* ha’ un, d---n me if *shatunt*, that’s all ——— that’s all ——— D---n me if *shatunt*.

Mrs. *Western* had collected a sufficient Quantity of Wrath for the Use of *Sophia*; but she now transferred it all to the Squire. ‘Brother,’ said she, ‘it is astonishing that you will interfere in a Matter which you had totally left to my Negotiation. Regard to my Family hath made me take upon myself to be the mediating Power, in order to rectify those Mistakes in Policy which you have committed in your Daughter’s Education. For, Brother, it is you; it is your preposterous Conduct which hath eradicated all the Seeds that I had formerly sown in her tender Mind.--- It is you yourself who have taught her Disobedience.’———‘Blood!’ cries the Squire, foaming at the Mouth, ‘you are enough to conquer the Patience of the Devil! Have I ever taught my Daughter Disobedience?---Here she stands; Speak honestly, Girl, did ever I bid you be
‘dis-

' disobedient to me ? Have not I done every
 ' thing to humour, and to gratify you,
 ' and to make you obedient to me ? And
 ' very obedient to me she was when a little
 ' Child, before you took her in Hand and
 ' spoiled her, by filling her Head with a
 ' Pack of Court Notions.---Why---why---
 ' why--did not I over-hear you telling her she
 ' must behave like a Princess ? You have
 ' made a Whig of the Girl ; and how should
 ' her Father, or any body else, expect any
 ' Obedience from her ? ' Brother,' answered
 ' Mrs. *Western*, with an Air of great
 ' Disdain, ' I cannot express the Contempt
 ' I have for your Politics of all Kinds ; but
 ' I will appeal likewise to the young Lady
 ' herself, whether I have ever taught her
 ' any Principles of Disobedience. On the
 ' contrary, Niece, have I not endeavoured
 ' to inspire you with a true Idea of the se-
 ' veral Relations in which a human Crea-
 ' ture stands in Society ? Have I not taken
 ' infinite Pains to shew you, that the Law of
 ' Nature hath enjoined a Duty on Children to
 ' their Parents ? Have I not told you what
 ' *Plato* says on that Subject ? -- A Subject,
 ' on which you was so notoriously ignorant
 ' when you came first under my Care, that
 ' I verily believe you did not know the Re-
 ' lation between a Daughter and a Father,'

' 'Tis a Lie,' answered *Western*. ' The
 ' Girl is no such Fool, as to live to eleven
 ' Years old without knowing that she was
 ' her Father's Relation.' ' O more than Go-
 ' thic Ignorance,' answered the Lady. ---
 ' And as for your Manners, Brother, I must
 ' tell you, they deserve a Cane.' ' Why
 ' then you may gi' it me, if you think
 ' you are able,' cries the Squire ; ' nay, I
 ' suppose your Niece there will be ready
 ' enough to help you.' ' Brother,' said
 Mrs. *Western*, ' tho' I despise you beyond
 ' Expression, yet I shall endure your Inso-
 ' lence no longer ; so I desire my Coach may
 ' be got ready immediately, for I am re-
 ' solved to leave your House this very
 ' Morning.' ' And a good Riddance too,'
 answered he ; ' I can bear your Insolence
 ' no longer, an you come to that. Blood !
 ' it is almost enough of itself, to make my
 ' Daughter undervalue my Sense, when she
 ' hears you telling me every Minute you
 ' despise me.' ' It is impossible, it is impos-
 ' sible,' cries the Aunt, ' no one can un-
 ' dervalue such a Boor. Boar,' answered
 the Squire, ' I am no Boar ; no, nor As ;
 ' no, nor Rat neither, Madam. Remem-
 ' ber that—I am no Rat. I am a true *Eng-*
 ' *lishman*, and not of your *Hanover* Breed,
 ' that have eat up the Nation. Thou art

‘one of those wise Men,’ cries she, ‘whose
 ‘nonsensical Principles have undone the
 ‘Nation ; by weakening the Hands
 ‘of our Government at home, and by
 ‘discouraging our Friends, and encour-
 ‘aging our Enemies abroad.’ ‘Ho ! are
 ‘you come back to your Politics,’ cries the
 Squire, ‘as for those I despise them as much
 ‘as I do a F---t.’ Which last Word he ac-
 companied and graced with the very Action,
 which, of all others, was the most proper
 to it. And whether it was this Word, or
 the Contempt exprest for her Politics, which
 most affected Mrs. *Western*, I will not de-
 termine ; but she flew into the most violent
 Rage, uttered Phrases improper to be here
 related, and instantly burst out of the House.
 Nor did her Brother or her Niece think pro-
 per either to stop or to follow her : For the
 one was so much possessed by Concern, and
 the other by Anger, that they were ren-
 dered almost motionless.

The Squire, however, sent after his Sister
 the same Holla which attends the Depart-
 ure of a Hare, when she is first started be-
 fore the Hounds. He was indeed a great
 Master of this Kind of Vociferation, and
 had a Holla proper for most Occasions in
 Life.

Women who, like Mrs. *Western*, know the World, and have applied themselves to Philosophy and Politics, would have immediately availed themselves of the present Disposition of Mr. *Western's* Mind; by throwing in a few artful Compliments to his Understanding at the Expence of his absent Adversary; but poor *Sophia* was all Simplicity. By which Word we do not intend to insinuate to the Reader, that she was silly, which is generally understood as a synonymous Term with simple: For she was indeed a most sensible Girl, and her Understanding was of the first Rate; but she wanted all that useful Art which Females convert to so many good Purposes in Life, and which, as it rather arises from the Heart, than from the Head, is often the Property of the silliest of Women.

C H A P. IV.

A Picture of a Country Gentlewoman taken from the Life.

MR. *Western* having finished his *Holla*, and taken a little Breath, began to lament, in very pathetic Terms, the unfortunate

fortunate Condition of Men, who are, says he, always *whipt in* by the Humours of some d---nd B—— or other. I think I was *bard run* enough by your Mother for one Man ; but after giving her a *Dodge*, here's another B--- follows me upon the *Foil* ; but curse my Jacket if I will be *run down* in this Manner by any o'um.

Sophia never had a single Dispute with her Father, till this unlucky Affair of *Bli-*
fil, on any Account, except in Defence of her Mother, whom she had loved most tenderly, though she lost her in the eleventh Year of her Age. The Squire, to whom that poor Woman had been a faithful upper Servant all the Time of their Marriage, had returned that Behaviour, by making what the World calls a good Husband. He very seldom swore at her (perhaps not above once a Week) and never beat her : She had not the least Occasion for Jealousy, and was perfect Mistress of her Time : for she was never interrupted by her Husband, who was engaged all the Morning in his Field Exercises, and all the Evening with Bottle Companions. She scarce indeed ever saw him but at Meals ; where she had the Pleasure of carving those Dishes which she had before attended at the Dressing. From these
Meals

Meals she retired about five Minutes after the other Servants, having only stayed to drink the King over the Water. Such were, it seems, Mr. *Western's* Orders : For it was a Maxim with him, that Women should come in with the first Dish, and go out after the first Glass. Obedience to these Orders was perhaps no difficult Task : For the Conversation (if it may be called so) was seldom such as could entertain a Lady. It consisted chiefly of Hollowing, Singing, Relations of sporting Adventures, B--d- y, and Abuse of Women and of the Government.

These, however, were the only Seasons when Mr. *Western* saw his Wife : For when he repaired to her Bed, he was generally so drunk that he could not see ; and in the sporting Season he always rose from her before it was light. Thus was she perfect Mistress of her Time ; and had besides a Coach and four usually at her Command ; tho' unhappily indeed the Badness of the Neighbourhood, and of the Roads, made this of little Use : For none who had set much Value on their Necks would have passed through the one, or who had set any Value on their Hours, would have visited the other. Now to deal honestly with the Reader, she did not make all the Return expect-

expected to so much Indulgence : For she had been married against her Will, by a fond Father, the Match having been rather advantageous on her Side : For the Squire's Estate was upwards of 3000 *l.* a Year, and her Fortune no more than a bare 8000 *l.* Hence perhaps she had contracted a little Gloominess of Temper : For she was rather a good Servant than a good Wife ; nor had she always the Gratitude to return the extraordinary Degree of roaring Mirth, with which the Squire received her, even with a good humoured Smile. She would, moreover, sometimes interfere with Matters which did not concern her, as the violent Drinking of her Husband, which in the gentlest Terms she would take some of the few Opportunities he gave her of remonstrating against. And once in her Life she very earnestly entreated him to carry her for two Months to *London*, which he peremptorily denied ; nay, was angry with his Wife for the Request ever after, being well assured, that all the Husbands in *London* are Cuckolds.

For this last, and many other good Reasons, *Western* at length heartily hated his Wife ; and this Hatred as he never concealed before her Death, so he never forgot it afterwards ;

as he never concealed

this Hatred

Ever to

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terwards; but when any Thing in the least
soured him, as a bad scenting Day, or a
Distemper among his Hounds, or any o-
ther such Misfortune, he constantly vented
his Spleen by Invectives against the De-
ceased; saying, — ‘ If my Wife was alive
‘ now, she would be glad of this.’

These Invectives he was especially de-
sirous of throwing forth before *Sepbia* :
For as he loved her more than he did any
other, so he was really jealous that she had
loved her Mother better than him. And this
Jealousy *Sophia* seldom failed of heighten-
ing on these Occasions : For he was not
contented with violating her Ears with the
Abuse of her Mother ; but endeavoured to
force an explicit Approbation of all this A-
buse, with which Desire he never could pre-
vail upon her by any Promise or Threats to
comply.

Hence some of my Readers will, per-
haps, wonder that the Squire had not hated
Sophia as much as he had hated her Mother ;
but I must inform them, that Hatred is not
the Effect of Love, even through the Me-
dium of Jealousy. It is, indeed, very pos-
sible for jealous Persons to kill the Objects of
their Jealousy, but not to hate them.
Which

Which Sentiment being a pretty hard Morfel, and bearing something of the Air of a Paradox, we shall leave the Reader to chew the Cud upon it to the End of the Chapter.

C H A P. V.

The generous Behaviour of Sophia towards her Aunt.

SOPHIA kept Silence during the foregoing Speech of her Father, nor did she once answer otherwise than with a Sigh; but as he understood none of the Language, or as he called it, Lingo of the Eyes, so he was not satisfied without some further Approbation of his Sentiments; which he now demanded in the usual Way of his Daughter; telling her, ‘ he expected she was ready to take the Part of every Body against him, as she had always done that of the B—— her Mother.’ Sophia remaining still silent, he cry’d out, ‘ What art dumb? why dost thou not speak. Was not thy Mother a d—— B—— to me? Answer me that. What, I suppose, you despise your Father too, and don’t think him good enough to speak to?’

‘ For

‘ For Heaven’s Sake, Sir,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘ do not give so cruel a Turn to my Silence. I am sure I would sooner die than be guilty of any Disrespect towards you ; but how can I venture to speak, when every Word must either offend my dear Papa, or convict me of the blackest Ingratitude as well as Impiety to the Memory of the best of Mothers : For such, I am certain my Mamma was always to me ?’

‘ And your Aunt, I suppose, is the best of Sisters too !’ replied the Squire. ‘ Will you be so kind as to allow that she is a B— ? I may fairly insist upon that, I think.’

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ I have great Obligations to my Aunt. She hath been a second Mother to me.’

‘ And a second Wife to me too,’ returned *Western* ; ‘ so you will take her Part too ! You won’t confess that she hath acted the Part of the vilest Sister in the World ?’

‘ Upon my Word, Sir,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ I must belie my Heart wickedly if I did. I know my Aunt and you differ very much

‘ much in your Ways of thinking ; but I
 ‘ have heard her a thousand Times express
 ‘ the greatest Affection for you ; and I am
 ‘ convinced so far from her being the worst
 ‘ Sister in the World, there are very few
 ‘ who love a Brother better.’

‘ The *English* of all which is,’ answered
 the Squire, ‘ that I am in the wrong. Ay,
 ‘ certainly. Ay, to be sure the Woman is
 ‘ in the Right, and the Man in the Wrong
 ‘ always.’

‘ Pardon me, Sir,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ I do
 ‘ not say so.’

‘ What don’t you say,’ answered the
 Father? ‘ you have the Impudence to
 ‘ say she’s in the Right ; doth it not follow
 ‘ then of Course that I’m in the wrong ?
 ‘ And perhaps I am in the wrong to suffer
 ‘ such a Presbyterian *Hannoverian* B— to
 ‘ come into my House. She may ‘dite me
 ‘ of a Plot for any Thing I know, and give
 ‘ my Estate to the Government.’

‘ So far, Sir, from injuring you or your
 ‘ Estate,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ if my Aunt had
 ‘ died Yesterday, I am convinced she
 ‘ would have left you her whole Fortune.’

Whether

Whether *Sophia* intended it or no, I shall not presume to assert; but certain it is, these last Words penetrated very deep into the Ears of her Father, and produced a much more sensible Effect than all she had said before. He received the Sound with much the same Action as a Man receives a Bullet in his Head. He started, staggered and turned pale. After which he remained silent above a Minute, and then began in the following hesitating Manner. ‘Yesterday! she would have left me her Estate Yesterday! would she? Why Yesterday of all the Days in the Year? I suppose if she dies To-morrow she will leave it to somebody else, and perhaps out of the Vamily: My Aunt, Sir,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘hath very violent Passions, and I can’t answer what she may do under their Influence.’

‘You can’t!’ returned the Father, ‘and pray who hath been the Occasion of putting her into those violent Passions? Nay, who hath actually put her into them? Was not you and she hard at it before I came into the Room? Besides, was not all our Quarrel about you? have not quarreled with Sister these many Years but upon your Account; and now

‘yo

‘ you would throw the whole Blame upon
 ‘ me, as thof I should be the Occasion of
 ‘ her leaving her Esteate out o’ the Vamily.
 ‘ I could have expected no better indeed,
 ‘ this is like the Return you make to all the
 ‘ rest of my Fondness.’

‘ I beseech you then,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ up-
 ‘ on my Knees I beseech you, if I have
 ‘ been the unhappy Occasion of this Dif-
 ‘ ference, that you will endeavour to make
 ‘ it up with my Aunt, and not suffer her to
 ‘ leave your House in this violent Rage of
 ‘ Anger : She is a very good-natured Wo-
 ‘ man, and a few civil Words will satisfy
 ‘ her—Let me intreat you, Sir.’

‘ So I must go and ask Pardon for your
 ‘ Fault, must I ?’ answered *Western*. ‘ You
 ‘ have lost the Hare, and I must draw
 ‘ every Way to find her again ? Indeed if
 ‘ I was certain’—Here he stopt, and *So-
 phia* throwing in more Entreaties, at length
 prevailed upon him ; and after venting two
 or three bitter sarcaistical Expressions against
 his Daughter, he departed as fast as he
 could to recover his Sister, before her Equi-
 page could be gotten ready.

Sophia

Sophia then retired to her Chamber of Mourning, where she indulged herself (if the Phrase may be allowed me) in all the Luxury of tender Grief. She read over the Letter which she had received from *Jones* more than once; her Muff too was used on this Occasion; and she bathed both these, as well as herself, with her Tears. In this Situation, the friendly Mrs. *Honour* exerted her utmost Abilities to comfort her afflicted Mistress. She ran over the Names of many young Gentlemen; and having greatly commended their Parts and Persons, assured *Sophia* that she might take her Choice of any. These Methods must have certainly been used with some Success in Disorders of the like Kind, or so skilful a Practitioner as Mrs. *Honour* would never have ventured to apply them; nay, I have heard that the College of Chambermaids hold them to be as sovereign Remedies as any in the female Dispensary; but whether it was that *Sophia's* Disease differed inwardly from those Cases with which it agreed in external Symptoms, I will not assert; but, in Fact, the good Waiting-woman did more Harm than Good, and at last so incensed her Mistress (which was no easy Matter

Matter) that with an angry Voice she dismissed her from her Presence.

CH A P. VI.

Containing great Variety of Matter.

THE Squire overtook his Sister just as she was stepping into the Coach, and partly by Force and partly by Solicitations, prevailed upon her to order her Horses back into their Quarters. He succeeded in this Attempt without much Difficulty : For the Lady was, as we have already hinted, of a most placable Disposition, and greatly loved her Brother, tho' she despised his Parts, or rather his little Knowledge of the World.

Poor *Sophia*, who had first set on Foot this Reconciliation, was now made the Sacrifice to it. They both concurred in their Censures on her Conduct ; jointly declared War against her ; and directly proceeded to Council, how to carry it on in the most vigorous Manner. For this Purpose, Mrs. *Western* proposed not only an immediate Conclusion of the Treaty with *Allworthy* ; but as immediately to carry it into Execution ;

tion; saying, ‘ That there was no other
 ‘ Way to succeed with her Niece but by
 ‘ violent Methods, which she was con-
 ‘ vinced *Sophia* had not sufficient Resolu-
 ‘ tion to resist. By violent,’ says she, ‘ I
 ‘ mean rather, hasty Measures : For as to
 ‘ Confinement or absolute Force, no such
 ‘ Things must or can be attempted. Our
 ‘ Plan must be concerted for a Surprize, and
 ‘ not for a Storm.

These Matters were resolved on, when Mr.
Bliss came to pay a Visit to his Mistress.
 The Squire no sooner heard of his Arrival,
 than he stepped aside, by his Sister’s Advice,
 to give his Daughter Orders for the proper
 Reception of her Lover ; which he did with
 the most bitter Execrations and Denuncia-
 tions of Judgment on her Refusal.

The Impetuosity of the Squire bore down
 all before him ; and *Sophia*, as her Aunt
 very wisely foresaw, was not able to resist
 him. She agreed, therefore, to see *Bliss*
 tho’ she had scarce Spirits or Strength suf-
 ficient to utter her Assent. Indeed, to
 give a peremptory Denial to a Father whom
 she so tenderly loved, was no easy Task.
 Had this Circumstance been out of the
 Case, much less Resolution than what she

was really Mistress of, would, perhaps, have served her; but it is no unusual Thing to ascribe those Actions entirely to Fear, which are in a great Measure produced by Love.

In Pursuance, therefore, of her Father's peremptory Command, *Sophia* now admitted Mr. *Bliss*'s Visit. Scenes, like this, when painted at large, afford, as we have observed, very little Entertainment to the Reader. Here, therefore, we shall strictly adhere to a Rule of *Horace*; by which Writers are directed to pass over all those Matters, which they despair of placing in a shining Light. A Rule, we conceive, of excellent Use as well to the Historian as to the Poet; and which, if followed, must, at least, have this good Effect, that many a great Evil (for so all great Books are called) would thus be reduced to a small one.

It is possible the great Art used by *Bliss* at this Interview, would have prevailed on *Sophia* to have made another Man in his Circumstances her Confident, and to have revealed the whole Secret of her Heart to him; but she had contracted so ill an Opinion of this young Gentleman, that she was resolved to place no Confidence in him:

For Simplicity, when set on it's Guard, is often a Match for Cunning. Her Behaviour to him, therefore, was entirely forced, and indeed such as is generally prescribed to Virgins upon the second formal Visit from one who is appointed for their Husband.

But tho' *Bliss* declared himself perfectly satisfied with his Reception to the Squire, yet that Gentleman, who in Company with his Sister had overheard all, was not so well pleased. He resolved, in Pursuance of the Advice of the sage Lady, to push Matters as forward as possible; and addressing himself to his intended Son-in-Law in the hunting Phrase, he cry'd after a loud Holla,
 ' Follow her, Boy, follow her; run in, run
 ' in, that's it, Honeys. Dead, dead, dead.
 ' —Never be bashful, nor stand shall I,
 ' shall I? —*Allworthy* and I can finish all
 ' Matters between us this Afternoon, and
 ' let us ha' the Wedding To-morrow.

Bliss having conveyed the utmost Satisfaction into his Countenance, answered:
 ' As there is nothing, Sir, in this World,
 ' which I so eagerly desire as an Alliance
 ' with your Family, except my Union with
 ' the most amiable and deserving *Sophia*, you
 ' may easily imagine how impatient I must
 ' be

‘ be to see myself in Possession of my two
‘ highest Wishes. If I have not therefore
‘ importuned you on this Head, you will
‘ impute it only to my Fear of offending
‘ the Lady, by endeavouring to hurry on
‘ so blessed an Event, faster than a strict
‘ Compliance with all the Rules of De-
‘ cency and Decorum will permit. But if
‘ by your Interest, Sir, she might be in-
‘ duced to dispence with any Formalities.’—

‘ Formalities ! with a Pox !’ answered the
Squire, ‘ Pooh, all Stuff and Nonsense. I
‘ tell thee, she shall ha’ thee To-morrow ;
‘ you will know the World better hereafter,
‘ when you come to my Age. Women
‘ never gi’ their Consent, Man, if they can
‘ help it, ’tis not the Fashion. If I
‘ had staid for her Mother’s Consent, I
‘ might have been a Batchelor to this Day.
‘ —To her, to her, co to her, that’s it,
‘ you jolly Dog. I tell thee that ha’ her
‘ To-morrow Morning.’

Bliss suffered himself to be overpowered
by the forcible Rhetoric of the Squire ; and
it being agreed that *Western* should close
with *Allworthy* that very Afternoon, the
 Lover departed home, having first earnestly
 begged that no Violence might be offered to

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the Lady by this Haste, in the same Manner as a Popish Inquisitor begs the Lay Power to do no Violence to the Heretic, delivered over to it, and against whom the Church hath passed Sentence.

*Convinced
mate*
And to say the Truth, *Blissl* had passed Sentence against *Sophia*; for however pleased he had declared himself to *Western*, with his Reception, he was by no means satisfied, unless it was that he was satisfied of the Hatred and Scorn of his Mistress; and this had produced no less reciprocal Hatred and Scorn in him. It may, perhaps, be asked, Why then did he not put an immediate End to all further Courtship? I answer, for that very Reason, as well as for several others equally good, which we shall now proceed to open to the Reader,

Tho' Mr. *Blissl* was not of the Complexion of *Jones*, nor ready to eat every Woman he saw, yet he was far from being destitute of that Appetite which is said to be the common Property of all Animals. With this, he had likewise that distinguishing Taste, which serves to direct Men their Choice of the Objects, or Food of the several Appetites; and this taught him to consider *Sophia* as a most delicious Morsel.

indeed to regard her with the same Desires which an Ortolan inspires into the Soul of an Epicure. Now the Agonies which affected the Mind of *Sophia* rather augmented than impaired her Beauty; for her Tears added Brightness to her Eyes, and her Breasts rose higher with her Sighs. Indeed no one hath seen Beauty in its highest Lustre, who hath never seen it in Distress. *Bliss* therefore looked on this human Ortolan with greater Desire than when he had viewed her last; nor was his Desire at all lessened by the Aversion which he discovered in her to himself. On the contrary, this served rather to heighten the Pleasure he proposed in ridding her Charms, as it added Triumph to Lust; nay, he had some further Views, from obtaining the absolute Possession of her Person, which we detest too much even to mention; and Revenge itself was not without its Share in the Gratifications which he promised himself. The rivalling poor *Jones*, and supplanting him in her Affections, added another Spur to his Pursuit, and promised another additional Rapture to his Enjoyment.

Besides all these Views, which to some scrupulous Persons may seem to favour too much of Malevolence, he had one Prospect,

D 3

which

which few Readers will regard with any great Abhorrence. And this was the Estate of Mr. *Western*; which was all to be settled on his Daughter and her Issue; for so extravagant was the Affection of that fond Parent, that provided his Child would but consent to be miserable with the Husband he chose, he cared not at what Price he purchased him.

For these Reasons Mr. *Blifil* was so desirous of the Match, that he intended to deceive *Sophia*, by pretending Love to her; and to deceive her Father and his own Uncle, by pretending he was beloved by her. In doing this, he availed himself of the Piety of *Thwackum*, who held, that if the End proposed was religious (as surely Matrimony is) it mattered not how wicked were the Means. As, to other Occasions he used to apply the Philosophy of *Square*, which taught, that the End was immaterial, so that the Means were fair and consistent with moral Rectitude. To say Truth, there were few Occurrences in Life on which he could not draw Advantage from the Précepts of one or other of those great Masters.

Little

Little Deceit was indeed necessary to be practised on Mr. *Western*; who thought the Inclinations of his Daughter of as little Consequence, as *Bliss* himself conceived them to be; but as the Sentiments of Mr. *Allworthy* were of a very different Kind, so it was absolutely necessary to impose on him. In this, however, *Bliss* was so well assisted by *Western*, that he succeeded without Difficulty: For as Mr. *Allworthy* had been assured by her Father, that *Sophia* had a proper Affection for *Bliss*, and that all which he had suspected concerning *Jones*, was entirely false, *Bliss* had nothing more to do, than to confirm these Assertions; which he did with such Equivocations, that he preserved a Salvo for his Conscience; and had the Satisfaction of conveying a Lie to his Uncle, without the Guilt of telling one. When he was examined touching the Inclinations of *Sophia*, by *Allworthy*, who said, ‘ he would, on no Account, be accessary to forcing a young Lady into a Marriage contrary to her own Will,’ he answered, ‘ That the real Sentiments of young Ladies were very difficult to be understood; that her Behaviour to him was full as forward as he wished it, and that if he could believe her

D 4

‘ Father,

' Father, she had all the Affection for him
 ' which any Lover could desire. As for
 ' *Jones*, said he, ' whom I am loth to
 ' call Villain, tho' his Behaviour to you,
 ' Sir, sufficiently justifies the Appellation,
 ' his own Vanity, or perhaps some wicked
 ' Views, might make him boast of a Fals-
 ' hood; for if there had been any Reality
 ' in Miss *Western*'s Love to him, the Great-
 ' ness of her Fortune would never have suf-
 ' fered him to desert her, as you are well in-
 ' formed he hath. Lastly, Sir, I promise you
 ' I would not myself, for any Consideration,
 ' no not for the whole World, consent to
 ' marry this young Lady, if I was not per-
 ' suaded she had all the Passion for me
 ' which I desire she should have.'

This excellent Method of conveying a
 Falshood with the Heart only, without
 making the Tongue guilty of an Untruth,
 by the Means of Equivocation and Impo-
 sture, hath quieted the Conscience of many
 a notable Deceiver; and yet when we con-
 sider that it is Omniscience on which these
 endeavour to impose, it may possibly seem
 capable only of affording a very superficial
 Comfort; and that this artful and refined
 Distinction between communicating a Lie

and

and telling one, is hardly worth the Pains it costs them.

Allworthy was pretty well satisfied with what Mr. *Western* and Mr. *Blifil* told him; and the Treaty was now, at the End of two Days, concluded. Nothing then remained previous to the Office of the Priest, but the Office of the Lawyers, which threatened to take up so much Time, that *Western* offered to bind himself by all Manner of Covenants, rather than to defer the Happiness of the young Couple. Indeed he was so very earnest and pressing, that an indifferent Person might have concluded he was more a Principal in this Match than he really was: But this Eagerness was natural to him on all Occasions; and he conducted every Scheme he undertook in such a Manner, as if the Success of that alone was sufficient to constitute the whole Happiness of his Life.

The joint Importunities of both Father and Son-in-law would probably have prevailed on Mr. *Allworthy*, who brooked but ill any Delay of giving Happiness to others, had not *Sophia* herself prevented it, and taken Measures to put a final End to the whole Treaty, and to rob both Church and Law of those Taxes which these wise Bo-

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dies have thought proper to receive from
the Propagation of the human Species, in a
lawful Manner. Of which in the next
Chapter.

C H A P. VII.

*A strange Resolution of Sophia, and a more
strange Stratagem of Mrs. Honour.*

TH^O' Mrs. Honour was principally
attached to her own Interest, she was
not without some little Attachment to So-
phia. To say Truth, it was very difficult
for any one to know that young Lady with-
out loving her. She no sooner, therefore,
heard a Piece of News, which she imagined
to be of great Importance to her Mistress,
than quite forgetting the Anger which she
had conceived two Days before, at her un-
pleasant Dismission from Sophia's Presence,
she ran hastily to inform her of this News.

The Beginning of her Discourse was as
abrupt as her Entrance into the Room. 'O
' dear Ma'am,' says she, ' what doth your
' La'ship think? To be sure, I am fright-
' ened out of my Wits; and yet I thought
' it my Duty to tell your La'ship, tho'
' perhaps

' perhaps it may make you angry, for we
 ' Servants don't always know what will
 ' make our Ladies angry; for to be sure,
 ' every thing is always laid to the Charge
 ' of a Servant. When our Ladies are out
 ' of Humour, to be sure, we must be
 ' scolded; and to be sure I should not
 ' wonder if your La'ship should be out of
 ' Humour; nay, it must surprize you cer-
 ' tainly, ay, and shock you too.'—' Good
 ' Honour! let me know it without any
 ' longer Preface,' says *Sophia*; ' there are
 ' few Things, I promise you, which will
 ' surprize, and fewer which will shock me.'
 ' Dear Ma'am,' answered *Honour*, ' to be
 ' sure, I overheard my Master talking to
 ' Parson *Supple* about getting a Licence this
 ' very Afternoon; and to be sure I heard
 ' him say your La'ship should be married
 ' To-morrow Morning.' *Sophia* turned
 pale at these Words, and repeated eagerly,
 ' To-morrow Morning!--Yes, Madam,'
 replied the trusty Waiting-woman, ' I will
 ' take my Oath I heard my Master say so.'
 ' Honour,' says *Sophia*, ' you have both
 ' surprized and shocked me to such a De-
 ' gree, that I have scarce any Breath or
 ' Spirits left. What is to be done in my
 ' dreadful Situation?' ' I wish I was
 ' able to advise your La'ship,' says she.

' Do, advise me,' cries *Sophia*, ' pray,
 ' dear *Honour* advise me. Think what you
 ' would attempt if it was your own Case.'
 ' Indeed, Ma'am,' cries *Honour*, ' I wish
 ' your La'ship and I could change Situa-
 ' tions; that is, I mean, without hurting
 ' your La'ship, for to be sure I don't wish
 ' you so bad as to be a Servant; but be-
 ' cause that if so be it was my Case, I
 ' should find no Manner of Difficulty in it;
 ' for in my poor Opinion, young Squire
 ' *Blifil* is a charming, sweet, handsome
 ' Man.'—' Don't mention such Stuff,' cries
 ' *Sophia*.'---' Such Stuff,' repeated *Honour*,
 ' why there---Well, to be sure, what's one
 ' Man's Meat is another Man's Poison, and
 ' the same is altogether as true of Women.'
 ' *Honour*,' says *Sophia*, ' rather than sub-
 ' mit to be the Wife of that contemptible
 ' Wretch, I would plunge a Dagger into
 ' my Heart.' ' O lud, Ma'm,' answered
 ' the other, ' I am sure you frighten me out
 ' of my Wits now. Let me beseech your
 ' La'ship not to suffer such wicked Thoughts
 ' to come into your Head. O lud, to be
 ' sure I tremble every Inch of me. Dear
 ' Ma'm, consider---that to be denied Chri-
 ' stian Burial, and to have your Corps
 ' buried in the Highway, and a Stake
 ' drove through you, as Farmer *Halfpenny*

was

' was served at *Ox-Cross*, and, to be sure,
 ' his Ghost hath walked there ever since;
 ' for several People have seen him. To be
 ' sure it can be nothing but the Devil which
 ' can put such wicked Thoughts into the
 ' Head of any body; for certainly it is less
 ' wicked to hurt all the World than one's
 ' own dear Self, and so I have heard said by
 ' more Parsons than one. If your La'ship
 ' hath such a violent Aversion, and hates
 ' the young Gentleman so very bad, that
 ' you can't bear to think of going into Bed
 ' to him; for to be sure there may be such
 ' Antipathies in Nature, and one had liev-
 ' erer touch a Toad than the Flesh of some
 ' People.——

Sophia had been too much wrapped in
 Contemplation to pay any great Attention
 to the foregoing excellent Discourse of her
 Maid; interrupting her therefore, without
 making any Answer to it, she said, '*Honour*,
 ' I am come to a Resolution. I am determin-
 ' ed to leave my Father's House this very
 ' Night; and if you have the Friendship
 ' for me which you have often professed,
 ' you will keep me Company.' ' That I
 ' will, Ma'm, to the World's End,' answered
Honour; ' but I beg your La'ship to con-
 ' sider the Consequence before you under-
 ' take

‘ take any rash Action. Where can your
‘ La’ship possibly go?’ ‘ There is,’ replied
Sophia, ‘ a Lady of Quality in *London*, a
‘ Relation of mine, who spent several
‘ Months with my Aunt in the Country;
‘ during all which Time she treated me
‘ with great Kindness, and expressed so
‘ much Pleasure in my Company, that she
‘ earnestly desired my Aunt to suffer me
‘ to go with her to *London*. As she is a
‘ Woman of very great Note, I shall easily
‘ find her out, and I make no Doubt of
‘ being very well and kindly received by
‘ her.’ ‘ I would not have your La’ship
‘ too confident of that,’ cries *Honour*; ‘ for
‘ the first Lady I lived with used to invite
‘ People very earnestly to her House; but
‘ if she heard afterwards they were coming
‘ she used to get out of the Way. Besides
‘ tho’ this Lady would be very glad to see
‘ your La’ship, as to be sure any body
‘ would be glad to see your La’ship, yet
‘ when she hears your La’ship is run away
‘ from my Master’-----‘ You are mistaken
‘ *Honour*,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ she looks upon
‘ the Authority of a Father in a much
‘ lower Light than I do; for she pressed
‘ me violently to go to *London* with her
‘ and when I refused to go without my
‘ Father’s Consent, she laughed me to scorn
‘ call

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‘ called me silly Country Girl, and said I
‘ should make a pure loving Wife, since I
‘ could be so dutiful. a Daughter. So I
‘ have no Doubt but she will both receive
‘ me, and protect me too, till my Father,
‘ finding me out of his Power, can be
‘ brought to some Reason.’

‘ Well but, Ma’m,’ answered *Honour*,
‘ how doth your La’ship think of making
‘ your Escape? Where will you get any
‘ Horses or Conveyance? for as for your
‘ own Horse, as all the Servants know a
‘ little how Matters stand between my Ma-
‘ ster and your La’ship, *Robin* will be
‘ hanged before he will suffer it to go out of
‘ the Stable without my Master’s express
‘ Orders.’ ‘ I intend to escape,’ said *Sophia*,
‘ by walking out of the Doors when
‘ they are open. I thank Heaven my Legs
‘ are very able to carry me. They have
‘ supported me many a long Evening, af-
‘ ter a Fiddle, with no very agreeable
‘ Partner; and surely they will assist me in
‘ running from so detestable a Partner for
‘ Life.’ ‘ O Heavens, Ma’m, doth your
‘ La’ship know what you are saying?’ cries
Honour, ‘ would you think of walking about
‘ the Country by Night and alone?’ ‘ Not
‘ alone,’ answered the Lady, ‘ you have
‘ promised

phia, 'I believe I may ensure your Virtue
' at a very cheap Rate, without carrying
' any Arms with us; for I intend to take
' Horses at the very first Town we come
' to, and we shall hardly be attacked in
' our Way thither. Look'ee, *Honour*, I
' am resolved to go, and if you will attend
' me, I promise you I will reward you to
' the very utmost of my Power.'

This last Argument had a stronger Effect on *Honour* than all the preceding. And since she saw her Mistress so determined, she desisted from any further Dissuasions. They then entered into a Debate on Ways and Means of executing their Project. Here a very stubborn Difficulty occurred, and this was the Removal of their Effects, which was much more easily got over by the Mistress than by the Maid: For when a Lady hath once taken a Resolution to run to a Lover; or to run from him, all Obstacles are considered as Trifles. But *Honour* was inspired by no such Motive; she had no Raptures to expect, nor any Terrors to shun, and besides the real Value of her Clothes, in which consisted great Part of her Fortune, she had a capricious Fondness for several Gowns, and other Things; either because they became her, or because they
were

were given her by such a particular Person; because she had bought them lately, or because she had had them long; or for some other Reasons equally good; so that she could not endure the Thought of leaving the poor Things behind her exposed to the Mercy of *Western*, who, she doubted not, would make them suffer Martyrdom in his Rage.

The ingenious Mrs. *Honour* having applied all her Oratory to dissuade her Mistress from her Purpose, when she found her positively determined, at last started the following Expedient to remove her Clothes, viz. to get herself turned out of Doors that very Evening. *Sophia* highly approved this Method, but doubted how it might be brought about. ‘Oh! Ma’m,’ cries *Honour*, ‘your La’ship may trust that to me; we Servants very well know how to obtain this Favour of our Masters and Mistresses; tho’ sometimes indeed where they owe us more Wages than they can readily pay, they will put up with all our Affronts, and will hardly take any Warning we can give them; but the Squire is none of those; and since your La’ship is resolved upon setting out to Night, I warrant I get discharged this Afternoon.’

It

It was then resolved that she should pack up some Linnen, and a Night-gown for *Sophia*, with her own Things; and as for all her other Clothes, the young Lady abandoned them with no more Remorse than the Sailor feels when he throws over the Goods of others in order to save his own Life.

C H A P. VIII.

Containing Scenes of Altercation, of no very uncommon Kind.

MRS. Honour had scarce sooner parted from her young Lady, than something (for I would not, like the old Woman in *Quivedo*, injure the Devil by any false Accusation, and possibly he might have no Hand in it) but something, I say, suggested to her, that by sacrificing *Sophia* and all her Secrets to Mr. *Western*, she might probably make her Fortune. Many Considerations urged this Discovery. The fair Prospect of a handsome Reward for so great and acceptable a Service to the Squire, tempted her Avarice; and again, the Danger of the Enterprize she had undertaken; the Incertainty of its Success; Night, Cold, Robbers, Ravishers, all alarmed her Fears.

So

So forcibly did all these operate upon her, that she was almost determined to go directly to the Squire, and to lay open the whole Affair. She was, however, too upright a Judge to decree on one Side before she had heard the other. And here, first, a Journey to *London* appeared very strongly in Support of *Sophia*. She eagerly longed to see a Place in which she fancied Charms short only of those which a raptured Saint imagines in Heaven. In the next Place, as she knew *Sophia* to have much more Generosity than her Master, so her Fidelity promised her a greater Reward than she could gain by Treachery. She then cross-examined all the Articles which had raised her Fears on the other Side, and found, on fairly sifting the Matter, that there was very little in them. And now both Scales being reduced to a pretty even Ballance, her Love to her Mistress being thrown into the Scale of her Integrity, made that rather preponderate, when a Circumstance struck upon her Imagination, which might have had a dangerous Effect, had its whole Weight been fairly put into the other Scale. This was the Length of Time which must intervene before *Sophia* would be able to fulfil her Promises; for tho' she was intitled to her Mother's Fortune, at the Death of her Father,

Father, and to the Sum of 3000 *l.* left her by an Uncle when she came of Age; yet these were distant Days, and many Accidents might prevent the intended Generosity of the young Lady, whereas the Rewards she might expect from Mr. *Western* were immediate. But while she was pursuing this Thought, the good Genius of *Sophia*, or that which presided over the Integrity of Mrs. *Honour*, or perhaps mere Chance, sent an Accident in her Way, which at once preserved her Fidelity, and even facilitated the intended Business.

Mrs. *Western's* Maid claimed great Superiority over Mrs. *Honour*, on several Accounts. First, her Birth was higher: For her great Grand-mother by the Mother's Side was a Cousin, not far removed, to an *Irish* Peer. Secondly, her Wages were greater. And lastly, she had been at *London*, and had of Consequence seen more of the World. She had always behaved, therefore, to Mrs. *Honour* with that Reserve, and had always exacted of her those Marks of Distinction, which every Order of Females preserve and require in Conversation with those of an inferior Order. Now as *Honour* did not at all Times agree with this Doctrine; but would frequently break

in

preserves and requires

in upon the Respect which the other demanded, Mrs. *Western's* Maid was not at all pleased with her Company : Indeed, she earnestly longed to return home to the House of her Mistress, where she domineered at Will over all the other Servants. She had been greatly, therefore, disappointed in the Morning when Mrs. *Western* had changed her Mind on the very Point of Departure, and had been in what is vulgarly called, a glouting Humour ever since.

In this Humour, which was none of the sweetest, she came into the Room where *Honour* was debating with herself, in the Manner we have above related. *Honour* no sooner saw her, than she addressed her in the following obliging Phrase. ‘Soh ! Madam, ‘I find we are to have the Pleasure of your ‘Company longer, which I was afraid the ‘Quarrel between my Master and your ‘Lady would have robbed us of.’ ‘I ‘don’t know, Madam,’ answered the other, ‘who you mean by We and Us. I ‘assure you I do not look on any of the ‘Servants in this House to be proper ‘Company for me. I am Company, I ‘hope, for their Betters every Day in the ‘Week. I do not speak on your Account, ‘Mrs. *Honour* ; for you are a civilized ‘young

‘ young Woman ; and when you have seen
 ‘ a little more of the World, I should not
 ‘ be ashamed to walk with you in *St. James’s*
 ‘ Park.’ ‘ Hoity ! toity !’ cries *Honour*,
 ‘ Madam is in her Airs, I protest. Mrs.
 ‘ *Honour* forsooth ! sure, Madam, you might
 ‘ call me by my Sir-name ; for tho’ my
 ‘ Lady calls me *Honour*, I have a Sir-name,
 ‘ as well as other Folks. Ashamed to walk
 ‘ with me, quotha ! Marry, as good as
 ‘ yourself I hope.’ ‘ Since you make such
 ‘ a Return to my Civility,’ said the other,
 ‘ I must acquaint you, Mrs. *Honour*, that
 ‘ you are not so good as me. In the Country
 ‘ one is indeed obliged to take up with all kind
 ‘ of Trumpery, but in Town I visit none but
 ‘ the Women of Women of Quality. Indeed,
 ‘ Mrs. *Honour*, there is some Difference, I
 ‘ hope, between you and me.’ ‘ I hope so too,’
 answered *Honour*, ‘ there is some Difference in
 ‘ our Ages, and—I think in our Persons.’
 Upon speaking which last Words, she
 strutted by Mrs. *Western’s* Maid with the
 most provoking Air of Contempt ; turning
 up her Nose, tossing her Head, and vio-
 lently brushing the Hoop of her Compe-
 titor with her own. The other Lady put
 on one of her most malicious Sneers, and
 said, ‘ Creature ! you are below my Anger ;
 ‘ and it is beneath me to give ill Words to such
 ‘ an audacious saucy Trollop ; but, Hussy,

‘ I must tell you, your Breeding shews the
 ‘ Meanness of your Birth as well as of your
 ‘ Education ; and both very properly qua-
 ‘ lify you to be the mean serving Wo-
 ‘ man of a Country Girl.’ ‘ Don’t abuse
 ‘ my Lady,’ cries *Honour*, ‘ I won’t take
 ‘ that of you ; she’s as much better
 ‘ than yours as she is younger, and ten
 ‘ thousand Times more handsomer.

Here ill Luck, or rather good Luck
 sent Mrs. *Western* to see her Maid in Tears,
 which began to flow plentifully at her Ap-
 proach ; and of which being asked the Rea-
 son by her Mistress, she presently acquaint-
 ed her, that her Tears were occasioned by
 the rude Treatment of that Creature there,
 meaning *Honour*. ‘ And, Madam,’ con-
 tinued she, ‘ I could have despised all she
 ‘ said to me ; but she hath had the Auda-
 ‘ city to affront your Ladyship, and to call
 ‘ you ugly — Yes, Madam, she called you
 ‘ ugly old Cat to my Face. I could not
 ‘ bear to hear your Ladyship called ugly.’
 ‘ — Why do you repeat her Impudence so
 ‘ often?’ said Mrs. *Western*. And then
 turning to Mrs. *Honour*, she asked her ‘ how
 ‘ she had the Assurance to mention her
 ‘ Name with Disrespect?’ ‘ Disrespect
 ‘ Madam!’ answered *Honour*, ‘ I never
 ‘ mentioned your Name at all. I said some-
 ‘ body

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‘ body was not as handsome as my Mistress,
 ‘ and to be sure you know that as well as I.’
 ‘ Hussy,’ replied the Lady, ‘ I will make
 ‘ such a saucy Trollop as yourself, know
 ‘ that I am not a proper Subject of your
 ‘ Discourse. And if my Brother doth
 ‘ not discharge you this Moment, I will
 ‘ never sleep in his House again. I will
 ‘ find him out and have you discharged this
 ‘ Moment.’ ‘ Discharged!’ cries *Honour*,
 ‘ and suppose I am, there are more Places
 ‘ in the World than one. Thank Hea-
 ‘ ven, good Servants need not want Places;
 ‘ and if you turn away all who do not think
 ‘ you handsome, you will want Servants
 ‘ very soon, let me tell you that.’

Mrs. *Western* spoke, or rather thundered
 in Answer; but as she was hardly articu-
 late, we cannot be very certain of the iden-
 tical Words: We shall, therefore, omit in-
 serting a Speech, which, at best, would not
 greatly redound to her Honour. She then
 departed in Search of her Brother, with a
 Countenance so full of Rage, that she re-
 sembled one of the Furies rather than a
 human Creature.

The two Chambermaids being again left
 alone, began a second Bout at Altercation,
 which soon produced a Combat of a more

active Kind. In this the Victory belonged to the Lady of inferior Rank, but not without some Loss of Blood, of Hair, and of Lawn and Muslin.

C H A P. IX.

The wise Demeanour of Mr. Western in the Character of a Magistrate. A Hint to Justices of Peace, concerning the necessary Qualifications of a Clerk ; with extraordinary Instances of paternal Madness, and filial Affection.

Logicians sometimes prove too much by an Argument, and Politicians often overreach themselves in a Scheme. Thus had it like to have happened to Mrs. Honour, who instead of recovering the rest of her Clothes, had like to have stopped even those she had on her Back from escaping : For the Squire no sooner heard of her having abused his Sister, than he swore twenty Oaths he would send her to *Bridewell*.

Mrs. *Western* was a very good-natured Woman, and ordinarily of a forgiving Temper. She had lately remitted the Trespas

pass of a Stage-coach Man, who had overturned her Post-chaise into a Ditch ; nay, she had even broken the Law in refusing to prosecute a High-way-man who had robbed her, not only of a Sum of Money, but of her Ear-rings ; at the same Time dining her, and saying, ‘ such handsome B—s as you, don’t want Jewels to set them off, and be d—nd to you.’ But now, so uncertain are our Tempers, and so much do we at different Times differ from ourselves, she would hear of no Mitigation ; nor could all the affected Penitence of *Honour*, nor all the Entreaties of *Sophia* for her own Servant, prevail with her to desist from earnestly desiring her Brother to execute Justice (for it was indeed a Syllable more than Justice) on the Wench.

But luckily the Clerk had a Qualification, which no Clerk to a Justice of Peace ought ever to be without, namely, some Understanding in the Law of this Realm. He therefore whispered in the Ear of the Justice, that he would exceed his Authority by committing the Girl to *Bridewell*, as there had been no Attempt to break the Peace ; ‘ for I am afraid, Sir,’ says he, ‘ you cannot legally commit any one to *Bridewell* only for Ill-breeding.’

In Matters of high Importance, particularly in Cases relating to the Game, the Justice was not always attentive to these Admonitions of his Clerk : For, indeed, in executing the Laws under that Head, many Justices of Peace suppose they have a large discretionary Power. By Virtue of which, under the Notion of searching for, and taking away Engines for the Destruction of the Game, they often commit Trespases, and sometimes Felony at their Pleasure.

But this Offence was not of quite so high a Nature, not so dangerous to the Society. Here, therefore, the Justice behaved with some Attention to the Advice of his Clerk : For, in Fact, he had already had two Informations exhibited against him in the King's Bench, and had no Curiosity to try a third.

The Squire, therefore, putting on a most wise and significant Countenance, after a Preface of several Hum's and Ha's, told his Sister, that upon more mature Deliberation, he was of Opinion that 'as
' there was no breaking up of the Peace,
' such as the Law,' says he, 'calls break-
' ing open a Door, or breaking a Hedge,
or

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‘ or breaking a Head ; or any such Sort of
‘ Breaking ; the Matter did not amount to
‘ a felonious Kind of a Thing, nor Tres-
‘ passes nor Damages, and, therefore, there
‘ was no Punishment in the Law for it.

Mrs. *Western* said, ‘ she knew the Law
‘ much better ; that she had known Ser-
‘ vant very severely punished for affronting
‘ their Masters ; and then named a certain
‘ Justice of the Peace in *London*, who,’
she said, ‘ would commit a Servant to
‘ *Bridewell*, at any Time when a Master or
‘ Mistress desired it.’

‘ Like enough,’ cries the Squire, ‘ it
‘ may be so in *London* ; but the Law is
‘ different in the Country.’ Here followed
a very learned Dispute between the Brother
and Sister concerning the Law, which we
would insert, if we imagined many of our
Readers could understand it. This was,
however, at length referred by both Parties
to the Clerk, who decided it in Favour of
the Magistrate ; and Mrs. *Western* was,
in the End, obliged to content herself with
the Satisfaction of having *Honour* turned
away ; to which *Sophia* herself very readily
and chearfully consented.

Thus Fortune, after having diverted her-
 according to Custom, with two or
 Frolicks, at last disposed all Matters
 to the Advantage of our Heroine; who;
 indeed, succeeded admirably well in her
 Deceit, considering it was the first she had
 ever practised. And, to say the Truth, I
 have often concluded, that the honest Part
 of Mankind would be much too hard for
 knavish, if they could bring them-
 selves to incur the Guilt, or thought it worth
 while to take the Trouble.

Her Honour acted her Part to the utmost Per-
 fection. She no sooner saw herself secure
 from all Danger of *Bridewell*, a Word
 which had raised most horrible Ideas in her
 Mind, than she resumed those Airs
 which in her Terrours before had a little
 abated; and laid down her Place, with as
 much Affectation of Content, and indeed
 of Contempt, as was ever practised at the Re-
 sumption of Places of a much greater Im-
 portance. If the Reader pleases, therefore,
 we chuse rather to say she resigned — which
 hath indeed, been always held a synoni-
 mous Expression with being turned out, or
 turned away.

Mr.

Mr. *Western* ordered her to be very expeditious in packing : For his Sister declared she would not sleep another Night under the same Roof with so impudent a Slut. To work therefore she went, and that so earnestly, that every Thing was ready early in the Evening ; when having received her Wages, away packed Bag and Baggage, to the great Satisfaction of every one, but of none more than of *Sophia* ; who, having appointed her Maid to meet her at a certain Place not far from the House, exactly at the dreadful and ghostly Hour of Twelve, began to prepare for her own Departure.

But first she was obliged to give two painful Audiences, the one to her Aunt, and the other to her Father. In these Mrs. *Western* herself began to talk to her in a more peremptory Stile than before ; but her Father treated her in so violent and outrageous a Manner, that he frightened her into an affected Compliance with his Will, which so highly pleased the good Squire, that he changed his Frowns into Smiles, and his Menaces into Promises ; he vowed his whole Soul was wrapped in hers, that her Consent (for so he construed the Words, *You know, Sir, I must*

not, nor can refuse to obey any absolute
 Command of yours, had made him the hap-
 piest of Mankind. He then gave her a
 large Bank-bill to dispose of in any Trinkets
 she pleased, and kissed and embraced her
 in the fondest Manner, while Tears of Joy
 trickled from those Eyes, which a few Mo-
 ments before had darted Fire and Rage a-
 gainst the dear Object of all his Affection.

Instances of this Behaviour in Parents are
 so common, that the Reader, I doubt not,
 will be very little astonished at the whole
 Conduct of Mr. *Western*. If he should, I
 own I am not able to account for it; since
 that he loved his Daughter most tenderly,
 is, I think, beyond Dispute. So indeed
 have many others, who have rendered their
 Children most compleatly miserable by the
 same Conduct; which, tho' it is almost
 universal in Parents, hath always appeared
 to me to be the most unaccountable of all
 the Absurdities, which ever entered into the
 Brain of that strange prodigious Creature
 Man.

The latter Part of Mr. *Western's* Beha-
 viour had so strong an Effect on the tender
 Heart of *Sophia*, that it suggested a Thought

to her, which not all the politic Sophistry of her Aunt, nor all the Menaces of her Father had ever once brought into her Head. She revered her Father so piously, and loved him so passionately, that she had scarce ever felt more pleasing Sensations, than what arose from the Share she frequently had of contributing to his Amusement; and sometimes, perhaps, to higher Gratifications; for he never could contain the Delight of hearing her commended, which he had the Satisfaction of hearing almost every Day of her Life. The Idea, therefore, of the immense Happiness she should convey to her Father by her Consent to this Match, made a strong Impression on her Mind. Again, the extreme Piety of such an Act of Obedience, worked very forcibly, as she had a very deep Sense of Religion. Lastly, when she reflected how much she herself was to suffer, being indeed to become little less than a Sacrifice, or a Martyr, to filial Love and Duty, she felt an agreeable Tickling in a certain little Passion, which tho' it bears no immediate Affinity either to Religion or Virtue, is often so kind as to lend great Assistance in executing the Purposes of both.

Sophia was charmed with the Contem-
 plation of so heroic an Action, and began to
 compliment herself with much premature
 Flattery, when *Cupid*, who lay hid in her
 bosom, suddenly crept out, and, like *Punchi-*
 on in a Puppet-show, kicked all out before
 him. In Truth (for we scorn to deceive
 our Reader, or to vindicate the Character
 of our Heroine, by ascribing her Actions to
 a natural Impulse) the Thoughts of her
 beloved *Jones*, and some Hopes (however dil-
 uded in which he was very particularly con-
 duced, immediately destroyed all which
 Love, Piety and Pride had, with their
 Endeavours, been labouring to bring

But before we proceed any farther with
Sophia, we must now look back to Mr.
Jones.

C H A P. X.

Containing several Matters natural enough, perhaps, but L o w.

TH E Reader will be pleased to remember, that we left Mr. *Jones* in the Beginning of this Book, on his Road to *Bristol*; being determined to seek his Fortune at Sea, or rather, indeed, to fly away from his Fortune on Shore.

It happened, (a Thing not very unusual) that the Guide who undertook to conduct him on his Way, was unluckily unacquainted with the Road; so that having missed his right Track, and being ashamed to ask Information, he rambled about backwards and forwards, till Night came on, and it began to grow dark. *Jones* suspecting what had happened, acquainted the Guide with his Apprehensions; but he insisted on it, that they were in the right Road; and added, it would be very strange if he should not know the Road to *Bristol*; tho', in Reality, it would have been much stranger if he had known it, having never past through it in his Life before.

Jones had not such implicit Faith in his
 Guide; but that on their Arrival at a Vil-
 lage, he enquired of the first Fellow he
 saw, whether they were in the Road to
 Bristol. 'Whence did you come?' cries the
 Fellow. 'No Matter,' says Jones, a little
 haughtily, 'I want to know if this be the
 Road to Bristol.' 'The Road to Bris-
 tol' cries the Fellow, scratching his
 head, 'Why, Master, I believe you will
 hardly get to Bristol this Way to Night.'
 'Thither, Friend, then,' answered Jones,
 'tell us which is the Way.' — 'Why,
 Master,' cries the Fellow, 'you must
 come out of your Road the Lord
 knows whither: For thick Way goeth to
 Worcester.' 'Well, and which Way goes
 to Bristol,' said Jones. 'Why, you be
 going away from Bristol,' answered the
 Fellow. — 'Then,' said Jones, 'we
 must go back again.' 'Ay, you must,'
 said the Fellow. 'Well, and when we
 come back to the Top of the Hill, which
 way must we take?' 'Why you must
 keep the strait Road.' 'But I remember
 there are two Roads, one to the Right and
 other to the Left.' 'Why you must
 keep the right-hand Road, and then
 strait forwards; only remember to turn
 first

‘ first to your Right, and then to your Left
 ‘ again, and then to your Right ; and that
 ‘ brings you to the Squire’s, and then you
 ‘ must keep strait vorwards, and turn to
 ‘ the Left.’

Another Fellow now came up, and asked
 which Way the Gentlemen were going?—
 of which being informed by *Jones*, he first
 scratched his Head, and then leaning upon
 a Pole he had in his Hand, began to tell
 him, ‘ That he must keep the Right-hand
 ‘ Road for about a Mile or a Mile and
 ‘ half or zuch a Matter, and then he must
 ‘ turn short to the Left, which would bring
 ‘ him round by Measter *Jin Bearnese’s*.
 ‘ But which is Mr. *John Bearnese’s*,’ says
Jones. ‘ O Lord,’ cries the Fellow, ‘ why
 ‘ don’t you know Measter *Jin Bearnese*?
 ‘ Whence then did you come?’

These two Fellows had almost conquered
 the Patience of *Jones*, when a plain well-
 looking Man (who was indeed a Quaker)
 accosted him thus : ‘ Friend, I perceive
 ‘ thou hast lost thy Way, and if thou
 ‘ wilt take my Advice thou wilt not at-
 ‘ tempt to find it to Night. It is almost
 ‘ dark, and the Road is difficult to hit ;
 ‘ besides there have been several Robberies
 committed

committed lately between this and *Brif-*
 Here is a very creditable good House
 it by, where thou may'st find good
 entertainment for thyself and thy Cattle
 Morning.' *Jones*, after a little Per-
 suasion, agreed to stay in this Place 'till the
 Morning, and was conducted by his Friend
 to the Public-House.

The Landlord, who was a very civil
 Fellow, told *Jones*, ' he hoped he would
 excuse the Badness of his Accommoda-
 tion: For that his Wife was gone from
 home, and had locked up almost every
 thing, and carried the Keys along with
 her.' Indeed, the Fact was, that a fa-
 te Daughter of hers was just married;
 and gone, that Morning, home with her
 husband; and that she and her Mo-
 ther together, had almost stript the poor
 Man of all his Goods, as well as Money:
 For tho' he had several Children, this
 Daughter only, who was the Mother's Fa-
 vourite, was the Object of her Considera-
 tion, and to the Humour of this one
 Child, she would, with Pleasure, have
 sacrificed all the rest, and her Husband into
 the bargain.

Tho'

Tho' *Jones* was very unfit for any Kind of Company, and would have preferred being alone, yet he could not resist the Importunities of the honest Quaker; who was the more desirous of sitting with him, from having remarked the Melancholy which appeared both in his Countenance and Behaviour; and which the poor Quaker thought his Conversation might in some Measure relieve.

After they had past some Time together, in such a Manner that my honest Friend might have thought himself at one of his Silent Meetings, the Quaker began to be moved by some Spirit or other, probably that of Curiosity; and said, 'Friend, I perceive some sad Disaster hath befallen thee; but, pray be of Comfort. Perhaps thou hast lost a Friend. If so, thou must consider we are all mortal. And why should'st thou grieve, when thou knowest thy Grief will do thy Friend no Good. We are all born to Affliction. I myself have my Sorrows as well as thee, and most probably greater Sorrows. Tho' I have a clear Estate of a 100 *l.* a Year, which is as much as I want, and I have a Conscience, I thank
4 the

The Lord, void of Offence. My Constitution is sound and strong, and there is no Man can demand a Debt of me, nor accuse me of an Injury — yet, Friend, should be concerned to think thee as miserable as myself.

Here the Quaker ended with a deep Sigh; and Jones presently answered, ‘ I am very sorry, Sir, for your Unhappiness, whatever is the Occasion of it.’ ‘ Ah! Friend,’ replied the Quaker, ‘ one only Daughter is the Occasion. One who was my greatest Delight upon Earth, and who within this Week is run away from me, and is married against my Consent. I had provided her a proper Match, a forer Man, and one of Substance; but she, in foolishness, would chuse for herself, and say she is gone with a young Fellow not worth a Groat. If she had been dead, I suppose thy Friend is, I should have been happy!’ ‘ That is very strange, Sir,’ said Jones. ‘ Why, would it not be better for her to be dead, than to be a Beggar?’ replied the Quaker: ‘ For, as I told you, the Fellow is not worth a Groat; and surely she cannot expect that I shall ever give her a Shilling. No, as she hath married for Love, let her live on.’ ‘ Love

‘ Love if she can ; let her carry her Love to Market, and see whether any one will change it into Silver, or even into Half-pence.’ ‘ You know your own Concerns best, Sir,’ said *Jones*. ‘ It must have been,’ continued the Quaker, ‘ a long premeditated Scheme to cheat me : For they have known one another from their Infancy ; and I always preached to her against Love — and told her a thousand Times over, it was all Folly and Wickedness. Nay, the cunning Slut pretended to hearken to me, and to despise all Wantonness of the Flesh ; and yet, at last, to break out at a Window two Pair of Stairs : For I began, indeed, a little to suspect her, and had locked her up carefully, intending the very next Morning to have married her up to my Liking. But she disappointed me within a few Hours, and escaped away to the Lover of her own chusing, who lost no Time : For they were married and bedded, and all within an Hour.

‘ But it shall be the worst Hour’s Work for them both that ever they did, for they may starve, or beg, or steal together for me. I will never give either of them a Farthing.’ Here *Jones* starting up, cry’d, ‘ I

78 The P
‘ I really must
‘ would leave me

‘ the World,’ cry
‘ give you a Pie
‘ your Daughter
‘ and don’t be y
‘ Misery to one y
‘ for her and h
‘ the Quaker lov
‘ for the two
‘ the World !
‘ self, or wh
‘ For I will s
‘ — Nay,
‘ I scorn
‘ one.
‘ from his
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The S
‘ is deep
‘ very will
‘ this the Quake
‘ added with
‘ least Broadbrim
‘ Companion was

really must be excused, I wish you would leave me.' 'Come, come, Friend,' said the Quaker, 'don't give Way to Concern. You see there are other People miserable, besides yourself.' 'I see there are Madmen and Fools and Villains in the World,' cries *Jones* — 'But let me give you a Piece of Advice; send for your Daughter and Son-in-law home, and don't be yourself the only Cause of Misery to one you pretend to love.' 'Send for her and her Husband home!' cries the Quaker loudly, 'I would sooner send for the two greatest Enemies I have in the World!' 'Well, go home yourself, or where you please,' said *Jones*: 'or I will sit no longer in such Company.' 'Nay, Friend,' answered the Quaker, 'I scorn to impose my Company on any one.' He then offered to pull Money out of his Pocket, but *Jones* pushed him with some Violence out of the Room.

The Subject of the Quaker's Discourse so deeply affected *Jones*, that he stared wildly all the Time he was speaking. This was the Quaker had observed, and this, added to the rest of his Behaviour, inspired *Broadbrim* with a Conceit, that his Companion was, in Reality, out of his Senses.

Seuses. Instead of resenting the Affront, therefore, the Quaker was moved with Compassion for his unhappy Circumstances ; and having communicated his Opinion to the Landlord, he desired him to take great Care of his Guest, and to treat him with the highest Civility.

‘ Indeed,’ says the Landlord, ‘ I shall use no such Civility towards him : For it seems, for all his laced Waistcoat there, he is no more a Gentleman than myself ; but a poor Parish Bastard bred up at a great Squire’s about 30 Miles off, and now turned out of Doors, (not for any Good to be sure.) I shall get him out of my House as soon as possible. If I do lose my Reckoning, the first Loss is always the best. It is not above a Year ago that I lost a Silver-spoon.’

‘ What dost thou talk of a Parish Bastard, *Robin* ?’ answered the Quaker. ‘ Thou must certainly be mistaken in thy Man.’

‘ Not at all,’ replied *Robin*, ‘ the Guide, who knows him very well, told it me.’ For, indeed, the Guide had no sooner taken his Place at the Kitchen-Fire, than he acquainted

acquainted the whole Company with all he knew, or had ever heard concerning *Jones*.

The Quaker was no sooner assured by this Fellow of the Birth and low Fortune of *Jones*, than all Compassion for him vanished; and the honest, plain Man went home fired with no less Indignation than a Duke would have felt at receiving an Affront from such a Person.

The Landlord himself conceived an equal disdain for his Guest; so that when *Jones* rang the Bell in order to retire to Bed, he was acquainted that he could have no Bed there. Besides Disdain of the mean Condition of his Guest, *Robin* entertained violent suspicion of his Intentions, which were, he proposed, to watch some favourable Opportunity of robbing the House: In reality, he might have been very well eased of these Apprehensions by the prudent Precautions of his wife and Daughter, who had already removed every thing which was not fixed to Freehold; but he was by Nature suspicious, and had been more particularly so since the Loss of his Spoon. In short, the dread of being robbed, totally absorbed the comfortable Consideration that he had nothing to lose.

Jones

Jones being assured that he could have no Bed, very contentedly betook himself to a great Chair made with Rushes, when Sleep, which had lately shunned his Company in much better Apartments, generously paid him a Visit in his humble Cell.

As for the Landlord, he was prevented by his Fears from retiring to Rest. He returned therefore to the Kitchen Fire, whence he could survey the only Door which opened into the Parlour, or rather Hole, where *Jones* was seated; and as for the Window to that Room, it was impossible for any Creature larger than a Cat to have made his Escape through it.

CHAP. XI.

The Adventure of a Company of Soldiers.

THE Landlord having taken his Seat directly opposite to the Door of the Parlour, determined to keep Guard there the whole Night. The Guide and another Fellow remained long on Duty with him, tho' they neither knew his Suspicions, nor had any of their own. The true Cause of their

their watching did indeed, at length, put an End to it; for this was no other than the Strength and Goodness of the Beer, of which having tippled a very large Quantity, they grew at first very noisy and vociferous, and afterwards fell both asleep.

But it was not in the Power of Liquor to impose the Fears of *Robin*. He continued waking in his Chair, with his Eyes fixed stedfastly on the Door which led into Apartment of Mr. *Jones*, till a violent knocking at his outward Gate called him from his Seat, and obliged him to open it; which he had no sooner done, than his Kitchen was immediately full of Gentlemen in red Coats, who all rushed upon him in a tumultuous a Manner, as if they intended to take his little Castle by Storm.

The Landlord was now forced from his Bed to furnish his numerous Guests with Beer, which they called for with great Earnestness; and upon his second or third Return from the Cellar, he saw Mr. *Jones* standing before the Fire in the midst of the Soldiers; for it may easily be believed, that the Arrival of so much good Company would put an End to any Sleep, unless that from

Ch. II. *a* FOUNDLING. 83

from which we are only to be awakened by the last Trumpet.

The Company having now pretty well satisfied their Thirst, nothing remained but to pay the Reckoning, a Circumstance often productive of much Mischief and Discontent among the inferior Rank of Gentry; who are apt to find great Difficulty in assessing the Sum, with exact Regard to distributive Justice, which directs, that every Man shall pay according to the Quantity which he drinks. This Difficulty occurred upon the present Occasion; and it was the greater, as some Gentlemen had, in their extreme Hurry, marched off, after their first Draught, and had entirely forgot to contribute any thing towards the said Reckoning.

A violent Dispute now arose, in which every Word may be said to have been proposed upon Oath; for the Oaths were at least equal to all the other Words spoken. In this Controversy, the whole Company spoke together, and every Man seemed wholly bent to extenuate the Sum which fell to his Share; so that the most probable Conclusion which could be foreseen, was, that a large Portion of the Reckoning would fall

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fall to the Landlord's Share to pay, or
(what is much the same thing) would remain unpaid.

All this while Mr. *Jones* was engaged in Conversation, with the Serjeant; for that Officer was entirely unconcerned in the present Dispute, being privileged, by immemorial Custom, from all Contribution.

The Dispute now grew so very warm, that it seemed to draw towards a military Decision, when *Jones* stepping forward, silenced all their Clamours at once, by declaring that he would pay the whole Reckoning, which indeed amounted to no more than three Shillings and Four-pence.

This Declaration procured *Jones* the Thanks and Applause of the whole Company. The Terms honourable, noble, and worthy Gentleman, resounded through the Room; nay, my Landlord himself began to have a better Opinion of him, and almost to disbelieve the Account which the Guide had given.

The Serjeant had informed Mr. *Jones*, that they were marching against the Rebels, and expected to be commanded by the glorious

rious Duke of *Cumberland*. By which the Reader may perceive (a Circumstance which we have not thought necessary to communicate before) that this was the very Time when the late Rebellion was at the highest; and indeed the Banditti were now marched into *England*, intending, as it was thought, to fight the King's Forces, and to attempt pushing forward to the Metropolis.

Jones had some Heroic Ingredients in his Composition, and was a hearty Well-wisher to the glorious Cause of Liberty, and of the Protestant Religion. It is no wonder, therefore, that in Circumstances which would have warranted a much more romantic and wild Undertaking, it should occur to him, to serve as a Volunteer in this Expedition.

Our commanding Officer had said all in his Power to encourage and promote this good Disposition, from the first Moment he had been acquainted with it. He now proclaimed the noble Resolution aloud, which was received with great Pleasure by the whole Company, who all cried out, 'God bless King *George*, and your Honour;' and then added, with many Oaths, 'We will stand by you both to the last Drops of our Blood.'

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The Gentleman, who had been all Night tippling at the Alehouse, was prevailed on by some Arguments which a Corporal had put into his Hand, to undertake the same Expedition. And now the Portmanteau belonging to Mr. *Jones* being put up in the Baggage-cart, the Forces were about to move forwards; when the Guide, stepping up to *Jones*, said, ‘Sir, I hope you will consider that the Horses have been kept out all Night, and we have travelled a great ways out of our Way.’ *Jones* was surprized at the Impudence of this Demand, and acquainted the Soldiers with the Merits of his Cause, who were all unanimous in condemning the Guide for his Endeavours to put upon a Gentleman. Some said, he ought to be tied Neck and Heels; others, that he deserved to run the Gauntlope; and the Serjeant shook his Cane at him, and wished he had him under his Command, swearing heartily he would make an Example of him.

Jones contented himself, however, with a negative Punishment, and walked off with his new Comrades, leaving the Guide to the poor Revenge of cursing and reviling him, in which latter the Landlord joined, saying

saying, ‘ Ay, ay, he is a pure one, I warrant you. A pretty Gentleman, indeed, to go for a Soldier. He shall wear a laced Waistcoat truly. It is an old Proverb and a true one, all is not Gold that glisters. I am glad my House is well rid of him.’

All that Day the Serjeant and the young Soldier marched together; and the former, who was an arch Fellow, told the latter many entertaining Stories of his Campaigns, tho’ in Reality he had never made any; for he was but lately come into the Service, and had, by his own Dexterity, so well ingratiated himself with his Officers, that he had promoted himself to a Halberd, chiefly indeed by his Merit in recruiting, in which he was most excellently well skilled.

Much Mirth and Festivity passed among the Soldiers during their March. In which the many Occurrences that had passed at their last Quarters were remembered, and every one, with great Freedom, made what Jokes he pleased on his Officers, some of which were of the coarser Kind, and very near bordering on Scandal. This brought to our Heroe’s Mind the Custom which he

had read of among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, of indulging, on certain Festivals and solemn Occasions, the Liberty to Slaves, of using an uncontrouled Freedom of Speech towards their Masters.

Our little Army, which consisted of two Companies of Foot, were now arrived at the Place where they were to halt that Evening. The Serjeant then acquainted his Lieutenant, who was the commanding Officer, that they had picked up two Fellows in that Day's March; one of which, he said, was as fine a Man as ever he saw (meaning the Tippler) for that he was near six Feet, well-proportioned, and strongly limbed; and the other, (meaning *Jones*,) would do well enough for the rear Rank.

The new Soldiers were now produced before the Officer, who having examined the six Foot Man, he being first produced, came next to survey *Jones*; at the first Sight of whom, the Lieutenant could not help shewing some Surprize; for, besides that he was very well dressed, and was naturally genteel, he had a remarkable Air of Dignity in his Look, which is rarely seen among the Vulgar, and is indeed not inseparably

inseparably annexed to the Features of their Superiors.

‘Sir,’ said the Lieutenant, ‘my Serjeant informed me, that you are desirous of enlisting in the Company I have at present under my command; if so, Sir, we shall very gladly receive a Gentleman who promises to do much Honour to the Company, by bearing Arms in it.’

Jones answered: ‘That he had not mentioned any thing of enlisting himself; that he was most zealously attached to the glorious Cause for which they were going to fight, and was very desirous of serving, as a Volunteer;’ concluding with some Compliments to the Lieutenant, and expressing the great Satisfaction he should have in being under his Command.

The Lieutenant returned his Civility, commended his Resolution, shook him by the Hand, and invited him to dine with himself and the rest of the Officers.

C H A P. XII.

The Adventure of a Company of Officers.

THE Lieutenant, whom we mentioned in the preceding Chapter, and who commanded this Party, was now near sixty Years of Age. He had entered very young into the Army, and had served in the Capacity of an Ensign at the Battle of *Tannieres*; here he had received two Wounds, and had so well distinguished himself, that he was by the Duke of *Marlborough* advanced to be a Lieutenant, immediately after that Battle.

In this Commission he had continued ever since, viz. near forty Years; during which Time he had seen vast Numbers preferred over his Head, and had now the Mortification to be commanded by Boys, whose Fathers were at Nurse when he had first entered into the Service.

Nor was this ill Success in his Profession solely owing to his having no Friends among the Men in Power. He had the Misfortune to incur the Displeasure of his Colonel, who

who for many Years continued in the Command of this Regiment. Nor did he owe the implacable Ill-will which this Man bore him to any Neglect or Deficiency as an Officer, nor indeed to any Fault in himself; but solely to the Indiscretion of his Wife, who was a very beautiful Woman, and who, tho' she was remarkably fond of her Husband, would not purchase his Preferment at the Expence of certain Favours which the Colonel required of her.

The poor Lieutenant was more peculiarly unhappy in this, that while he felt the Effects of the Enmity of his Colonel, he neither knew, nor suspected, that he really bore him any; for he could not suspect an Ill-will for which he was not conscious of giving any Cause; and his Wife, fearing what her Husband's nice Regard to his Honour might have occasioned, contented herself with preserving her Virtue, without enjoying the Triumphs of her Conquest.

This unfortunate Officer (for so I think he may be called) had many good Qualities, besides his Merit in his Profession; for he was a religious, honest, good-natured Man; and had behaved so well in his Command, that he was highly esteemed and

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beloved, not only by the Soldiers of his own
Company; but by the whole Regiment.

The other Officers who marched with him were a *French* Lieutenant, who had been long enough out of *France* to forget his own Language, but not long enough in *England* to learn ours, so that he really spoke no Language at all, and could barely make himself understood, on the most ordinary Occasions. There were likewise two Ensigns, both very young Fellows; one of whom had been bred under an Attorney, and the other was Son to the Wife of a Nobleman's Butler.

As soon as Dinner was ended, *Jones* informed the Company of the Merriment which had passed among the Soldiers upon their March; 'and yet,' says he, 'notwithstanding all their Vociferation, I dare swear they will behave more like *Grecians* than *Trojans* when they come to the Enemy.' '*Grecians* and *Trojans*!' says one of the Ensigns, 'who the Devil are they? I have heard of all the Troops in *Europe*, but never of any such as these.'

'Don't

‘ Don’t pretend to more Ignorance than you have, Mr. *Northberton*,’ said the worthy Lieutenant, ‘ I suppose you have heard of the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, tho’, perhaps, you never read *Pope’s Homer*; who, I remember, now the Gentleman mentions it, compares the March of the *Trojans* to the Cackling of Geese, and greatly commends the Silence of the *Grecians*. And upon my Honour, there is great Justice in the Cadet’s Observation.’

‘ Begar, me remember dem ver well,’ said the *French* Lieutenant, ‘ me ave read dem at School in dans Madam *Daciere*, des *Greek*, des *Trojan*, dey fight for von Woman — ouy, ouy, me ave read all dat.’

‘ D—n *Homo* with all my Heart,’ says *Northberton*, ‘ I have the Marks of him in my A— yet: There’s *Thomas* of our Regiment, always carries a *Homo* in his Pocket: D—n me if ever I come at it, if I don’t burn it. And there’s *Corderius*, another d——n’d Son of a Whore that hath got me many a Flogging.’

‘ Then you have been at School, Mr. *Northberton*?’ said the Lieutenant.

' Ay d——n me have I,' answered he,
 ' the Devil take my Father for sending me
 ' thither. The old Put wanted to make a
 ' Parson of me, but d——n me, thinks I
 ' to myself, I'll nick you there, old Cull :
 ' The Devil a Smack of your Nonsense,
 ' shall you ever get into me. There's
 ' *Jimney Oliver* of our Regiment, he
 ' narrowly escaped being a Pimp too; and
 ' that would have been a thousand Pities :
 ' For d——n me if he is not one of the
 ' prettiest Fellows in the whole World ;
 ' but he went farther than I with the old
 ' Cull : For *Jimney* can neither write nor
 ' read.'

' You give your Friend a very good
 ' Character,' said the Lieutenant, ' and a
 ' very deserved one, I dare say ; but
 ' prithee, *Northberton*, leave off that foolish
 ' as well as wicked Custom of swearing :
 ' For you are deceived, I promise you,
 ' if you think there is Wit or Politeness
 ' in it. I wish too; you would take my
 ' Advice, and desist from abusing the
 ' Clergy. Scandalous Names and Reflec-
 ' tions cast on any Body of Men, must be
 ' always unjustifiable ; but especially so,
 ' when thrown on so sacred a Function :
 ' For

‘ For to abuse the Body is to abuse the
 ‘ Function itself ; and I leave to you to
 ‘ judge how inconsistent such a Behaviour
 ‘ is in Men, who are going to fight in De-
 ‘ fence of the Protestant Religion.’

Mr. *Alderley*, which was the Name of
 the other Ensign, had sat hitherto kicking
 his Heels and humming a Tune, without
 seeming to listen to the Discourse ; he now
 answered, ‘ O *Monsieur, on ne parle pas de la*
 ‘ *Religion dans la Guerre.*’ ‘ Well said ;
 ‘ *Jack,*’ cries *Northerton*, ‘ if la Religion
 ‘ was the only Matter, the Parsons should
 ‘ fight their own Battles for me.’

‘ I don’t know, Gentlemen,’ says *Jones*,
 ‘ what may be your Opinion ; but I think
 ‘ no Man can engage in a nobler Cause
 ‘ than that of his Religion ; and I have
 ‘ observed in the little I have read of His-
 ‘ tory, that no Soldiers have fought so
 ‘ bravely, as those who have been inspired
 ‘ with a religious Zeal : For my own Part,
 ‘ tho’ I love my King and Country, I hope,
 ‘ as well as any Man in it, yet the Protestant
 ‘ Interest is no small Motive to my becom-
 ‘ ing a Volunteer in the Cause.’

Northberton now winked on *Adderley*, and whispered to him sily, ‘Smoke the Prig, *Adderley*, smoke him.’ Then turning to *Jones*, said to him, ‘I am very glad, Sir, you have chosen our Regiment to be a Volunteer in : For if our Parson should at any Time take a Cup too much, I find you can supply his Place. I presume, Sir, you have been at the University, may I crave the Favour to know what College?’

‘Sir,’ answered *Jones*, ‘so far from having been at the University, I have even had the Advantage of yourself : for I was never at School.’

‘I presumed,’ cries the Ensign, ‘only upon the Information of your great Learning’—‘Oh ! Sir,’ answered *Jones*, ‘it is as possible for a Man to know something without having been at School ; as it is to have been at School and to know nothing.’

‘Well said, young Volunteer,’ cries the Lieutenant, ‘upon my Word, *Northberton*, you had better let him alone, for he will be too hard for you’.

Northberton

Northberton did not very well relish the Sarcasm of *Jones*; but he thought the Provocation was scarce sufficient to justify a Blow, or a Rascal, or Scoundrel, which were the only Repartees that suggested themselves. He was, therefore, silent at present; but resolved to take the first Opportunity of returning the Jest by Abuse.

It now came to the Turn of *Mr. Jones* to give a Toast, as it is called; who could not refrain from mentioning his dear *Sophia*. This he did the more readily, as he imagined it utterly impossible, that any one present should guess the Person he meant.

But the Lieutenant, who was the Toast-master, was not contented with *Sophia* only. He said, he must have her Sir-name; upon which *Jones* hesitated a little, and presently after named *Miss Sophia Western*. Ensign *Northberton* declared, he would not drink her Health, in the same Round with his own Toast, unless somebody would vouch for her. ‘I knew one *Sophy Western*,’ says he, ‘that was lain-with by Half the young Fellows at *Bath*; and, perhaps, this is the same Woman.’ *Jones* very solemnly assured him of the contrary; asserting that

the young Lady he named was one of great Fashion and Fortune. ‘Ay, ay,’ says the Ensign, ‘and so she is, d—n me it is the same Woman, and I’ll hold Half a Dozen of *Burgundy*, *Tom French* of our Regiment brings her into Company with us at any Tavern in *Bridges-street*.’ He then proceeded to describe her Person exactly, (for he had seen her with her Aunt) and concluded with saying, ‘That her Father had a great Estate in *Somersetshire*.’

The Tenderneſs of Lovers can ill brook the leaſt jeſting with the Names of their Miſtreſſes. However, *Jones*, tho’ he had enough of the Lover and of the Hero; too in his Diſpoſition, did not reſent theſe Slanders as haſtily as, perhaps, he ought to have done. To ſay the Truth, having ſeen but little of this Kind of Wit, he did not readily underſtand it, and for a long Time imagined Mr. *Northerton* had really miſtaken his Charmer for ſome other. But now turning to the Enſign with a ſtern Aſpect, he ſaid, ‘Pray, Sir, chuſe ſome other Subject for your Wit: For I promiſe you I will bear no jeſting with this Lady’s Character.’ ‘Jeſting,’ cries the other, ‘d—n me if ever I was more in
Earneſt

‘ Earnest in my Life. *Tom French* of our Regiment had both her and her Aunt at *Bath.* ‘ Then I must tell you in Earnest,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ that you are one of the most impudent Rascals upon Earth.’

He had no sooner spoken these Words, than the Ensign, together with a Volley of Curses, discharged a Bottle full at the Head of *Jones*, which hitting him a little above the right Temple, brought him instantly to the Ground.

The Conqueror perceiving the Enemy to lie motionless before him, and Blood beginning to flow pretty plentifully from his Wound, began now to think of quitting the Field of Battle, where no more Honour was to be gotten; but the Lieutenant interposed, by stepping before the Door, and thus cut off his Retreat.

Northberton was very importunate with the Lieutenant for his Liberty; urging the ill Consequences of his Stay, asking him, what he could have done less! ‘ Zounds!’ says he, ‘ I was but in Jest with the Fellow. ‘ I never heard any Harm of Miss *Western* in my Life.’ ‘ Have not you?’ said the Lieutenant, ‘ then you richly deserve to be hanged,

‘hanged, as well for making such Jests, as
 ‘for using such a Weapon. You are my
 ‘Prisoner, Sir; nor shall you stir from
 ‘hence, till a proper Guard comes to secure
 ‘you.’

Such an Ascendant had our Lieutenant
 over this Ensign, that all that Fervency
 of Courage which had levelled our poor
 Heroe with the Floor, would scarce have
 animated the said Ensign to have drawn his
 Sword against the Lieutenant, had he then
 had one dangling at his Side; but all the
 Swords being hung up in the Room, were,
 at the very Beginning of the Fray, secured
 by the *French* Officer. So that Mr. Nor-
 therton was obliged to attend the final Issue
 of this Affair.

∴ The *French* Gentleman and Mr. Adderly,
 at the Desire of their Commanding-Officer,
 had raised up the Body of Jones; but as
 they could perceive but little (if any) Sign
 of Life in him, they again let him fall.
 Adderley damning him for having blood-
 ed his Waistcoat; and the *Frenchman*
 declaring, ‘Begar me no tush de Englife-
 ‘man de mort, me ave heard de Englife
 ‘Ley, Law, what you call, hang up de
 ‘Man dat tush him last.’

When

When the good Lieutenant applied himself to the Door, he applied himself likewise to the Bell; and the Drawer immediately attending, he dispatched him for a File of Musqueteers and a Surgeon. These Commands, together with the Drawer's Report of what he had himself seen, not only produced the Soldiers, but presently drew up the Landlord of the House, his Wife and Servants, and, indeed, every one else, who happened, at that Time, to be in the Inn.

To describe every Particular, and to relate the whole Conversation of the ensuing Scene, is not within my Power, unless I had forty Pens, and could, at once, write with them all together, as the Company now spoke. The Reader must, therefore, content himself with the most remarkable Incidents, and perhaps he may very well excuse the rest.

The first Thing done, was securing the Body of *Northerton*, who being delivered into the Custody of six Men with a Corporal at their Head, was by them conducted from a Place which he was very willing to leave, but it was unluckily to a Place

Placeth whether he was very unwilling to go.
 To say the Truth, so whimsical are the Desires
 of Ambition, the very Moment this
 Youth had attained the above-mentioned
 Honour, he would have been well con-
 tented to have retired to some Corner of
 the World, where the Fame of it should
 never have reached his Ears.

It surprises us, and so, perhaps, it may
 the Reader, that the Lieutenant, a worthy
 and Good Man, should have applied his
 chief Care, rather to secure the Offender,
 than to preserve the Life of the wounded
 Person. We mention this Observation,
 not with any View of pretending to account
 for so odd a Behaviour, but lest some
 Critic should hereafter plume himself on
 discerning it. We would have these Gen-
 tlemen know we can see what is odd in
 Characters as well as themselves, but it is our
 business to relate Facts as they are ; which
 we have done, it is the Part of the
 original and sagacious Reader to consult that
 Part of the Book of Nature, whence every
 we use in our Work is transcribed, tho'
 its Authority.

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The Company which now arrived were of a different Disposition. They suspended their Curiosity concerning the Person of the Ensign, till they should see him hereafter in a more engaging Attitude. At present, their whole Concern and Attention were employed about the bloody Object on the Floor; which being placed upright in a Chair, soon began to discover some Symptoms of Life and Motion. These were no sooner perceived by the Company (for *Jones* was, at first, generally concluded to be dead) than they all fell at once to prescribing for him: (For as none of the physical Order was present, every one there took that Office upon him.)

Bleeding was the unanimous Voice of the whole Room; but unluckily there was no Operator at hand: Every one then cry'd, 'Call the Barber;' but none stirred a Step. Several Cordials were likewise prescribed in the same ineffective Manner; till the Landlord ordered up a Tankard of his strong Beer, with a Toast, which he said was the best Cordial in *England*.

The Person principally assistant on this Occasion, indeed the only one who did any Service,

Service, or seemed likely to do any, was the Landlady. She cut off some of her Hair, and applied it to the Wound to stop the Blood. She fell to chafing the Youth's Temples with her Hand; and having exprest great Contempt for her Husband's Prescription of Beer, she dispatched one of her Maids to her own Closet for a Bottle of Brandy, of which, as soon as it was brought, she prevailed upon Jones, who was just returned to his Senses, to drink a very large and plentiful Draught.

Soon afterwards arrived the Surgeon, who having viewed the Wound, having shaken his Head, and blamed every Thing which was done, ordered his Patient instantly to Bed; in which Place, we think proper to leave him, some Time, to his Repose, and shall here, therefore, put an End to this Chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIII.

Containing the great Address of the Landlady; the great Learning of a Surgeon, and the solid Skill in Casuistry of the worthy Lieutenant.

WHEN the wounded Man was carried to his Bed, and the House began again to clear up from the Hurry which this Accident had occasioned; the Landlady thus addressed the commanding Officer. ‘I am afraid, Sir,’ said she, ‘this young Man did not behave himself as well as he should do to your Honours; and if he had been killed, I suppose he had had but his *Desarts*; to be sure, when Gentlemen admit inferior *Parsons* into their Company, they oft to keep their Distance; but, as my first Husband used to say, few of em know how to do it. For my own Part, I am sure, I should not have suffered any Fellows to include themselves into Gentlemen’s Company: but I *thoht* he had been an Officer himself, till the Serjeant told me he was but a Recruit.’

‘Landlady,’

‘Landlady,’ answered the Lieutenant, ‘you mistake the whole Matter. The young Man behaved himself extremely well, and is, I believe, a much better Gentleman than the Ensign, who abused him. If the young Fellow dies, the Man who struck him will have most Reason to be sorry for it : For the Regiment will get rid of a very troublesome Fellow, who is a Scandal to the Army ; and if he escapes from the Hands of Justice, blame me, Madam, that’s all.’

‘Ay! Ay! good Lack-a-day!’ said the Landlady, ‘who could have *tho’t* it? Ay, ay, ay, I am satisfied your Honour will see Justice done ; and to be sure it *o’st* to be to every one. Gentlemen *o’st* not to kill poor Folks without answering for it. A poor Man hath a Soul to be saved as well as his Betters.’

‘Indeed, Madam,’ said the Lieutenant, ‘you do the Volunteer wrong ; I dare swear he is more of a Gentleman than the Officer.’

‘Ay,’ cries the Landlady, ‘why look you there now : Well, my first Husband
‘ was

' was a wise Man ; he used to say, you
 ' can't always know the Inside by the Out-
 ' side. Nay, that might have been well
 ' enough too : For I never *saw'd* him till
 ' he was all over blood. Who would have
 ' *tho't* it ! mayhap, some young Gen-
 ' tleman crossed in Love. Good Lack-a-
 ' day ! if he should die, what a Concern it
 ' would be to his Parents ! Why sure
 ' the Devil must possess the wicked Wretch
 ' to do such an Act. To be sure, he is a
 ' Scandal to the Army, as your Honour
 ' says : For most of the Gentlemen of the
 ' Army that ever I saw, are quite different
 ' Sort of People, and look as if they would
 ' scorn to spill any Christian Blood as much
 ' as any Men. I mean, that is, in a civil
 ' Way, as my first Husband used to say.
 ' To be sure, when they come into the
 ' Wars, there must be Blood-shed ; but
 ' that they are not to be blamed for. The
 ' more of our Enemies they kill there, the
 ' better ; and I wish, with all my Heart,
 ' they could kill every Mother's Son of
 ' them.'

' O fie ! Madam,' said the Lieutenant
 smiling, ' ALL is rather too bloody-minded
 ' a Wish.'

Not

‘ Not at all, Sir,’ answered she, ‘ I am
 ‘ not at all bloody-minded, only to our
 ‘ Enemies, and there is no Harm in that.
 ‘ To be sure it is natural for us to wish our
 ‘ Enemies dead, that the Wars may be at
 ‘ an End, and our Taxes be lowered:
 ‘ For it is a dreadful Thing to pay as we
 ‘ do. Why now there is above forty
 ‘ Shillings for Window-lights; and yet we
 ‘ have stopt up all we could; we have al-
 ‘ most blinded the House I am sure: Says
 ‘ I to the Exciseman, says I, I think you
 ‘ *ost* to favour us, I am sure we are very
 ‘ good Friends to the Government; and
 ‘ so we are for *sartain*: For we pay a
 ‘ Mint of Money to ’um. And yet I
 ‘ often think to myself, the Government
 ‘ doth not imagine itself more obliged to
 ‘ us, than to those that don’t pay ’um a
 ‘ Farthing. Ay, ay; it is the Way of the
 ‘ World.

She was proceeding in this Manner;
 when the Surgeon entered the Room. The
 Lieutenant immediately asked how his Pa-
 tient did? But he resolved him only by
 saying, ‘ Better, I believe, than he would
 ‘ have been by this Time, if I had not
 ‘ been called; and even as it is, perhaps

' it would have been lucky if I could have
 ' been called sooner.' I hope, Sir,' said
 the Lieutenant, ' the Skull is not fractured.'
 ' Hum,' cries the Surgeon, ' Fractures
 ' are not always the most dangerous Symp-
 ' toms. Contusions and Lacerations are
 ' often attended with worse Phænomena,
 ' and with more fatal Consequences than
 ' Fractures. People who know nothing of
 ' the Matter conclude, if the Skull is not
 ' fractured, all is well ; whereas, I had ra-
 ' ther see a Man's Skull broke all to Pieces,
 ' than some Contusions I have met with.'
 ' I hope,' says the Lieutenant, ' there are
 ' no such Symptoms here.' ' Symptoms,'
 answered the Surgeon, ' are not always re-
 ' gular nor constant. I have known very
 ' unfavourable Symptoms in the Morning
 ' change to favourable ones at Noon, and
 ' return to unfavourable again at Night.
 ' Of Wounds, indeed, it is rightly and truly
 ' said, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. I
 ' was once, I remember, called to a Pa-
 ' tient, who had received a violent Contu-
 ' sion in his Tibia, by which the exterior
 ' Cutis was lacerated, so that there was a
 ' profuse sanguinary Discharge ; and the
 ' interior Membranes were so divellicated,
 ' that the Os or Bone very plainly appeared
 ' through the Aperture of the Vulnus or
 Vol. III. G Wound.

‘ Wound. Some febrile Symptoms inter-
 ‘ vening at the same Time, (for the Pulse
 ‘ was exuberant and indicated much Phle-
 ‘ botomy) I apprehended an immediate
 ‘ Mortification. To prevent which I pre-
 ‘ sently made a large Orifice in the Vein
 ‘ of the left Arm, whence I drew twenty
 ‘ Ounces of Blood ; which I expected to have
 ‘ found extremely sily and glutinous, or
 ‘ indeed coagulated, as it is in pleuritic
 ‘ Complaints ; but, to my Surprise, it ap-
 ‘ peared rosy and florid, and its Consistency
 ‘ differed little from the Blood of those in
 ‘ perfect Health. I then applied a Fo-
 ‘ mentation to the Part, which highly an-
 ‘ swered the Intention, and after three or
 ‘ four Times dressing, the Wound began to
 ‘ discharge a thick Pus or Matter, by which
 ‘ Means the Cohesion ——— but per-
 ‘ haps I do not make myself perfectly well
 ‘ understood.’ ‘ No really,’ answered the
 ‘ Lieutenant, ‘ I cannot say I understand a
 ‘ Syllable.’ ‘ Well, Sir,’ said the Surgeon,
 ‘ then I shall not tire your Patience ; in
 ‘ short, within six Weeks, my Patient was
 ‘ able to walk upon his Legs, as perfectly
 ‘ as he could have done before he received
 ‘ the Contusion.’ ‘ I wish, Sir,’ said the
 ‘ Lieutenant, ‘ you would be so kind only
 ‘ to inform me, whether the Wound this
 young

‘ young Gentleman hath had the Misfortune to receive is likely to prove mortal ?’
 ‘ Sir,’ answered the Surgeon, ‘ to say whether a Wound will prove mortal or not at first Dressing, would be very weak and foolish Presumption: We are all mortal, and Symptoms often occur in a Cure which the greatest of our Profession could never foresee.’ — ‘ But do you think him in Danger?’ says the other. ‘ In Danger!’ ay, surely,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ who is there among us, who in the most perfect Health can be said not to be in Danger? Can a Man, therefore, with so bad a Wound as this be said to be out of Danger? All I can say, at present, is, that it is well I was called as I was, and perhaps it would have been better if I had been called sooner. I will see him again early in the Morning, and in the mean Time let him be kept extremely quiet; and drink liberally of Water-Gruel.’ ‘ Won’t you allow him Sack-whey,’ said the Landlady? ‘ Ay, ay, Sack-whey,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ if you will, provided it be very small.’ ‘ And a little Chicken-broth too,’ added she? — ‘ Yes, yes, Chicken-broth,’ said the Doctor, ‘ is very good.’ ‘ May’nt I make him some Jellies too,’ said the Landlady? ‘ Ay, ay,’

‘ay,’ answered the Doctor, ‘Jellies are very good for Wounds, for they promote Cohesion.’ And, indeed, it was lucky she had not named Soup or high Sauces, for the Doctor would have complied, rather than have lost the Custom of the House.

The Doctor was no sooner gone, than the Landlady began to trumpet forth his Fame to the Lieutenant, who had not, from their short Acquaintance conceived quite so favourable an Opinion of his physical Abilities, as the good Woman, and all the Neighbourhood entertained; (and indeed very rightly) for tho’ I am afraid the Doctor was a little of a Coxcomb, he might be nevertheless very much of a Surgeon.

The Lieutenant having collected from the learned Discourse of the Surgeon, that Mr. Jones was in great Danger, gave Orders for keeping Mr. *Northberton* under a very strict Guard, intending in the Morning to attend him to a Justice of Peace, and to commit the conducting the Troops to *Glocester* to the French Lieutenant, who, tho’ he could neither read, write, nor speak any Language, was, however, a good Officer.

In

In the Evening our Commander sent a Message to Mr. *Jones*, that if a Visit would not be troublesome he would wait on him. This Civility was very kindly and thankfully received by *Jones*, and the Lieutenant accordingly went up to his Room, where he found the wounded Man much better than he expected ; nay, *Jones* assured his Friend, that if he had not received express Orders to the contrary from the Surgeon, he should have got up long ago : For he appeared to himself to be as well as ever, and felt no other Inconvenience from his Wound but an extreme Soreness on that Side of his Head.

‘ I should be very glad,’ quoth the Lieutenant, ‘ that you was as well as you fancy yourself : For then you would be able to do yourself Justice immediately ; for when a Matter can’t be made up, as in Case of a Blow, the sooner you take him out the better ; but I am afraid you think yourself better than you are, and he would have too much Advantage over you.’

‘ I’ll try, however,’ answered Jones, ‘ if
‘ you please, and will be so kind to lend
G 2 ‘ me.

‘ me a Sword : For I have none here of
‘ my own.’

‘ My Sword is heartily at your Service,’
my dear Boy, cries the Lieutenant, kissing
him, ‘ you are a brave Lad, and I love your
‘ Spirit; but I fear your Strength : For such a
‘ Blow, and so much Loss of Blood, must
‘ have very much weakened you; and tho’
‘ you feel no Want of Strength in your Bed,
‘ yet you most probably would after a
‘ Thrust or two. I can’t consent to your
‘ taking him out To-night; but I hope
‘ you will be able to come up with us be-
‘ fore we get many Days March advance;
‘ and I give you my Honour you shall have
‘ Satisfaction, or the Man who hath in-
‘ jured you shan’t stay in our Regiment.’

‘ I wish,’ said Jones, ‘ it was possible to
‘ decide this Matter To-night; now you
‘ have mentioned it to me, I shall not be
‘ able to rest.’

‘ O never think of it,’ returned the other,
‘ a few Days will make no Difference. The
‘ Wounds of Honour are not like those in
‘ your Body. They suffer nothing by the
‘ Delay of Cure. It will be altogether as
‘ well

‘ well for you, to receive Satisfaction a
‘ Week hence as now.’

‘ But suppose,’ says *Jones*, ‘ I should
‘ grow worse, and die of the Consequences
‘ of my present Wound.’

‘ Then your Honour,’ answered the
Lieutenant, ‘ will require no Reparation
‘ at all. I myself will do Justice to your
‘ Character, and will testify to the World
‘ your Intention to have acted properly, if
‘ you had recovered.’

‘ Still,’ replied *Jones*, ‘ I am concerned
‘ at the Delay. I am almost afraid to men-
‘ tion it to you who are a Soldier; but tho’
‘ I have been a very wild young Fellow,
‘ still in my most serious Moments, and at
‘ the Bottom, I am really a Christian.’

‘ So am I too, I assure you,’ said the
Officer: ‘ And so zealous a one, that I
‘ was pleased with you at Dinner for taking
‘ up the Cause of your Religion; and I am
‘ a little offended with you now, young
‘ Gentleman, that you should express a
‘ Fear of declaring your Faith before any
‘ one.’

‘ But how terrible must it be,’ cries *Jones*,
‘ to any one who is really a Christian, to
‘ cherish Malice in his Breast, in Opposi-
‘ tion to the Command of him who hath
‘ expressly forbid it? How can I bear to
‘ do this on a sick Bed? Or how shall I
‘ make up my Account, with such an Ar-
‘ ticle as this in my Bosom against me?’

‘ Why I believe there is such a Com-
mand,’ cries the Lieutenant; ‘ but a Man
‘ of Honour can’t keep it. And you must
‘ be a Man of Honour, if you will be in
‘ the Army. I remember I once put the
‘ Case to our Chaplain over a Bowl of
‘ Punch, and he confessed there was much
‘ Difficulty in it; but said, he hoped there
‘ might be a Latitude granted to Soldiers
‘ in this one Instance; and to be sure it is
‘ our Duty to hope so: For who would
‘ bear to live without his Honour? No,
‘ no, my dear Boy, be a good Christian as
‘ long as you live; but be a Man of Ho-
‘ nour too, and never put up an Affront;
‘ not all the Bocks, nor all the Parsons in
‘ the World, shall ever persuade me to that.
‘ I love my Religion very well, but I love
‘ my Honour more. There must be some
‘ Mistake in the wording the Text, or in
the

the Translation, or in the understanding
 it, or somewhere or other. But however
 that be, a Man must run the Risque, for
 he must preserve his Honour. So com-
 pose yourself To-night, and I promise
 you, you shall have an Opportunity of do-
 ing yourself Justice.' Here he gave *Jones*
 a hearty Buss, shook him by the Hand,
 and took his Leave.

But tho' the Lieutenant's Reasoning was
 very satisfactory to himself, it was not en-
 tirely so to his Friend. *Jones* therefore hav-
 ing revolved this Matter much in his
 Thoughts, at last came to a Resolution,
 which the Reader will find in the next
 Chapter.

C H A P. XIV.

*A most dreadful Chapter indeed; and which
 few Readers ought to venture upon in an
 Evening, especially when alone.*

JONES swallowed a large Mess of
 Chicken, or rather Cock, Broth, with
 a very good Appetite, as indeed he would
 have done the Cock it was made of, with
 a Pound of Bacon into the Bargain; and

now, finding in himself no Deficiency of either Health or Spirit, he resolved to get up and seek his Enemy.

But first he sent for the Serjeant, who was his first Acquaintance among these military Gentlemen. Unluckily that worthy Officer having, in a literal Sense, taken his Fill of Liquor, had been some Time retired to his Bolster, where he was snoring so loud, that it was not easy to convey a Noise in at his Ears capable of drowning that which issued from his Nostrils.

However, as *Jones* persisted in his Desire of seeing him, a vociferous Drawer at length found Means to disturb his Slumbers, and to acquaint him with the Message. Of which the Serjeant was no sooner made sensible, than he arose from his Bed, and having his Clothes already on, immediately attended. *Jones* did not think fit to acquaint the Serjeant with his Design, tho' he might have done it with great Safety; for the Halberdier was himself a Man of Honour, and had killed his Man. He would therefore have faithfully kept this Secret, or indeed any other which no Reward was published for discovering. But as *Jones* knew not these Virtues in so short an Acquaintance,

rance, his Caution was perhaps prudent and commendable enough.

He began therefore by acquainting the Serjeant, that now he was entered into the Army, he was ashamed of being without what was perhaps the most necessary Implement of a Soldier, namely, a Sword; adding, that he should be infinitely obliged to him if he could procure one. 'For which,' says he, 'I will give you any reasonable Price. Nor do I insist upon its being Silver-hilted, only a good Blade, and such as may become a Soldier's Thigh.'

The Serjeant, who well knew what had happened, and had heard that *Jones* was in a very dangerous Condition, immediately concluded, from such a Message, at such a Time of Night, and from a Man in such a Situation, that he was light-headed. Now as he had his Wit (to use that Word in its common Signification) always ready, he bethought himself of making his Advantage of this Humour in the sick Man. 'Sir,' says he, 'I believe I can fit you. I have a most excellent Piece of Stuff by me. It is not indeed Silver-hilted, which, as you say, doth not become a Soldier; but the Handle is decent enough, and the

‘ Blade one of the best in *Europe*.—It is a
‘ Blade that—a Blade that—In short, I will
‘ fetch it you this Instant, and you shall see
‘ it and handle it.—I am glad to see your
‘ Honour so well with all my Heart.’

Being instantly returned with the Sword,
he delivered it to *Jones*, who took it and
drew it ; and then told the Serjeant it would
do very well, and bid him name his Price,

The Serjeant now began to harangue in
Praise of his Goods. He said (nay he swore
very heartily) ‘ that the Blade was taken
‘ from a *French* Officer of very high Rank,
‘ at the Battle of *Dettingen*. I took it my-
‘ self,’ says he, ‘ from his Side, after I had
‘ knocked him o’ the Head. The Hilt
‘ was a golden one. That I sold to one of
‘ our fine Gentlemen ; for there are some
‘ of them, an’t please your Honour, who
‘ value the Hilt of a Sword more than the
‘ Blade.’

Here the other stopped him, and begged
him to name a Price. The Serjeant, who
thought *Jones* absolutely out of his Senses,
and very near his End, was afraid, lest he
should injure his Family by asking too lit-
tle—However, after a Moment’s Hesitation,
he

he contented himself with naming twenty Guineas, and swore he would not sell it for less to his own Brother.

‘Twenty Guineas!’ says *Jones*, in the utmost Surprise, ‘sure you think I am mad, or that I never saw a Sword in my Life. Twenty Guineas indeed! I did not imagine you would endeavour to impose upon me.—Here, take the Sword—No, now I think on’t, I will keep it myself, and shew it your Officer in the Morning, acquainting him, at the same Time, what a Price you asked me for it.’

The Serjeant, as we have said, had always his Wit (*in sensu prædicto*) about him, and now plainly saw that *Jones* was not in the Condition he had apprehended him to be; he now, therefore, counterfeited as great Surprise as the other had shewn, and said, ‘I am certain, Sir, I have not asked you so much out of the way. Besides, you are to consider, it is the only Sword I have, and I must run the Risque of my Officer’s Displeasure, by going without one myself. And truly, putting all this together, I don’t think twenty Shillings was so much out of the Way.’

‘Twenty

‘ Twenty Shillings !’ cries *Jones*, ‘ why
 ‘ you just now asked me twenty Guineas.’
 ‘ How ! cries the Serjeant—Sure your Ho-
 ‘ nour must have mistaken me ; or else I
 ‘ mistook myself---and indeed I am but half
 ‘ awake---Twenty Guineas indeed ! no won-
 ‘ der your Honour flew into such a Passion.
 ‘ I say twenty Guineas too---No, no, I
 ‘ meant twenty Shillings, I assure you.
 ‘ And when your Honour comes to consi-
 ‘ der every thing, I hope you will not think
 ‘ that so extravagant a Price. It is indeed
 ‘ true, you may buy a Weapon which
 ‘ looks as well for less Money. But——

Here *Jones* interrupted him, saying, ‘ I
 ‘ will be so far from making any Words
 ‘ with you, that I will give you a Shilling
 ‘ more than your Demand.’ He then gave
 him a Guinea, bid him return to his Bed,
 and wished him a good March ; adding,
 he hoped to overtake them before the Di-
 vision reached *Worcester*.

The Serjeant very civilly took his Leave,
 fully satisfied with his Merchandize, and
 not a little pleased with his dextrous Reco-
 very from that false Step into which his
 Opinion

Opinion of the Sick Man's Light-headedness had betrayed him.

As soon as the Serjeant was departed, Jones rose from his Bed, and dressed himself entirely, putting on even his Coat, which, as its Colour was white, shewed very visibly the Streams of Blood which had flowed down it; and now, having grasped his new-purchased Sword in his Hand, he was going to issue forth, when the Thought of what he was about to undertake laid suddenly hold of him, and he began to reflect that in a few Minutes he might possibly deprive a human Being of Life, or might lose his own. 'Very well,' said he, 'and in what Cause do I venture my Life? Why, in that of my Honour. And who is this human Being? A Rascal who hath injured and insulted me without Provocation. But is not Revenge forbidden by Heaven?---Yes, but it is enjoined by the World. Well, but shall I obey the World in Opposition to the express Commands of Heaven? Shall I incur the divine Displeasure rather than be called---Ha---Coward---Scoundrel?---I'll think no more, I am resolved and must fight him.'

The

The Clock had now struck Twelve, and every one in the House were in their Beds, except the Centinel who stood to guard *Northerton*, when *Jones* softly opening his Door, issued forth in Pursuit of his Enemy, of whose Place of Confinement he had received a perfect Description from the Drawer. It is not easy to conceive a much more tremendous Figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have said, a light-coloured Coat, covered with Streams of Blood. His Face, which missed that very Blood, as well as twenty Ounces more drawn from him by the Surgeon, was pallid. Round his Head was a Quantity of Bandage, not unlike a Turban. In the right Hand he carried a Sword, and in the left a Candle. So that the bloody *Banquo* was not worthy to be compared to him. In Fact, I believe a more dreadful Apparition was never raised in a Church-yard, nor in the Imagination of any good People met in a Winter Evening over a Christmas Fire in *Somersetshire*.

When the Centinel first saw our Heroe approach, his Hair began gently to lift up his Grenadier's Cap; and in the same Instant his Knees fell to Blows with each other.

other. Presently his whole Body was seized with worse than an Ague Fit. He then fired his Piece, and fell flat on his Face.

Whether Fear or Courage was the Occasion of his Firing, or whether he took Aim at the Object of his Terror, I cannot say. If he did, however, he had the good Fortune to miss his Man.

Jones seeing the Fellow fall, guessed the Cause of his Fright, at which he could not forbear smiling, not in the least reflecting on the Danger from which he had just escaped. He then passed by the Fellow, who still continued in the Posture in which he fell, and entered the Room where *Northerton*, as he had heard, was confined. Here, in a solitary Situation, he found——an empty Quart Pot standing on the Table, on which some Beer being spilt, looked as if the Room had lately been inhabited ; but at present it was entirely vacant.

Jones then apprehended it might lead to some other Apartment ; but, upon searching all round it, he could perceive no other Door than that at which he entered, and where the Centinel had been posted. He then proceeded to call *Northerton* several Times by
his

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his Name ; but no one answered ; nor did this serve to any other Purpose than to confirm the Centinel in his Terrors, who was now convinced that the Volunteer was dead of his Wounds, and that his Ghost was come in Search of the Murtherer : He now lay in all the Agonies of Horror, and I wish, with all my Heart, some of those Actors, who are hereafter to represent a Man frighted out of his Wits, had seen him, that they might be taught to copy Nature instead of performing several antic Tricks and Gestures, for the Entertainment and Applause of the Galleries.

Perceiving the Bird was flown, at least despairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the Report of the Firelock would alarm the whole House, our Heroe now blew out his Candle, and gently stole back again to his Chamber, and to his Bed : Whither he would not have been able to have gotten undiscovered, had any other Person been on the same Stair-case, save only one Gentleman who was confined to his Bed by the Gout ; for before he could reach the Door to his Chamber, the Hall where the Centinel had been posted was half full of People. Some in their Shirts, and others

not

not half drest, all very earnestly enquiring of each other, what was the Matter?

The Soldier was now found lying in the same Place and Posture in which we just before left him. Several immediately applied themselves to raise him, and some concluded him dead: But they presently saw their Mistake; for he not only struggled with those who laid their Hands on him, but fell a roaring like a Bull. In reality, he imagined so many Spirits or Devils were handling him; for his Imagination being possessed with the Horror of an Apparition, converted every Object he saw or felt, into nothing but Ghosts and Spectres.

At length he was overpowered by Numbers, and got upon his Legs; when Candles being brought, and seeing two or three of his Comrades present, he came a little to himself; but when they asked him what was the Matter? he answered, 'I am a dead Man, that's all, I'm a dead Man. I can't recover it. I have seen him.' 'What hast thou seen, *Jack*,' says one of the Soldiers. 'Why, I have seen the young Volunteer that was killed Yesterday.' He then imprecated the most heavy Curses on himself,

himself, if he had not seen the Volunteer, all over Blood, vomiting Fire out of his Mouth and Nostrils, pass by him into the Chamber where Ensign *Northberton* was, and then seizing the Ensign by the Throat, fly away with him in a Clap of Thunder.

This Relation met with a gracious Reception from the Audience. All the Women present believed it firmly, and prayed Heaven to defend them from Murther. Amongst the Men too, many had Faith in the Story; but others turned it into Derision and Ridicule; and a Serjeant who was present, answered very coolly: ‘ Young Man, you will hear more of this for going to sleep, and dreaming on your Post.’

The Soldier replied, ‘ You may punish me if you please; but I was as broad awake as I am now; and the Devil carry me away, as he hath the Ensign, if I did not see the dead Man, as I tell you, with Eyes as big and as fiery as two large Flambeaux.’

The Commander of the Forces, and the Commander of the House, were now both arrived: For the former being awake at the Time, and hearing the Centinel fire his Piece,

Piece, thought it his Duty to rise immediately, tho' he had no great Apprehensions of any Mischief; whereas the Apprehensions of the latter were much greater, lest her Spoons and Tankards should be upon the March, without having received any such Orders from her.

Our poor Centinel, to whom the Sight of this Officer was not much more welcome than the Apparition, as he thought it, which he had seen before, again related the dreadful Story, and with many Additions of Blood and Fire: But he had the Misfortune to gain no Credit with either of the last-mentioned Persons; for the Officer, tho' a very religious Man, was free from all Terrors of this Kind; besides, having so lately left *Jones* in the Condition we have seen, he had no Suspicion of his being dead. As for the Landlady, tho' not over religious, she had no kind of Aversion to the Doctrine of Spirits; but there was a Circumstance in the Tale which she well knew to be false, as we shall inform the Reader presently.

But whether *Northerton* was carried away in Thunder or Fire, or in whatever other Manner he was gone; it was now certain, that

that his Body was no longer in Custody. Upon this Occasion, the Lieutenant formed a Conclusion not very different from what the Serjeant is just mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the Centinel to be taken Prisoner. So that, by a strange Reverse of Fortune (tho' not very uncommon in a military Life) the Guard became the guarded.

C H A P. XV.

The Conclusion of the foregoing Adventure.

BESIDES the Suspicion of Sleep, the Lieutenant harboured another, and worse Doubt, against the poor Centinel, and this was that of Treachery: For as he believed not one Syllable of the Apparition, so he imagined the whole to be an Invention, formed only to impose upon him, and that the Fellow had, in Reality, been bribed by *Northberton* to let him escape. And this he imagined the rather, as the Fright appeared to him, the more unnatural in one who had the Character of as brave and bold a Man as any in the Regiment, having been in several Actions, having received several Wounds, and, in a Word, having behaved himself

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himself always like a good and valiant Soldier.

That the Reader, therefore, may not conceive the least ill Opinion of such a Person, we shall not delay a Moment in rescuing his Character from the Imputation of this Guilt.

Mr. *Northerton* then, as we have before observed, was fully satisfied with the Glory which he had obtained from this Action. He had, perhaps, seen, or heard, or guessed, that Envy is apt to attend Fame. Not that I would here insinuate, that he was heathenishly inclined to believe in, or to worship, the Goddess *Nemesis*; for, in fact, I am convinced he never heard of her Name. He was, besides, of an active Disposition, and had a great Antipathy to those close Winter Quarters in the Castle of *Gloucester*, for which a Justice of Peace might possibly give him a Billet. Nor was he moreover free from some uneasy Meditations on a certain wooden Edifice, which I forbear to name, in Conformity to the Opinion of Mankind, who, I think, rather ought to honour than to be ashamed of this Building, as it is, or at least might be made, of more Benefit to Society than almost any other

other public Erection. In a Word, to hint at no more Reasons for his Conduct, Mr. *Northerton* was desirous of departing that Evening, and nothing remained for him but to contrive the *Quemado*, which appeared to be a Matter of some Difficulty.

Now this young Gentleman, tho' somewhat crooked in his Morals, was perfectly strait in his Person, which was extremely strong and well made. His Face too was accounted handsome by the Generality of Women, for it was broad and ruddy, with tolerably good Teeth. Such Charms did not fail making an Impression on my Landlady, who had no little Relish for this kind of Beauty. She had, indeed, a real Compassion for the young Man; and hearing from the Surgeon that Affairs were like to go ill with the Volunteer, she suspected they might hereafter wear no benign Aspect with the Ensign. Having obtained, therefore, leave to make him a Visit, and finding him in a very melancholy Mood, which she considerably heightened, by telling him there were scarce any Hopes of the Volunteer's Life, she proceeded to throw forth some Hints, which the other readily and eagerly taking up, they soon came to a right Understanding; and it was at length agreed, that

that the Ensign should, at a certain Signal, ascend the Chimney, which communicating very soon with that of the Kitchen, he might there again let himself down ; for which she would give him an Opportunity, by keeping the Coast clear.

But lest our Readers, of a different Complexion, should take this Occasion of too hastily condemning all Compassion as a Folly, and pernicious to Society, we think proper to mention another Particular, which might possibly have some little Share in this Action. The Ensign happened to be at this Time possessed of the Sum of fifty Pounds, which did indeed belong to the whole Company : For the Captain having quarreled with his Lieutenant, had entrusted the Payment of his Company to the Ensign. This Money, however, he thought proper to deposite in my Landlady's Hand, possibly by way of Bail or Security that he would hereafter appear and answer to the Charge against him ; but whatever were the Conditions, certain it is, that she had the Money, and the Ensign his Liberty.

The Reader may, perhaps, expect, from the compassionate Temper of this good Woman, that when she saw the poor Cen-

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tinel taken Prisoner for a Fact of which she knew him innocent, that she should immediately have interposed in his Behalf; but whether it was that she had already exhausted all her Compassion in the above-mentioned Instance, or that the Features of this Fellow, tho' not very different from those of the Ensign, could not raise it, I will not determine; but so far from being an Advocate for the present Prisoner, she urged his Guilt to his Officer, declaring with uplifted Eyes and Hands, that she would not have had any Concern in the Escape of a Murderer for all the World.

Every thing was now once more quiet; and most of the Company returned again to their Beds; but the Landlady, either from the natural Activity of her Disposition, or from her Fear for her Plate, having no Propensity to sleep, prevailed with the Officers, as they were to march within little more than an Hour, to spend that Time with her over a Bowl of Punch.

Jones had lain awake all this while, and had heard great Part of the Hurry and Bustle that had passed, of which he had now some Curiosity to know the Particulars. He therefore applied to his Bell, which he
rung

Ch. 15. *a* FOUNDLING. 135

rung at least twenty Times without any Effect; for my Landlady was in such high Mirth with her Company, that no Clapper could be heard there but her own, and the Drawer and Chambermaid, who were sitting together in the Kitchen (for neither durst he sit up, nor she lie in Bed alone) the more they heard the Bell ring, the more they were frightened, and, as it were, nailed down in their Places.

At last, at a lucky Interval of Chat, the Sound reached the Ears of our good Landlady, who presently sent forth her Summons, which both her Servants instantly obeyed. ‘*Jo,*’ says the Mistress, ‘don’t you hear the Gentleman’s Bell ring? why don’t you go up?’ ‘It is not my Business,’ answered the Drawer, ‘to wait upon the Chambers. It is *Betty* Chambermaid’s!’ ‘If you come to that,’ answered the Maid, ‘it is not my Business to wait upon Gentlemen. I have done it, indeed, sometimes; but the Devil fetch me if ever I do again, since you make your Preambles about it.’ The Bell still ringing violently, their Mistress fell into a Passion, and swore, if the Drawer did not go up immediately, she would turn him away that very Morning. ‘If you do,
H 2
‘Madam,’

‘Madam,’ says he, ‘I can’t help it. I won’t do another Servant’s Business.’ She then applied herself to the Maid, and endeavoured to prevail by gentle Means; but all in vain, *Betty* was as inflexible as *Joo*. Both insisted it was not their Business, and they would not do it.

The Lieutenant then fell a laughing, and said, ‘Come, I will put an End to this Contention;’ and then turning to the Servants, commended them for their Resolution, in neither giving up the Point; but added, he was sure, if one would consent to go, the other would. To which Proposal they both agreed in an Instant, and accordingly went up very lovingly and close together. When they were gone, the Lieutenant appeased the Wrath of the Landlady, by satisfying her why they were both so unwilling to go alone.

They returned soon after, and acquainted their Mistress, that the sick Gentleman was so far from being dead, that he spoke as heartily as if he was well; and that he gave his Service to the Captain, and should be very glad of the Favour of seeing him before he marched.

The

The good Lieutenant immediately complied with his Desires, and sitting down by his Bed-side, acquainted him with the Scene which had happened below, concluding with his Intentions to make an Example of the Centinel.

Upon this, *Jones* related to him the whole Truth, and earnestly begged him not to punish the poor Soldier, 'who, I am confident,' says he, 'is as innocent of the Ensign's Escape, as he is of forging any Lie, or of endeavouring to impose on you.'

The Lieutenant hesitated a few Moments, and then answered : 'Why, as you have cleared the Fellow of one Part of the Charge, so it will be impossible to prove the other ; because he was not the only Centinel. But I have a good mind to punish the Rascal for being a Coward. Yet who knows what Effect the Terror of such an Apprehension may have ; and to say the Truth, he hath always behaved well against an Enemy. Come, it is a good Thing to see any Sign of Religion in these Fellows ; so I promise you he shall be set at liberty when we march.'

H 3.

' B ut

‘ But hark, the General beats. My dear
‘ Boy, give me another Buff. Don’t dis-
‘ compose nor hurry yourself; but remem-
‘ ber the Christian Doctrine of Patience,
‘ and I warrant you will soon be able to do
‘ yourself Justice, and to take an honourable
‘ Revenge on the Fellow who hath injured
‘ you.’ The Lieutenant then departed,
and *Jones* endeavoured to compose himself
to Rest.

BOOK

THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK VIII.

Containing above two Days.

CHAP. I.

A wonderful long Chapter concerning the Marvellous; being much the longest of all our introductory Chapters.

AS we are now entering upon a Book, in which the Course of our History will oblige us to relate some Matters of a more strange and surprizing Kind than any which have hitherto occurred, it may

not be amiss in the prolegomenous, or introductory Chapter, to say something of that Species of Writing which is called the Marvellous. To this we shall, as well for the Sake of ourselves, as of others, endeavour to set some certain Bounds; and indeed nothing can be more necessary, as Criticks * of different Complexions are here apt to run into very different Extremes; for while some are, with M. *Dacier*, ready to allow, that the same Thing which is impossible may be yet probable †, others have so little Historic or Poetic Faith, that they believe nothing to be either possible or probable, the like to which hath not occurred to their own Observation.

First then, I think, it may very reasonably be required of every Writer, that he keeps within the Bounds of Possibility; and still remembers that what it is not possible for Man to perform, it is scarce possible for Man to believe he did perform. This Conviction, perhaps, gave Birth to many Stories of the ancient Heathen Deities (for most of them are of poetical Original).

* By this Word here, and in most other Parts of our Work, we mean every Reader in the World.

† It is happy for M. *Dacier* that he was not an *Irishman*.

The

The Poet, being desirous to indulge a wanton and extravagant Imagination, took Refuge in that Power, of the Extent of which his Readers were no Judges, or rather which they imagined to be infinite, and consequently they could not be shocked at any Prodigies related of it. This hath been strongly urged in Defence of *Homer's* Miracles; and it is, perhaps, a Defence; not, as Mr. *Pope* would have it, because *Ulysses* told a Set of foolish Lies to the *Phæacians*, who were a very dull Nation; but because the Poet himself wrote to Heathens, to whom poetical Fables were Articles of Faith. For my own Part, I must confess, so compassionate is my Temper, I wish *Polypheme* had confined himself to his Milk Diet, and preserved his Eye; nor could *Ulysses* be much more concerned than myself, when his Companions were turned into Swine by *Circe*, who shewed, I think, afterwards, too much Regard for Man's Flesh to be supposed capable of converting it into Bacon. I wish, likewise, with all my Heart, that *Homer* could have known the Rule prescribed by *Horace*, to introduce supernatural Agents as seldom as possible. We should not then have seen his Gods coming on trivial Errands, and often behaving themselves so as not only to forfeit all Title to

H 5.

Respect,

Respect, but to become the Objects of Scorn and Derision. A Conduct which must have shocked the Credulity of a pious and sagacious Heathen; and which could never have been defended, unless by agreeing with a Supposition to which I have been sometimes almost inclined, that this most glorious Poet, as he certainly was, had an Intent to burlesque the superstitious Faith of his own Age and Country.

But I have rested too long on a Doctrine which can be of no Use to a Christian Writer : For as he cannot introduce into his Works any of that heavenly Host which make a Part of his Creed ; so is it horrid Puerility to search the Heathen Theology for any of those Deities who have been long since dethroned from their Immortality. Lord *Shaftesbury* observes, that nothing is more cold than the Invocation of a Muse by a Modern ; he might have added that nothing can be more absurd. A modern may with much more Elegance invoke a Ballad, as some have thought *Homer* did, or a Mug of Ale with the Author of *Hudibras* ; which latter may perhaps have inspired much more Poetry as well as Prose, than all the Liquors of *Hippocrene* or *Helicon*.

The

The only supernatural Agents which can in any Manner be allowed to us Moderns are Ghosts ; but of these I would advise an Author to be extremely sparing. These are indeed like Arsenic, and other dangerous Drugs in Physic, to be used with the utmost Caution ; nor would I advise the Introduction of them at all in those Works, or by those Authors to which, or to whom a Horse-Laugh in the Reader, would be any great Prejudice or Mortification.

As for Elves and Fairies, and other such Mummery, I purposely omit the Mention of them, as I should be very unwilling to confine within any Bounds those surprizing Imaginations, for whose vast Capacity the Limits of human Nature are too narrow ; whose Works are to be considered as a new Creation ; and who have consequently just Right to do what they will with their own.

Man therefore is the highest Subject (unless on very extraordinary Occasions indeed) which presents itself to the Pen of our Historian, or of our Poet ; and in relating his Actions, great Care is to be taken, that we

do not exceed the Capacity of the Agent we describe.

Nor is Possibility alone sufficient to justify us, we must keep likewise within the Rules of Probability. It is, I think, the Opinion of *Aristotle*; or if not, it is the Opinion of some wise Man, whose Authority will be as weighty, when it is as old; 'that it is no Excuse for a Poet who relates what is incredible, that the thing related is really Matter of Fact.' This may perhaps be allowed true with regard to Poetry, but it may be thought impracticable to extend it to the Historian: For he is obliged to record Matters as he finds them; though they may be of so extraordinary a Nature, as will require no small Degree of historical Faith to swallow them. Such was the successful Armament of *Xerxes*, described by *Herodotus*, or the successful Expedition of *Alexander* related by *Arrian*. Such of later Years was the Victory of *Agincourt* obtained by *Harry* the Fifth, or that of *Narva*, won by *Charles* the Twelfth of *Sweden*. All which Instances, the more we reflect on them, appear still the more astonishing.

Such Facts, however, as they occur in the Thread of the Story; nay, indeed, as they

they constitute the essential Parts of it, the Historian is not only justifiable in recording as they really happened ; but indeed would be unpardonable, should he omit or alter them. But there are other Facts not of such Consequence nor so necessary, which tho' ever so well attested, may nevertheless be sacrificed to Oblivion in Complaisance to the Scepticism of a Reader. Such is that memorable Story of the Ghost of *George Villiers*, which might with more Propriety have been made a Present of to Dr. *Drelincourt*, to have kept the Ghost of Mrs. *Veale* Company, at the Head of his Discourse upon Death, than have been introduced into so solemn a Work as the History of the Rebellion.

To say the Truth, if the Historian will confine himself to what really happened, and utterly reject any Circumstance, which, tho' never so well attested, he must be well assured is false, he will sometimes fall into the Marvellous, but never into the Incredible. He will often raise the Wonder and Surprize of his Reader, but never that incredulous Hatred mentioned by *Horace*. It is by falling into Fiction therefore, that we generally offend against this Rule, of deserting Probability, which the Historian seldom

feldom if ever quits, till he forsakes his Character, and commences a Writer of Romance. In this, however, those Historians who relate publick Transactions, have the Advantage of us who confine ourselves to Scenes of private Life. The Credit of the former is by common Notoriety supported for a long Time; and public Records, with the concurrent Testimony of many Authors bear Evidence to their Truth in future Ages. Thus a *Trajan* and an *Antoninus*, a *Nero* and a *Caligula*, have all met with the Belief of Posterity; and no one doubts but that Men so very good, and so very bad, were once the Masters of Mankind.

But we who deal in private Characters, who search into the most retired Recesses, and draw forth Examples of Virtue and Vice, from Holes and Corners of the World, are in a more dangerous Situation. As we have no publick Notoriety, no concurrent Testimony, no Records to support and corroborate what we deliver, it becomes us not only to keep within the Limits of Possibility, but of Probability too; and this more especially in painting what is greatly good and amiable. Knavery and Folly, though never so exorbitant, will more easily meet with

with Assent: for Ill-nature adds great Support and Strength to Faith.

Thus we may, perhaps, with little Danger relate the History of a *Fisher*; who having long owed his Bread to the Generosity of Mr. *Derby*, and having that very Morning received a considerable Bounty from his Hands, in order to possess himself of what remained in his Friend's Scrutore, concealed himself in a public Office of the Temple, through which there was a Passage into Mr. *Derby's* Chambers. Here he overheard Mr. *Derby* for many Hours solacing himself at an Entertainment which he that Evening gave his Friends, and to which *Fisher* had been invited. During all this Time; no tender, no grateful Reflections arose to restrain his Purpose; but when the poor Gentleman had let his Company out through the Office, *Fisher* came suddenly from his lurking Place, and walking softly behind his Friend into his Chamber, discharged a Pistol Ball into his Head. This may be believed, when the Bones of *Fisher* are as rotten as his Heart. Nay, perhaps, it will be credited that the Villain went two Days afterwards with some young Ladies to the Play of *Hamlet*; and with an unaltered Countenance

tenance heard one of the Ladies, who little suspected how near she was to the Person, cry out, Good God ! if the Man that murdered Mr. *Derby* was now present ! Manifesting in this a more seared and callous Conscience than even *Nero* himself ; of whom we are told by *Suetonius*, ‘ that the Conscience of his Guilt after the Death of his Mother became immediately intolerable, and so continued ; nor could all the Congratulations of the Soldiers, of the Senate, and the People, allay the Horrors of his Conscience.’

But now, on the other hand, should I tell my Reader, that I had known a Man whose penetrating Genius had enabled him to raise a large Fortune in a Way where no Beginning was chaulked out to him : That he had done this with the most perfect Preservation of his Integrity, and not only without the least Injustice or Injury to any one individual Person, but with the highest Advantage to Trade, and a vast Increase of the public Revenue : That he had expended one Part of the Income of this Fortune in discovering a Taste superior to most, by Works where the highest Dignity was united with the purest Simplicity, and another

Part

Part in displaying a Degree of Goodness superior to all Men, by Acts of Charity to Objects whose only Recommendations were their Merits, or their Wants: That he was most industrious in searching after Merit in Distress, most eager to relieve it, and then as careful (perhaps too careful) to conceal what he had done: That his House, his Furniture, his Gardens, his Table, his private Hospitality, and his public Beneficence all denoted the Mind from which they flowed, and were all intrinsically rich and noble, without Tinsel, or external Ostentation: That he filled every Relation in Life with the most adequate Virtue: That he was most piously religious to his Creator, most zealously loyal to his Sovereign; a most tender Husband to his Wife, a kind Relation, a munificent Patron, a warm and firm Friend, a knowing and a chearful Companion, indulgent to his Servants, hospitable to his Neighbours, charitable to the Poor, and benevolent to all Mankind. Should I add to these the Epithets of wise, brave, elegant, and indeed every other amiable Epithet in our Language, I might surely say,

— *Quis credet? nemo Hercule! nemo;
Vel duo, vel nemo.*

VOL. III.

* 3

And

And yet I know a Man who is all I have here described. But a single Instance (and I really know not such another) is not sufficient to justify us, while we are writing to thousands who never heard of the Person, nor of any thing like him. Such *Rare Aves* should be remitted to the Epitaph-Writer, or to some Poet, who may condescend to hitch him in a Distich, or to slide him into a Rhime with an Air of Carelesness and Neglect, without giving any Offence to the Reader.

In the last Place, the Actions should be such as may not only be within the Compass of human Agency, and which human Agents may probably be supposed to do; but they should be likely for the very Actors and Characters themselves to have performed: For what may be only wonderful and surprizing in one Man, may become improbable, or indeed impossible, when related of another.

This last Requisite is what the dramatic Critics call Conservation of Character, and it requires a very extraordinary Degree of
Judg-

Judgment, and a most exact Knowledge of human Nature.

It is admirably remarked by a most excellent Writer, That Zeal can no more hurry a Man to act in direct Opposition to itself, than a rapid Stream can carry a Boat against its own Current. I will venture to say, that for a Man to act in direct Contradiction to the Dictates of Nature, is, if not impossible, as improbable and as miraculous as any Thing which can well be conceived. Should the best Parts of the Story of *M. Antoninus* be ascribed to *Nero*, or should the worst Incidents of *Nero's* Life be imputed to *Antoninus*, what would be more shocking to Belief than either Instance; whereas both these being related of their proper Agent, constitute the Truly Marvellous.

Our modern Authors of Comedy have fallen almost universally into the Error here hinted at: Their Heroes generally are notorious Rogues, and their Heroines abandoned Jades, during the first four Acts; but in the fifth, the former become very worthy Gentlemen, and the latter, Women of Virtue and Discretion: Nor is

the Writer often so kind as to give himself the least Trouble, to reconcile or account for this monstrous Change and Incongruity. There is, indeed, no other Reason to be assigned for it, than because the Play is drawing to a Conclusion ; as if it was no less natural in a Rogue to repent in the last Act of a Play, than in the last of his Life ; which we perceive to be generally the Case at *Tylburn*, a Place which might, indeed, close the Scene of some Comedies with much Propriety, as the Heroes in these are most commonly eminent for those very Talents which not only bring Men to the Gallows, but enable them to make an heroic Figure when they are there.

Within these few Restrictions, I think, every Writer may be permitted to deal as much in the Wonderful as he pleases ; nay, the more he can surprise the Reader, if he thus keeps within the Rules of Credibility, the more he will engage his Attention, and the more he will charm him. As a Genius of the highest Rank observes in his 5th Chapter of the *Bathos*, ‘ The great Art of
 ‘ all Poetry is to mix Truth with Fiction ;
 ‘ in order to join the Credible with the Sur-
 ‘ prizing.’

For

For though every good Author will confine himself within the Bounds of Probability, it is by no means necessary that his Characters, or his Incidents, should be trite, common, or vulgar; such as happen in every Street, or in every House, or which may be met with in the home Articles of a News-paper. Nor must he be inhibited from shewing many Persons and Things, which may possibly have never fallen within the Knowledge of great Part of his Readers. If the Writer strictly observes the Rules abovementioned, he hath discharged his Part; and is then intitled to some Faith from his Reader, who is indeed guilty of critical Infidelity if he disbelieves him. For want of a Portion of such Faith, I remember the Character of a young Lady of Quality, which was condemned on the Stage for being unnatural, by the unanimous Voice of a very large Assembly of Clerks and Apprentices; tho' it had had the previous Suffrages of many Ladies of the first Rank; one of whom very eminent for her Understanding, declared it was the Picture of half the young People of her Acquaintance.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

In which the Landlady pays a Visit to Mr. Jones.

WHEN *Jones* had taken Leave of his Friend the Lieutenant, he endeavoured to close his Eyes, but all in vain; his Spirits were too lively and wakeful to be lulled to Sleep. So having amused, or rather tormented himself with the Thoughts of his *Sophia*, till it was open Day-light, he called for some Tea; upon which Occasion my Landlady herself vouchsafed to pay him a Visit.

This was indeed the first Time she had seen him, or at least had taken any Notice of him; but as the Lieutenant had assured her that he was certainly some young Gentleman of Fashion, she now determined to shew him all the Respect in her Power: for, to speak truly, this was one of those Houses where Gentlemen, to use the Language of Advertisements, meet with civil Treatment for their Money.

She had no sooner begun to make his Tea, than she likewise began to discourse.

I

‘ La!

‘ La! Sir,’ said she, ‘ I think it is great
 ‘ Pity that such a pretty young Gentleman
 ‘ should undervalue himself so, as to go
 ‘ about with these Soldier Fellows. They
 ‘ call themselves Gentlemen, I warrant you ;
 ‘ but, as my first Husband used to say, they
 ‘ should remember it is we that pay them.
 ‘ And to be sure it is very hard upon us to
 ‘ be obliged to pay them, and to keep ’em
 ‘ too, as we Publicans are. I had twenty
 ‘ of ’um last Night, besides Officers ; nay,
 ‘ for matter o’ that, I had rather have the
 ‘ Soldiers than the Officers : For nothing
 ‘ is ever good enough for those Sparks ;
 ‘ and I am sure if you was to see the Bills ;
 ‘ La, Sir, it is nothing. I have had less
 ‘ Trouble, I warrant you, with a good
 ‘ Squire’s Family, where we take forty or
 ‘ fifty Shillings of a Night, besides Horses.
 ‘ And yet I warrants me, there is *narrow* a
 ‘ one of all those Officer Fellows, but looks
 ‘ upon himself to be as good as *arrow* a
 ‘ Squire of 500 *l.* a Year. To be sure it
 ‘ doth me Good to hear their Men run about
 ‘ after um, crying your Honour, and your
 ‘ Honour. Marry come up with such Ho-
 ‘ nour, and an Ordinary at a Shilling a Head.
 ‘ Then there’s such Swearing among ’um,
 ‘ to be sure, it frightens me out o’ my Wits,
 ‘ I thinks nothing can ever prosper with
 ‘ such

‘ such wicked People. And here one of
‘ ’um has used you in so barbarous a Man-
‘ ner. I thought indeed how well the rest
‘ would secure him; they all hang toge-
‘ ther; for if you had been in Danger of
‘ Death, which I am glad to see you are
‘ not, it would have been all as one to
‘ such wicked People. They would have
‘ let the Murderer go. Laud have Mercy
‘ upon ’um, I would not have such a Sin
‘ to answer for, for the whole World. But
‘ tho’ you are likely, with the Blessing
‘ to recover, there is Laa for him yet,
‘ and if you will employ Layer *Small*,
‘ I dareft be sworn he’ll make the Fellow
‘ fly the Country for him; tho’ perhaps
‘ he’ll have fled the Country before; for it
‘ is here To-day and gone To-morrow
‘ with such Chaps. I hope, however, you
‘ will learn more Wit for the future, and
‘ return back to your Friends; I warrant
‘ they are all miserable for your Loss; and
‘ if they was but to know what had hap-
‘ pened. La, my seeming! I would not
‘ for the World they should. Come, come,
‘ we know very well what all the Matter is;
‘ but if one won’t, another will, so pretty
‘ a Gentleman need never want a Lady. I
‘ am sure if I was as you, I would see the
‘ finest She that ever wore a Head hanged,
‘ before

‘ before I would go for a Soldier for her.—
 ‘ Nay, don’t blush so (for indeed he did to
 ‘ a violent Degree) why, you thought,
 ‘ Sir, I knew nothing of the Matter, I war-
 ‘ rant you, about Madam *Sophia*.’ ‘ How,’
 ‘ says *Jones*, starting up, ‘ do you know
 ‘ my *Sophia*?’ ‘ Do I? ay marry,’ cries
 the Landlady, ‘ many’s the Time hath she
 ‘ lain in this House.’ ‘ With her Aunt,
 ‘ I suppose,’ says *Jones*.—‘ Why there it
 ‘ is now,’ cries the Landlady. ‘ Ay, ay,
 ‘ ay, I know the old Lady very well. And
 ‘ a sweet young Creature is Madam *Sophia*,
 ‘ that’s the Truth on’t.’ ‘ A sweet Crea-
 ‘ ture!’ cries *Jones*, ‘ Oh Heavens! ’

*Angels are painted fair to look like her.
 There’s in her all that we believe of Heaven;
 Amazing Brightness, Purity and Truth,
 Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.*

‘ And could I ever have imagined that
 ‘ you had known my *Sophia*.’ ‘ I wish,’
 says the Landlady, ‘ you knew half so
 ‘ much of her. What would you have
 ‘ given to have sat by her Bed-side? What
 ‘ a delicious Neck she hath! Her lovely
 ‘ Limbs have stretched themselves in that
 ‘ very Bed you now lie in.’ ‘ Here!’ cries
Jones, ‘ hath *Sophia* ever lain here?—’ Ay,
 Vol. III. I ay,

‘ ay, here ; there ; in that very Bed,’ says
 the Landlady, ‘ where I wish you had her
 ‘ this Moment ; and she may wish so too,
 ‘ for any thing I know to the contrary :
 ‘ For she hath mentioned your Name to
 ‘ me.’ — ‘ Ha,’ cries he, ‘ did she ever
 ‘ mention her poor *Jones* ?—You flatter me
 ‘ now, I can never believe so much.’
 ‘ Why then,’ answered she, ‘ as I hope to
 ‘ be sav’d, and may the Devil fetch me,
 ‘ if I speak a Syllable more than the Truth.
 ‘ I have heard her mention Mr. *Jones* ; but
 ‘ in a civil and modest Way, I confess ; yet
 ‘ I could perceive she thought a great deal
 ‘ more than she said.’ ‘ O my dear Wo-
 ‘ man,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ her Thoughts of me
 ‘ I shall never be worthy of. O she is all
 ‘ Gentleness, Kindness, Goodness. Why
 ‘ was such a Rascal as I born, ever to give
 ‘ her soft Bosom a Moment’s Uneasiness ?
 ‘ Why am I cursed ? I, who would un-
 ‘ dergo all the Plagues and Miseries which
 ‘ any Dæmon ever invented for Mankind,
 ‘ to procure her any Good ; nay, Torture
 ‘ itself could not be Misery to me, did I
 ‘ but know that she was happy.’ ‘ Why
 ‘ look you there now,’ says the Landlady,
 ‘ I told her you was a constant Lover.’
 ‘ But pray, Madam, tell me when or
 ‘ where you knew any thing of me ; for I
 ‘ never

' never was here before, nor do I remem-
 ' ber ever to have seen you.' ' Nor is it pos-
 ' sible you should,' answered she; ' for you
 ' was a little Thing when I had you in my
 ' Lap at the Squire's.'—' How the Squire's,
 says Jones,' ' what do you know the great
 ' and good Mr. *Allworthy* then?' ' Yes,
 ' marry do I,' says she; ' Who in this
 ' Country doth not?'—' The Fame of his
 ' Goodness indeed,' answered Jones, ' must
 ' have extended farther than this; but
 ' Heaven only can know him, can know
 ' that Benevolence which it copied from it-
 ' self, and sent upon Earth as its own Pat-
 ' tern. Mankind are as ignorant of such
 ' divine Goodness, as they are unworthy of
 ' it; but none so unworthy of it as my-
 ' self. I who was raised by him to such a
 ' Height; taken in, as you must well
 ' know, a poor base-born Child, adopted
 ' by him, and treated as his own Son to
 ' dare by my Follies to disoblige him, to
 ' draw his Vengeance upon me. Yes, I
 ' deserve it all: For I will never be so un-
 ' grateful as even to think he hath done an
 ' Act of Injustice by me. No, I deserve
 ' to be turned out of Doors, as I am. And
 ' now, Madam, says he, I believe you will
 ' not blame me for turning Soldier, espe-
 ' cially with such a Fortune as this in my
 ' Pocket.'

‘ Pocket.’ At which Words he shook a Purse which had but very little in it, and which still appeared to the Landlady to have less.

My good Landlady was, (according to vulgar Phrase) struck all of a Heap by this Relation. She answered coldly, ‘ That to be sure People were the best Judges what was most proper for their Circumstances. — But hark, says she, I think I hear some body call. Coming! coming! the Devil’s in all our Volk, nobody hath any Ears. I must go down Stairs, if you want any more Breakfast, the Maid will come up. Coming!’ At which Words, without taking any Leave, she flung out of the Room: For the lower Sort of People are very tenacious of Respect; and tho’ they are contented to give this *gratis* to Persons of Quality, yet they never confer it on those of their own Order, without taking Care to be well paid for their Pains.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

In which the Surgeon makes his second Appearance.

BEFORE we proceed any farther, that the Reader may not be mistaken in imagining the Landlady knew more than she did, nor surprized that she knew so much, it may be necessary to inform him, that the Lieutenant had acquainted her that the Name of *Sophia* had been the Occasion of the Quarrel; and as for the rest of her Knowledge, the sagacious Reader will observe how she came by it in the preceding Scene. Great Curiosity was indeed mixed with her Virtues; and she never willingly suffered any one to depart from her House without enquiring as much as possible into their Names, Families and Fortunes.

She was no sooner gone, than *Jones*, instead of animadverting on her Behaviour, reflected that he was in the same Bed, which he was informed had held his dear *Sophia*. This occasioned a thousand fond and tender Thoughts, which we would dwell longer upon,

upon, did we not consider that such kind of Lovers will make a very inconsiderable Part of our Readers.

In this Situation the Surgeon found him, when he came to dress his Wound. The Doctor, perceiving, upon Examination, that his Pulse was disordered, and hearing that he had not slept, declared that he was in great Danger : For he apprehended a Fever was coming on ; which he would have prevented by Bleeding, but *Jones* would not submit, declaring he would lose no more Blood ; and ‘ Doctor,’ says he, ‘ if you will
 ‘ be so kind only to dress my Head, I have
 ‘ no Doubt of being well in a Day or two.

‘ I wish,’ answered the Surgeon, ‘ I
 ‘ could assure your being well in a Month
 ‘ or two. Well, indeed ! No, no, People
 ‘ are not so soon well of such Contusions ;
 ‘ but, Sir, I am not at this Time of Day
 ‘ to be instructed in my Operations by a
 ‘ Patient, and I insist on making a Revul-
 ‘ sion before I dress you.

Jones persisted obstinately in his Refusal, and the Doctor at last yielded ; telling him at the same Time, that he would not be answerable for the ill Consequence, and
 hope

hoped he would do him the Justice to acknowledge that he had given him a contrary Advice ; which the Patient promised he would.

The Doctor retired into the Kitchen, where, addressing himself to the Landlady, he complained bitterly of the undutiful Behaviour of his Patient, who would not be blooded, though he was in a Fever.

‘ It is an eating Fever then,’ says the Landlady : ‘ For he hath devoured two swinging buttered Toasts this Morning for Breakfast.

‘ Very likely,’ says the Doctor, ‘ I have known People eat in a Fever ; and it is very easily accounted for ; because the Acidity occasioned by the febrile Matter, may stimulate the Nerves of the Diaphragm, and thereby occasion a Craving, which will not be easily distinguishable from a natural Appetite ; but the Aliment will not be concremented, nor assimilated into Chyle, and so will corrode the vascular Orifices, and thus will aggravate the febrile Symptoms. Indeed I think the Gentleman in a very dangerous Way,
I 4 and

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'and, if he is not blooded, I am afraid
'will die.

'Every Man must die some Time or
'other,' answered the good Woman; 'it
'is no Business of mine. I hope, Doctor,
'you would not have me hold him while
'you bleed him.—But, harkee, a Word in
'your Ear, I would advise you before you
'proceed too far, to take care who is to be
'your Paymaster.

'Paymaster!' said the Doctor, staring,
'why, I've a Gentleman under my Hands,
'have I not?

'I imagined so as well as you,' said the
'Landlady; 'but as my first Husband
'used to say, every Thing is not what it
'looks to be. He is an arrant Scrub, I
'assure you. However, take no Notice
'that I mentioned any thing to you of the
'Matter; but I think People in Business
'oft always to let one another know such
'Things.

'And have I suffered such a Fellow as
'this, cries the Doctor, in a Passion, 'to in-
'struct me? Shall I hear my Practice in-
'sulted by one who will not pay me! I
'am

‘ am glad I have made this Discovery in
‘ Time. I will see now whether he will be
‘ blooded or no.’ He then immediately
went up Stairs, and flinging open the Door
of the Chamber with much Violence, a-
waked poor *Jones* from a very sound Nap,
into which he was fallen, and what was
still worse, from a delicious Dream con-
cerning *Sophia*.

‘ Will you be blooded or no ? ’ cries the Doctor, in a Rage. ‘ I have told you my Resolution already,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ and I wish with all my Heart you had taken my answer : For you have awaked me out of the sweetest Sleep which I ever had in my Life.

' Ay, ay,' cries the Doctor, ' many a Man hath dosed away his Life. Sleep is not always good, no more than Food ; but remember I demand of you, for the last Time, will you be blooded ?' ' I answer you for the last Time, said Jones, I will not.' ' Then I wash my Hands of you,' cries the Doctor, ' and I desire you to pay me for the Trouble I have had already. Two Journeys at 5 s. each, two Dressings at 5 s. more, and half a Crown for Phlebotomy.' ' I hope,' said Jones, ' you
I 5 don't

‘don’t intend to leave me in this Condition.’ ‘Indeed but I shall,’ said the other.’ ‘Then said Jones, you have used me rascally, and I will not pay you a Farthing.’ ‘Very well,’ cries the Doctor, the first Loss is the best. What a Pox did my Landlady mean by sending for me to such Vagabonds?’ At which Words he flung out of the Room, and his Patient turning himself about, soon recovered his Sleep; but his Dream was unfortunately gone.

CHAP. IV.

In which is introduced one of the pleasantest Barbers that was ever recorded in History, the Barber of Bagdad, nor he in Don Quixotte not excepted.

THE Clock had now struck Five, when Jones awaked from a Nap of seven Hours, so much refreshed, and in such perfect Health and Spirits, that he resolved to get up and dress himself: for which Purpose he unlocked his Portmanteau, and took out clean Linnen, and a Suit of Cloaths; but first he slipped on a Frock, and went down into the Kitchen to bespeak some-

something that might pacify certain Tumults he found rising within his Stomach.

Meeting the Landlady, he accosted her with great Civility, and asked 'what he could have for Dinner.' 'For Dinner!' says she, 'it is an odd Time a Day to think about Dinner. There is nothing drest in the House, and the Fire is almost out: Well but,' says he, 'I must have something to eat, and it is almost indifferent to me what: For to tell you the Truth, I never was more hungry in my Life.' 'Then,' says she, 'I believe there is a Piece of cold Buttock and Carrot, which will fit you.' — 'Nothing better,' answered Jones, 'but I should be obliged to you, if you would let it be fried.' To which the Landlady consented, and said smiling, 'she was glad to see him so well recovered: For the Sweetness of our Heroe's Temper was almost irresistible; besides, she was really no ill-humoured Woman at the Bottom; but she loved Money so much, that she hated every Thing which had the Semblance of Poverty.'

Jones now returned in order to dress himself, while his Dinner was preparing, and

was, according to his Orders, attended by the Barber.

This Barber, who went by the Name of little *Benjamin*, was a Fellow of great Oddity and Humour, which had frequently led him into small Inconveniencies, such as Slaps in the Face, Kicks in the Breech, broken Bones, &c. For every one doth not understand a Jest; and those who do, are often displeased with being themselves the Subjects of it. This Vice was, however, incurable in him; and though he had often smarted for it, yet if ever he conceived a Joke, he was certain to be delivered of it, without the least Respect of Persons, Time, or Place.

He had a great many other Particularities in his Character, which I shall not mention, as the Reader will himself very easily perceive them, on his farther Acquaintance with this extraordinary Person.

Jones being impatient to be drest, for a Reason which may be easily imagined, thought the Shaver was very tedious in preparing his Suds, and begged him to make Haste; to which the other answered, with much Gravity: For he never discomposed his

his Muscles on any Account. ‘*Festina lente*
 ‘ is a Proverb which I learnt long before I
 ‘ ever touched a Razor.’ ‘ I find, Friend,
 ‘ you are a Scholar,’ replied Jones, ‘ A
 ‘ poor one,’ said the Barber, ‘ *non omnia*
 ‘ *possumus omnes*. ... Again!’ said Jones; ‘ I
 ‘ fancy you are good at capping Verses.’
 ‘ Excuse me, Sir,’ said the Barber, ‘ *non*
 ‘ *tanti me dignor honore*.’ And then pro-
 ceeding to his Operation, ‘ Sir,’ said he,
 ‘ since I have dealt in Suds, I could never
 ‘ discover more than two Reasons for shav-
 ‘ ing, the one is to get a Beard, and the
 ‘ other to get rid of one. I conjecture,
 ‘ Sir, it may not be long since you shaved,
 ‘ from the former of these Motives. Upon
 ‘ my Word you have had good Success, for
 ‘ one may say of your Beard, that it is
 ‘ *Tondenti gravior*.’ ‘ I conjecture,’ says
 ‘ Jones, that thou art a very comical Fel-
 ‘ low.’ ‘ You mistake me widely, Sir,’
 said the Barber, ‘ I am too much addict-
 ‘ ed to the Study of Philosophy, *Hinc illæ*
 ‘ *Lacrymæ*, Sir, that’s my Misfortune. Too
 ‘ much Learning hath been my Ruin.’ ‘ In-
 ‘ deed,’ says Jones, ‘ I confess, Friend, you
 ‘ have more Learning than generally be-
 ‘ longs to your Trade; but I can’t see
 ‘ how it can have injured you.’ ‘ Alas,
 ‘ Sir,’ answered the Shaver, ‘ my Father
 ‘ dis-

' disinherited me for it. He was a Dancing-
 ' Master ; and because I could read, before
 ' I could dance, he took an Aversion to
 ' me, and left every Farthing among his
 ' other Children.—Will you please to
 ' have your Temples — O la ! I ask your
 ' Pardon, I fancy there is *Hiatus in manu-*
 ' *scriptis*. I heard you was going to the
 ' Wars : but I find it was a Mistake.'
 ' Why do you conclude so ?' says Jones.
 ' Sure, Sir,' answered the Barber, ' you are
 ' too wise a Man to carry a broken Head
 ' thither ; for that would be carrying Coals
 ' to Newcastle.

' Upon my Word,' cries Jones, ' thou
 ' art a very odd Fellow, and I like thy
 ' Humour extremely ; I shall be very glad
 ' if thou wilt come to me after Dinner, and
 ' drink a Glass with me ; I long to be bet-
 ' ter acquainted with thee.

' O dear Sir,' said the Barber, ' I can
 ' do you twenty times as great a Favour,
 ' if you will accept of it.' ' What is that,
 ' my Friend,' cries Jones. ' Why, I will
 ' drink a Bottle with you, if you please ; for
 ' I dearly love Good-nature, and as you
 ' have found me out to be a comical Fel-
 ' low, so I have no Skill in Physiognomy,
 ' if

‘if you are not one of the best-natured Gentlemen in the Universe.’ *Jones* now walked down Stairs neatly drest, and perhaps the famed *Adonis* was not a lovelier Figure; and yet he had no Charms for my Landlady: For as that good Woman did not resemble *Venus* at all in her Person, so neither did she in her Taste. Happy had it been for *Nanny* the Chambermaid, if she had seen with the Eyes of her Mistress; for that poor Girl fell so violently in love with *Jones* in five Minutes, that her Passion afterwards cost her many a Sigh. This *Nancy* was extremely pretty, and altogether as coy; for she had refused a Drawer, and one or two young Farmers in the Neighbourhood, but the bright Eyes of our Heroe thawed all her Ice in a Moment.

When *Jones* returned to the Kitchen, his Cloth was not yet laid; nor indeed was there any Occasion it should, his Dinner remaining in *Statu quo*, as did the Fire which was to dress it. This Disappointment might have put many a philosophical Temper into a Passion; but it had no such Effect on *Jones*. He only gave the Landlady a gentle Rebuke, saying, ‘Since it was so difficult to get it heated, he would eat the Beef cold.’ But now the good Woman,

man, whether moved by Compassion, or by Shame, or by whatever other Motive, I cannot tell, first gave her Servants a round Scold for disobeying the Orders which she had never given, and then bidding the Drawer lay a Napkin in the Sun, she set about the Matter in good earnest, and soon accomplished it.

This Sun, into which *Jones* was now conducted, was truly named as *Lucus a non lucendo*; for it was an Apartment into which the Sun had scarce ever looked. It was indeed the worst Room in the House; and happy was it for *Jones* that it was so. However, he was now too hungry to find any Fault; but having once satisfied his Appetite, he ordered the Drawer to carry a Bottle of Wine into a better Room, and expressed some Resentment at having been shewn into a Dungeon.

The Drawer having obeyed his Commands, he was, after some Time, attended by the Barber; who would not indeed have suffered him to wait so long for his Company, had he not been listening in the Kitchen to the Landlady, who was entertaining a Circle that she had gathered round her with the History of poor *Jones*, Part of which

which she had extracted from his own Lips,
 and the other Part was her own ingenious
 Composition; ‘ for she said he was a poor
 ‘ Parish Boy, taken into the House of
 ‘ Squire *Allworthy*, where he was bred up
 ‘ as an Apprentice, and now turned out of
 ‘ Doors for his Misdeeds, particularly for
 ‘ making Love to his young Mistress, and
 ‘ probably for robbing the House; for how
 ‘ else should he come by the little Money
 ‘ he hath. And this,’ says she, ‘ is your
 ‘ Gentleman, forsooth.’ ‘ A Servant of
 ‘ Squire *Allworthy*!’ says the Barber;
 ‘ what’s his Name.’—‘ Why he told me
 ‘ his Name was *Jones*,’ says she, ‘ perhaps
 ‘ he goes by a wrong Name. Nay,
 ‘ and he told me too, that the Squire had
 ‘ maintained him as his own Son, *tho* he
 ‘ had quarrelled with him now.’ ‘ And if
 ‘ his Name be *Jones*, he told you the
 ‘ Truth,’ said the Barber; ‘ for I have
 ‘ Relations who live in that Country, nay,
 ‘ and some People say he is his Son.
 ‘ Why doth he not go by the Name of his
 ‘ Father?’ ‘ I can’t tell that,’ said the
 Barber, ‘ many People’s Sons don’t go by
 ‘ the Name of their Father.’ ‘ Nay,’ said
 the Landlady, ‘ if I thought he was a Gen-
 ‘ tleman’s Son, *tho* he was a Bye Blow, I
 ‘ should behave to him in another guess
 ‘ Manner;

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‘ Manner; for many of these Bye Blows
‘ come to be great Men; and, as my poor
‘ first Husband used to say, Never affront
‘ any Customer that’s a Gentleman.’

CHAP. V.

A Dialogue between Mr. Jones and the Barber.

THIS Conversation passed partly while *Jones* was at Dinner in his Dungeon, and partly while he was expecting the Barber in the Parlour. And, as soon as it was ended, Mr. *Benjamin*, as we have said, attended him, and was very kindly desired to sit down. *Jones* then filling out a Glass of Wine, drank his Health by the Appellation of *Doctissime Tonsurum*. *Ago tibi Gratias, Domine*, said the Barber, and then looking very stedfastly at *Jones*, he said, with great Gravity, and with seeming Surprise, as if he recollected Face he had seen before, ‘ Sir, may I crave the Favour to know if your Name is not *Jones*?’ To which the other answered, That it was. ‘ *Proh Deum atq; Hominum Fidem,*’ says the Barber, ‘ how strange Things come to pass. Mr. *Jones*, I a
‘ yo

' your most obedient Servant. I find you
 ' do not know me, which indeed is no
 ' Wonder, since you never saw me but
 ' once, and then you was very young.
 ' Pray, Sir, how doth the good Squire
 ' *Allworthy*? How doth *Ille optimus omnium*
 ' *Patronus*?' ' I find,' said *Jones*, ' you
 ' do indeed know me; but I have not the
 ' like Happiness of recollecting you.'—
 ' I do not wonder at that,' cries *Benjamin*;
 ' but I am surprized I did not know you
 ' sooner, for you are not in the least al-
 ' tered. And pray, Sir, may I without
 ' Offence enquire whither you are travelling
 ' this Way? Fill the Glass, Mr. Barber,'
 said *Jones*, ' and ask no more Questions.'
 ' Nay, Sir,' answered *Benjamin*, ' I would
 ' not be troublesome; and I hope you
 ' don't think me a Man of an impertinent
 ' Curiosity, for that is a Vice which no-
 ' body can lay to my Charge; but I ask
 ' Pardon, for when a Gentleman of your
 ' Figure travels without his Servants, we
 ' may suppose him to be, as we say, in
 ' *Casu incognito*, and perhaps I ought not
 ' to have mentioned your Name.' ' I
 ' own,' says *Jones*, ' I did not expect to
 ' have been so well known in this Country
 ' as I find I am, yet, for particular Rea-
 ' sons, I shall be obliged to you if you will
 ' not

'not mention my Name to any other Per-
 'son, till I am gone from hence.' ' *Pauca*
 ' *Verba,*' answered the Barber; ' and I
 ' wish no other here knew you but myself;
 ' for some People have Tongues; but I
 ' promise you I can keep a Secret. My
 ' Enemies will allow me that Virtue.' ' And
 ' yet that is not the Characteristic of your
 ' Profession, Mr. Barber,' answered *Jones*.
 ' Alas, Sir,' replied *Benjamin*, ' *Non si*
 ' *male nunc & olim sic erat.* I was not born
 ' nor bred a Barber, I assure you. I have
 ' spent most of my Time among Gentle-
 ' men, and tho' I say it, I understand
 ' something of Gentility. And if you had
 ' thought me as worthy of your Confidence
 ' as you have some other People, I should
 ' have shewn you I could have kept a Se-
 ' cret better. I should not have degraded
 ' your Name in a public Kitchen; for in-
 ' deed, Sir, some People have not used
 ' you well; for besides making a public
 ' Proclamation of what you told them of a
 ' Quarrel between yourself and Squire *All-*
 ' *worthy*, they added Lies of their own
 ' Things which I knew to be Lies. You
 ' surprize me greatly,' cries *Jones*. ' Upon
 ' my Word, Sir,' answered *Benjamin*, ' I
 ' tell the Truth, and I need not tell you more.
 ' Landlady was the Person. I am sure I
 ' move

' moved me to hear the Story, and I hope
 ' it is all false; for I have a great Respect
 ' for you, I do assure you I have, and have
 ' had, ever since the Good-nature you
 ' shewed to *Black George*, which was talked
 ' of all over the Country, and I received
 ' more than one Letter about it. Indeed
 ' it made you beloved by every body.
 ' You will pardon me, therefore; for it
 ' was real Concern at what I heard made
 ' me ask any Questions; for I have no im-
 ' pertinent Curiosity about me; but I love
 ' Good-nature, and thence became *Amoris*
 ' *abundantia erga Te.*'

Every Profession of Friendship easily gains
 Credit with the Miserable, it is no wonder,
 therefore, if *Jones*, who, besides his being mi-
 serable, was extremely open-hearted, very rea-
 dily believed all the Professions of *Benjamin*,
 and received him into his Bosom. The Scraps
 of *Latin*, some of which *Benjamin* applied
 properly enough, tho' it did not savour of
 profound Literature, seemed yet to indicate
 something superior to a common Barber,
 and so indeed did his whole Behaviour.
Jones therefore believed the Truth of what
 he said, as to his Original and Education,
 and at length, after much Entreaty, he said,
 ' Since you have heard, my Friend, so
 ' much

‘ much of my Affairs, and seem so desirous
 ‘ to know the Truth, if you will have Pa-
 ‘ tience to hear it, I will inform you of the
 ‘ whole.’ ‘ Patience,’ cries *Benjamin*, ‘ that
 ‘ I will, if the Chapter was never so long;
 ‘ and I am very much obliged to you for
 ‘ the Honour you do me.’

Jones now began, and related the whole
 History, forgetting only a Circumstance or
 two, namely, every thing which passed on
 that Day in which he had fought with
Thwackum, and ended with his Resolution
 to go to Sea, till the Rebellion in the North
 had made him change his Purpose, and had
 brought him to the Place where he then
 was.

Little *Benjamin*, who had been all At-
 tention, never once interrupted the Narra-
 tive; but when it was ended, he could not
 help observing, that there must be surely
 something more invented by his Enemies,
 and told Mr. *Allworthy* against him, or so
 good a Man would never have dismissed
 one he had loved so tenderly, in such a
 Manner. To which *Jones* answered, ‘ He
 ‘ doubted not but such villanous Arts had
 ‘ been made use of to destroy him.’

‘ And

And surely it was scarce possible for any one to have avoided making the same Remark with the Barber ; who had not, indeed, heard from *Jones* one single Circumstance upon which he was condemned ; for his Actions were not now placed in those injurious Lights, in which they had been misrepresented to *Allworthy* : Nor could he mention those many false Accusations which had been from time to time preferred against him to *Allworthy* ; for with none of these he was himself acquainted. He had likewise, as we have observed, omitted many material Facts in his present Relation. Upon the whole, indeed, every thing now appeared in such favourable Colours to *Jones*, that Malice itself would have found it no easy Matter to fix any Blame upon him.

Not that *Jones* desired to conceal or to disguise the Truth ; nay, he would have been more unwilling to have suffered any Censure to fall on Mr. *Allworthy* for punishing him, than on his own Actions for deserving it ; but, in Reality, so it happened, and so it always will happen : For let a Man be never so honest, the Account of his own Conduct will, in Spite of himself, be so very favourable, that his Vices will come purified through his Lips, and, like foul

Liquors

Liquors well strained, will leave all their Foulness behind. For tho' the Facts themselves may appear, yet so different will be the Motives, Circumstances, and Consequences, when a Man tells his own Story, and when his Enemy tells it, that we scarce can recognize the Facts to be one and the same.

Tho' the Barber had drank down this Story with greedy Ears, he was not yet satisfied. There was a Circumstance behind, which his Curiosity, cold as it was, most eagerly longed for. *Jones* had mentioned the Fact of his Amour, and of his being the Rival of *Bliss*, but had cautiously concealed the Name of the young Lady. The Barber therefore, after some Hesitation, and many Hums and Ha's, at last begged Leave to crave the Name of the Lady, who appeared to be the principal Cause of all this Mischief. *Jones* paused a Moment, and then said, ' Since I have trusted you with
' so much, and since, I am afraid, her
' Name is become too public already on
' this Occasion, I will not conceal it from
' you. Her Name is *Sophia Western*.'

' *Prob Deum atque Hominum Fidem!*
' Squire *Western* hath a Daughter grown a
' Woman!' ' Ay, and such a Woman,'
cries

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cries *Jones*, 'that the World cannot match.
' No Eye ever saw any thing so beautiful ;
' but that is her least Excellence. Such
' Sense, such Goodness! O I could praise
' her for ever, and yet should omit half her
' Virtues.' ' Mr. *Western* a Daughter grown
' up!' cries the Barber, ' I remember the
' Father a Boy; well, *Tempus edax Rerum.*'

The Wine being now at an End, the
Barber pressed very eagerly to be his Bottle;
but *Jones* absolutely refused, saying, ' He
' had already drank more than he ought ;
' and that he now chose to retire to his
' Room, where he wished he could procure
' himself a Book.' ' A Book!' cries *Ben-
jamin*, ' what Book would you have? *Latin*
' or *English*? I have some curious Books in
' both Languages. Such as *Erasmi Collo-
quia*, *Ovid de Tristibus*, *Gradus ad Par-
nassum*; and in *English* I have several of
' the best Books, tho' some of them are a
' little torn; but I have a great Part of
' *Stowe's Chronicle*; the sixth Volume of
' *Pope's Homer*; the third Volume of the
' *Spectator*; the second Volume of *Echard's*
' *Roman History*; the *Craftsman*; *Robin-
son Crusoe*; *Thomas a Kempis*, and two
' Volumes of *Tom Brown's Works.*'

‘ Those last,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ are Books I never saw, so if you please to lend me one of those Volumes.’ The Barber assured him he would be highly entertained; for he looked upon the Author to have been one of the greatest Wits that ever the Nation produced. He then stepped to his House, which was hard by, and immediately returned, after which, the Barber having received very strict Injunctions of Secrecy from *Jones*, and having sworn inviolably to maintain it, they separated; the Barber went home, and *Jones* retired to his Chamber.

CHAP. VI.

In which more of the Talents of Mr. Benjamin will appear, as well as who this extraordinary Person was.

IN the Morning *Jones* grew a little uneasy at the Desertion of his Surgeon, as he apprehended some Inconvenience, or even Danger, might attend the not Dressing his Wound; he enquired therefore of the Drawer what other Surgeons were to be met with in that Neighbourhood. The Drawer told him there was one not far off; but he had

had known him often refuse to be concerned after another had been sent for before him ;
 ‘ but, Sir,’ says he, ‘ if you will take my
 ‘ Advice, there is not a Man in the King-
 ‘ dom can do your Business better than the
 ‘ Barber who was with you last Night. We
 ‘ look upon him to be one of the ablest
 ‘ Men at a Cut in all this Neighbourhood.
 ‘ For tho’ he hath not been here above
 ‘ three Months, he hath done several great
 ‘ Cures.’

The Drawer was presently dispatched for little *Benjamin*, who being acquainted in what Capacity he was wanted, prepared himself accordingly, and attended ; but with so different an Air and Aspect from that which he wore when his Bason was under his Arm, that he could scarce be known to be the same Person.

‘ So, Tonfor,’ says *Jones*, ‘ I find you
 ‘ have more Trades than one ; how came
 ‘ you not to inform me of this last Night ?
 ‘ A Surgeon,’ answered *Benjamin*, with
 great Gravity, ‘ is a Profession, not a
 ‘ Trade. The Reason why I did not ac-
 ‘ quaint you last Night that I professed this
 ‘ Art, was that I then concluded you was
 ‘ under the Hands of another Gentleman,

‘and I never love to interfere with my Bre-
 ‘thren in their Business. *Ars omnibus com-*
 ‘*munis*; but now, Sir, if you please, I
 ‘will inspect your Head, and when I see
 ‘into your Skull, I will give my Opinion
 ‘of your Case.’

Jones had no great Faith in this new Pro-
 fessor; however he suffered him to open
 the Bandage, and to look at his Wound,
 which as soon as he had done, *Benjamin* be-
 gan to groan and shake his Head violently.
 Upon which *Jones*, in a peevish Manner,
 bid him not play the Fool, but tell him in
 what Condition he found him. ‘Shall I
 ‘answer you as a Surgeon, or a Friend?’
 said *Benjamin*. ‘As a Friend, and seriously,’
 said *Jones*. ‘Why then, upon my Soul,’
 cries *Benjamin*, ‘it would require a great
 ‘deal of Art to keep you from being well
 ‘after a very few Dressings; and if you
 ‘will suffer me to apply some Salve of
 ‘mine, I will answer for the Success.’
Jones gave his Consent, and the Plaister
 was applied accordingly.

‘There, Sir,’ cries *Benjamin*, ‘now I
 ‘will, if you please, resume my former
 ‘Self; but a Man is obliged to keep up
 ‘some Dignity in his Countenance whilst
 ‘he

‘ he is performing these Operations, or the World will not submit to be handled by him. You can’t imagine, Sir, of how much Consequence a grave Aspect is to a grave Character. A Barber may make you laugh, but a Surgeon ought rather to make you cry.’

‘ Mr. Barber, or Mr. Surgeon, or Mr. Barber-Surgeon,’ said Jones.—‘ O dear Sir,’ answered Benjamin, interrupting him, ‘ *Infandum Regina jubes renovare Dolorem*. You recal to my Mind that cruel Separation of the united Fraternities, so much to the Prejudice of both Bodies, as all Separations must be, according to the old Adage, *Vis unita fortior*; which to be sure there are not wanting some of one or of the other Fraternity who are able to construe. What a Blow was this to me who unite both in my own Person.’—‘ Well, by whatever Name you please to be called,’ continued Jones, ‘ you certainly are one of the oddest, most comical Fellows I ever met with, and must have something very surprizing in your Story, which you must confess I have a Right to hear.’ ‘ I do confess it,’ answered Benjamin, ‘ and will very readily acquaint you with it, when you have sufficient Leisure;

‘ for I promise you it will require a good
 ‘ deal of Time.’ *Jones* told him, He
 could never be more at Leisure than at pre-
 sent. ‘ Well then,’ said *Benjamin*, ‘ I
 ‘ will obey you ; but first I will fasten the
 ‘ Door, that none may interrupt us.’ He
 did so, and then advancing with a solemn
 Air to *Jones*, said ; ‘ I must begin by tel-
 ‘ ling you, Sir, that you yourself have been
 ‘ the greatest Enemy I ever had.’ *Jones*
 was a little startled at this sudden Declara-
 tion. ‘ I your Enemy, Sir !’ says he, with
 much Amazement, and some Sternness in
 his Look. ‘ Nay, be not angry,’ said
Benjamin, ‘ for I promise you I am not.
 ‘ You are perfectly innocent of having in-
 ‘ tended me any Wrong ; for you was then
 ‘ an Infant ; but I shall, I believe, unrid-
 ‘ dle all this the Moment I mention my
 ‘ Name. Did you never hear, Sir, of one
 ‘ *Partridge*, who had the Honour of being
 ‘ reputed your Father, and the Misfortune
 ‘ of being ruined by that Honour?’ ‘ I
 ‘ have indeed heard of that *Partridge*,’ says
Jones, ‘ and have always believed myself
 ‘ to be his Son.’ ‘ Well, Sir,’ answered
Benjamin, ‘ I am that *Partridge* ; but I
 ‘ here absolve you from all filial Duty ; for
 ‘ I do assure you are no Son of mine.’
 ‘ How,’ replied *Jones*, ‘ and is it possible
 ‘ that

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‘ that a false Suspicion should have drawn
 ‘ all the ill Consequences upon you, with-
 ‘ which I am too well acquainted ?’ ‘ It is
 ‘ possible,’ cries *Benjamin*, ‘ for it is so ;
 ‘ but tho’ it is natural enough for Men to
 ‘ hate even the innocent Causes of their Suf-
 ‘ ferings, yet I am of a different Temper.
 ‘ I have loved you ever since I heard of
 ‘ your Behaviour to *Black George*, as I told
 ‘ you ; and I am convinced, from this ex-
 ‘ traordinary Meeting, that you are born
 ‘ to make me Amends for all I have suf-
 ‘ fered on that Account. Besides, I dreamt,
 ‘ the Night before I saw you, that I stum-
 ‘ bled over a Stool without hurting myself ;
 ‘ which plainly shewed me something good
 ‘ was towards me ; and last Night I dreamt
 ‘ again, that I rode behind you on a Milk
 ‘ white Mare, which is a very excellent
 ‘ Dream, and betokens much good For-
 ‘ tune, which I am resolved to pursue, un-
 ‘ less you have the Cruelty to deny me.’

‘ I should be very glad, Mr. *Partridge*,
 answered *Jones*, ‘ to have it in my Power
 ‘ to make you Amends for your Sufferings
 ‘ on my Account ; tho’ at present I see no
 ‘ Likelihood of it ; however, I assure you
 ‘ I will deny you nothing which is in my
 ‘ Power to grant.’

K 4

‘ It

‘It is in your Power sure enough,’ replied *Benjamin*, ‘for I desire nothing more than Leave to attend you in this Expedition. Nay, I have so entirely set my Heart upon it, that if you should refuse me, you will kill both a Barber and a Surgeon in one Breath.’

Jones answered smiling, That he should be very sorry to be the Occasion of so much Mischief to the Public. He then advanced many prudential Reasons, in order to dissuade *Benjamin* (whom we shall hereafter call *Partridge*) from his Purpose; but all were in vain. *Partridge* relied strongly on his Dream of the milk-white Mare. ‘Besides, Sir, says he, I promise you, I have as good an Inclination to the Cause, as any Man can possibly have; and go I will, whether you admit me to go in your Company or not.’

Jones, who was as much pleased with *Partridge*, as *Partridge* could be with him, and who had not consulted his own Inclination, but the Good of the other in desiring him to stay behind; when he found his Friend so resolute, at last gave his Consent; but then recollecting himself, he said, ‘Perhaps,’ Mr. *Partridge*, you think I shall

‘be able to support you, but I really am not;’ and then taking out his Purse, he told out nine Guineas, which he declared were his whole Fortune.

Partridge answered, ‘that his Dependance was only on his future Favour; For he was thoroughly convinced he would shortly have enough in his Power. At present, Sir, said he, I believe I am rather the richer Man of the two; but all I have is at your Service, and at your Disposal. I insist upon your taking the whole, and I beg only to attend you in the Quality of your Servant, *Nil desperandum est Tencro duce et auspice Tencro*;’ But to this generous Proposal concerning the Money, Jones would by no means submit.

It was resolved to set out the next Morning; when a Difficulty arose concerning the Baggage, for the Portmanteau of Mr. Jones was too large to be carried without a Horse.

‘If I may presume to give my Advice,’ says Partridge, ‘this Portmanteau, with every Thing in it, except a few Shirts, should be left behind. Those I shall be

• easily able to carry for you, and the rest
 • of your Clothes will remain very safely
 • locked up in my House.

This Method was no sooner proposed than agreed to, and then the Barber departed, in order to prepare every Thing for his intended Expedition.

CHAP. VII.

Containing better Reasons than any which have yet appeared for the Conduct of Partridge; an Apology for the Weakness of Jones; and some farther Anecdotes concerning my Landlady.

THOUGH Partridge was one of the most superstitious of Men, he would hardly, perhaps, have desired to accompany Jones on his Expedition merely from the Omens of the Joint-stool, and white Mare, if his Prospect had been no better than to have shared the Plunder gained in the Field of Battle. In Fact, when Partridge came to ruminate on the Relation he had heard from Jones, he could not reconcile to himself, that Mr. Allworthy should turn his Son (for so he most firmly believed him

him to be) out of Doors, for any Reason which he had heard assigned. He concluded therefore, that the whole was a Fiction, and that *Jones*, of whom he had often from his Correspondents heard the wildest Character, had in reality run away from his Father. It came into his Head, therefore, that if he could prevail with the young Gentleman to return back to his Father, he should by that Means render a Service to *Allworthy*, which would obliterate all his former Anger ; nay, indeed he conceived that very Anger was counterfeited, and that *Allworthy* had sacrificed him to his own Reputation. And this Suspicion, indeed, he well accounted for, from the tender Behaviour of that excellent Man to the Foundling Child ; from his great Severity to *Partridge*, who knowing himself to be innocent, could not conceive that any other should think him guilty ; lastly, from the Allowance which he had privately received long after the Annuity had been publicly taken from him ; and which he looked upon as a kind of Smart-money, or rather by way of Atonement for Injustice : For it is very uncommon, I believe, for Men to ascribe the Benefactions they receive to pure Charity, when they can possibly impute them to any other Motive. If he could by any Means,

K 6

there-

therefore, persuade the young Gentleman to return home, he doubted not but that he should again be received into the Favour of *Allworthy*, and well rewarded for his Pains ; nay, and should be again restored to his native Country ; a Restoration which *Ulysses* himself never wished more heartily than poor *Partridge*.

As for *Jones*, he was well satisfied with the Truth of what the other had asserted, and believed that *Partridge* had no other Inducements but Love to him, and Zeal for the Cause. A blameable Want of Caution, and Diffidence in the Veracity of others, in which he was highly worthy of Censure. To say the Truth, there are but two Ways by which Men become possessed of this excellent Quality. The one is from long Experience, and the other is from Nature ; which last, I presume, is often meant by Genius, or great natural Parts ; and it is infinitely the better of the two, not only as we are Masters of it much earlier in Life, but as it is much more infallible and conclusive : For a Man who hath been imposed on by ever so many, may still hope to find others more honest ; whereas he who receives certain necessary Admonition from within, that this is impossible, must have

have very little Understanding indeed, if he ever renders himself liable to be once deceived. As *Jones* had not this Gift from Nature, he was too young to have gained it by Experience ; for at the diffident Wisdom which is to be acquired this Way, we seldom arrive till very late in Life ; which is perhaps the Reason why some old Men are apt to despise the Understandings of all those who are a little younger than themselves.

Jones spent most Part of the Day in the Company of a new Acquaintance. This was no other than the Landlord of the House, or rather the Husband of the Landlady. He had but lately made his Descent down Stairs, after a long Fit of the Gout, in which Distemper he was generally confined to his Room during one half of the Year ; and during the rest, he walked about the House, smoaked his Pipe, and drank his Bottle with his Friends, without concerning himself in the least with any Kind of Business. He had been bred, as they call it, a Gentleman that is, bred up to do nothing, and had spent a very small Fortune, which he inherited from an industrious Farmer his Uncle, in Hunting, Horseracing, and Cock-fighting, and had been married

married by my Landlady for certain Purposes which he had long since desisted from answering : for which she hated him heartily. But as he was a surly Kind of Fellow, so she contented herself with frequently upbraiding him by disadvantageous Comparisons with her first Husband, whose Praise she had eternally in her Mouth ; and as she was for the most part Mistress of the Profit, so she was satisfied to take upon herself the Care and Government of the Family, and after a long successful Struggle ; to suffer her Husband to be Master of himself.

In the Evening when *Jones* retired to his Room, a small Dispute arose between this fond Couple concerning him. ‘ What,’ says the Wife, ‘ you have been tipling with the Gentleman ! I see.’ ‘ Yes,’ answered the Husband, ‘ we have cracked a Bottle together, and a very Gentleman-like Man he is, and hath a very pretty Notion of Horse-flesh. Indeed he is young, and hath not seen much of the World : For I believe he hath been at very few Horse-races.’ ‘ O ho ! he is one of your Order, is he ?’ replies the Landlady, ‘ he must be a Gentleman to be sure, if he is a Horse-racer. The Devil fetch such Gentry,

‘ Gentry, I am sure I wish I had never
 ‘ seen any of them. I have Reason to love
 ‘ Horse-racers truly.’ ‘ That you have,
 says the Husband ; for I was one you
 ‘ know.’ ‘ Yes,’ answered she, ‘ You
 ‘ are a pure one indeed. As my first Hus-
 ‘ band used to say, I may put all the Good
 ‘ I have ever got by you in my Eyes, and
 ‘ see never the worse.’ ‘ D—n your first
 ‘ Husband,’ cries he, — ‘ Don’t d—n a
 ‘ better Man than yourself,’ answered the
 Wife, ‘ if he had been alive, you durst not
 ‘ have done it.’ ‘ Then you think,’ says
 he, ‘ I have not so much Courage as
 ‘ yourself : For you have d—n’d him often
 ‘ in my Hearing.’ ‘ If I did,’ says she,
 ‘ I have repented of it many’s the good
 ‘ Time and oft. And if he was so good
 ‘ to forgive me a Word spoken in Haste,
 ‘ or so, it doth not become such a one as
 ‘ you to *twitter* me. He was a Husband
 ‘ to me, he was ; and if ever I did make
 ‘ use of an ill Word or so in a Passion ; I
 ‘ never called him Rascal, I should have
 ‘ have told a Lie, if I had called him Ras-
 ‘ cal.’ Much more she said, but not in his
 Hearing : For having lighted his Pipe, he
 staggered off as fast as he could. We shall
 therefore transcribe no more of her Speech,
 as it approached still nearer and nearer to a
 Subject

Subject too indelicate to find any Place in this History.

Early in the Morning, *Partridge* appeared at the Bedside of *Jones*, ready equipped for the Journey, with his Knap sack at his Back. This was his own Workmanship; for besides his other Trades, he was no indifferent Taylor. He had already put up his whole Stock of Linnen in it, consisting of four Shirts, to which he now added eight for Mr. *Jones*, and then packing up the Portmanteau, he was departing with it towards his own House, but was stopt in his Way by the Landlady, who refused to suffer any Removals till after the Payment of the Reckoning.

The Landlady was, as we have said, absolute Governess in these Regions; it was therefore necessary to comply with her Rules, so the Bill was presently writ out, which amounted to a much larger Sum than might have been expected, from the Entertainment which *Jones* had met with; but here we are obliged to disclose some Maxims, which Publicans hold to be the grand Mysteries of their Trade. The first is, if they have any Thing good in their House (which indeed very seldom happens) to produce it
only

only to Persons who travel with great Equipages. 2dly, To charge the same for the very worst Provisions, as if they were the best. And, lastly, if any of their Guests call but for little, to make them pay a double Price for every Thing they have; so that the Amount by the Head may be much the same.

The Bill being made and discharged; *Jones* set forward with *Partridge* carrying his Knapsack; nor did the Landlady condescend to wish him a good Journey: for this was, it seems, an Inn frequented by People of Fashion; and I know not whence it is, but all those who get their Livelihood by People of Fashion, contract as much Insolence to the rest of Mankind, as if they really belonged to that Rank themselves.

CH. 8. *Partridge* and *Jones* are taken up by a Country Justice, and carried to a Justice's House. *Partridge* is examined, and found guilty of being a vagabond, and is committed to the House of Correction. *Jones* is examined, and found guilty of being a vagabond, and is committed to the House of Correction. *Partridge* and *Jones* are taken up by a Country Justice, and carried to a Justice's House. *Partridge* is examined, and found guilty of being a vagabond, and is committed to the House of Correction. *Jones* is examined, and found guilty of being a vagabond, and is committed to the House of Correction.

C H A P. VIII.

Jones arrives at Gloucester, and goes to the Bell; the Character of that House, and of a Petty-fogger, which he there meets with.

MR. Jones, and Partridge, or Little Benjamin, (which Epithet of Little was perhaps given him ironically, he being in reality near six Feet high) having left their last Quarters in the Manner before described, travelled on to *Gloucester* without meeting any Adventure worth relating.

Being arrived here, they chose for their House of Entertainment the Sign of the *Bell*, an excellent House indeed, and which I do most seriously recommend to every Reader who shall visit this ancient City. The Master of it is Brother to the great Preacher *Whitefield*; but is absolutely untainted with the pernicious Principles of Methodism, or of any other heretical Sect. He is indeed a very honest plain Man, and in my Opinion, not likely to create any Disturbance either in Church or State. H

W

Wife hath, I believe, had much Pretension to Beauty, and is still a very fine Woman. Her Person and Deportment might have made a shining Figure in the politest Assemblies ; but though she must be conscious of this, and many other Perfections, she seems perfectly contented with, and resigned to that State of Life to which she is called ; and this Resignation is entirely owing to the Prudence and Wisdom of her Temper : For she is at present as free from any methodistical Notions as her Husband. I say at present : For she freely confesses that her Brother's Documents made at first some Impression upon her, and that she had put herself to the Expence of a long Hood, in order to attend the extraordinary Emotions of the Spirit ; but having found during an Experiment of three Weeks, no Emotions, she says, worth a Farthing, she very wisely laid by her Hood, and abandoned the Sect. To be concise, she is a very friendly, good-natured Woman, and so industrious to oblige, that the Guests must be of a very morose Disposition who are not extremely well satisfied in her House.

Mrs. *Whitefield* happened to be in the Yard when *Jones* and his Attendant march-
ed

ed in. Her Sagacity soon discovered in the Air of our Hero something which distinguished him from the Vulgar. She ordered her Servants, therefore, immediately to shew him into a Room, and presently afterwards invited him to Dinner with herself; which Invitation he very thankfully accepted: For indeed much less agreeable Company than that of Mrs. *Whitefield*, and a much worse Entertainment than she had provided, would have been welcome, after so long fasting, and so long a Walk.

Besides Mr. *Jones* and the good Governess of the Mansion, there sat down at Table an Attorney of *Salisbury*, indeed the very same who had brought the News of Mrs. *Bliss*'s Death to Mr. *Allworthy*, and whose Name, which, I think, we did not before mention, was *Dowling*; there was likewise present another Person, who stiled himself a Lawyer, and who lived somewhere near *Lidlinch* in *Somersetshire*. This Fellow, I say, stiled himself a Lawyer, but was indeed a most vile Petty-fogger, without Sense or Knowledge of any Kind; one of those who may be termed Train-bearers to the Law; a Sort of Supernumeraries in the Profession, who are the Hackneys of Attor

Attornies, and will ride more Miles for half a Crown, than a Post-boy.

During the time of Dinner, the *Somersetshire* Lawyer recollected the Face of *Jones*, which he had seen at Mr. *Allworthy's*: For he had often visited in that Gentleman's Kitchen. He therefore took Occasion to enquire after the good Family there, with that Familiarity which would have become an intimate Friend or Acquaintance of Mr. *Allworthy*; and indeed he did all in his Power to insinuate himself to be such, though he had never had the Honour of speaking to any Person in that Family higher than the Butler. *Jones* answered all his Questions with much Civility, though he never remembered to have seen the Petty-fogger before, and though he concluded from the outward Appearance and Behaviour of the Man, that he usurped a Freedom with his Betters, to which he was by no means intitled.

As the Conversation of Fellows of this Kind, is of all others the most detestable to Men of any Sense, the Cloth was no sooner removed than Mr. *Jones* withdrew, and a little barbarously left poor Mrs. *Whitefield* to do a Pennance, which I have often heard

Mr.

Mr. *Timothy Harris*, and other Publicans of good Taste, lament, as the severest Lot annexed to their Calling, namely, that of being obliged to keep Company with their Guests.

Jones had no sooner quitted the Room, than the Petty-fogger, in a whispering Tone, asked Mrs. *Whitefield*, ‘ if she knew who that fine Spark was?’ She answered, ‘ she had never seen the Gentleman before.’ ‘ The Gentleman, indeed!’ replied the Petty-fogger, ‘ a pretty Gentleman truly!’ ‘ Why, he’s the Bastard of a Fellow who was hanged for Horse-stealing. He was dropt at Squire *Allwortby*’s Door, where one of the Servants found him in a Box so full of Rain-water, that he would certainly have been drowned, had he not been reserved for another Fate.’ ‘ Ay, ay, you need not mention it, I protest, we understand what that Fate is very well,’ cries *Dowling*, with a most facetious Grin. ‘ Well,’ continued the other, ‘ the Squire ordered him to be taken in: For he is a timborfome Man every Body knows, and was afraid of drawing himself into a Scrape, and there the Bastard was bred up, and fed and cloathified all to the World like any Gentleman; and there

' he got one of the Servant Maids with
 ' Child, and persuaded her to swear it to
 ' the Squire himself ; and afterwards he
 ' broke the Arm of one Mr. *Thwackum* a
 ' Clergyman, only because he reprimanded
 ' him for following Whores ; and afterwards
 ' he snapt a Pistol at Mr. *Blifil* behind his
 ' Back ; and once when Squire *Allworthy*
 ' was sick, he got a Drum, and beat it all
 ' over the House, to prevent him from
 ' sleeping : And twenty other Pranks he
 ' hath played, for all which, about four or
 ' five Days ago, just before I left the Coun-
 ' try, the Squire strip'd him stark naked,
 ' and turned him out of Doors.

' And very justly too, I protest,' cries
Dowling, ' I would turn my own Son out
 ' of Doors, if he was guilty of half as
 ' much. And pray what is the Name of
 ' this pretty Gentleman ?

' The Name o'un !' answered Petty-fog-
 ger, ' why, he is a called *Thomas Jones*.

' *Jones* !' answered *Dowling*, a little ea-
 gerly, ' what, Mr. *Jones* that lived at Mr.
 ' *Allworthy*'s ! was that the Gentleman that
 ' dined with us ?' ' The very same,' said
 the other. ' I have heard of the Gentle-
 ' man,'

‘man,’ cries *Dowling*, ‘often; but I never heard any ill Character of him.’ ‘And I am sure,’ says Mrs. *Whitefield*, ‘if half what this Gentleman hath said be true, Mr. *Jones* hath the most deceitful Countenance I ever saw; for sure his Looks promise something very different; and I must say, for the little I have seen of him, he is as civil a well-bred Man as you would wish to converse with.’

Pettyfogger calling to mind that he had not been sworn, as he usually was, before he gave his Evidence, now bound what he had declared with so many Oaths and Imprecations, that the Lady’s Ears were shocked, and she put a Stop to his swearing, by assuring him of her Belief. Upon which he said, ‘I hope, Madam, you imagine I would scorn to tell such Things of any Man, unless I knew them to be true. What Interest have I in taking away the Reputation of a Man who never injured me? I promise you every Syllable of what I have said is Fact, and the whole Country knows it.’

As Mrs. *Whitefield* had no Reason to suspect that the Pettyfogger had any Motive or Temptation to abuse *Jones*, the Reader cannot

cannot blame her for believing what he so confidently affirmed with many Oaths. She accordingly gave up her Skill in Physiognomy, and henceforwards conceived so ill an Opinion of her Guest, that she heartily wished him out of her House.

This Dislike was now farther encreased by a Report which Mr. *Whitefield* made from the Kitchen, where *Partridge* had informed the Company, ‘ That tho’ he carried the ‘ Knap-sack, and contented himself with ‘ staying among Servants, while *Tom Jones* ‘ (as he called him) was regaling in the ‘ Parlour, he was not his Servant, but ‘ only a Friend and Companion, and as ‘ good a Gentleman as Mr. *Jones* himself.’

Dowling sat all this while silent, biting his Fingers, making Faces, grinning, and looking wonderfully arch; at last he opened his Lips, and protested that the Gentleman looked like another Sort of Man. He then called for his Bill with the utmost Haste, declared he must be at *Hereford* that Evening, lamented his great Hurry of Business, and wished he could divide himself into twenty Pieces, in order to be at once in twenty Places.

The Pettyfogger now likewise departed, and then *Jones* desired the Favour of Mrs. *Whitefield's* Company to drink Tea with him ; but she refused, and with a Manner so different from that with which she had received him at Dinner, that it a little surprized him. And now he soon perceived her Behaviour totally changed ; for instead of that natural Affability which we have before celebrated, she wore a constrained Severity on her Countenance, which was so disagreeable to Mr. *Jones*, that he resolved, however late, to quit the House that Evening.

He did indeed account somewhat unfairly for this sudden Change ; for besides some hard and unjust Surmises concerning female Fickleness and Mutability, he began to suspect that he owed this Want of Civility to his Want of Horses, a Sort of Animals which, as they dirty no Sheets, are thought, in Inns, to pay better for their Beds than their Riders, and are therefore considered as the more desirable Company ; but Mrs. *Whitefield*, to do her Justice, had a much more liberal Way of thinking. She was perfectly well-bred, and could be very civil to a Gentleman, tho' he walked on Foot.

In Reality, she looked on our Heroe as a sorry Scoundrel; and therefore treated him as such, for which not even *Jones* himself, had he known as much as the Reader, could have blamed her; nay, on the contrary, he must have approved her Conduct, and have esteemed her the more for the Disrespect shewn towards himself. This is indeed a most aggravating Circumstance which attends unjustly depriving Men of their Reputation; for a Man who is conscious of having an ill Character, cannot justly be angry with those who neglect and slight him; but ought rather to despise such as affect his Conversation, unless where a perfect Intimacy must have convinced them that their Friend's Character hath been falsely and injuriously aspersed.

This was not, however, the Case of *Jones*; for as he was a perfect Stranger to the Truth, so he was with good Reason offended at the Treatment he received. He therefore paid his Reckoning and departed, highly against the Will of Mr. *Partridge*, who having remonstrated much against it to no Purpose, at last condescended to take up his Knapack, and to attend his Friend.

C H A P. IX.

Containing several Dialogues between Jones and Partridge, concerning Love, Cold, Hunger, and other Matters; with the lucky and narrow Escape of Partridge, as he was on the very Brink of making a fatal Discovery to his Friend.

THE Shadows began now to descend larger from the high Mountains: The feather'd Creation had betaken themselves to their Rest. Now the highest Order of Mortals were sitting down to their Dinners, and the lowest Order to their Suppers. In a Word, the Clock struck five just as Mr. Jones took his Leave of Gloucester; an Hour at which (as it was now Midwinter) the dirty Fingers of Night would have drawn her sable Curtain over the Universe, had not the Moon forbid her, who now with a Face as broad and as red as those of some jolly Mortals, who, like her, turn Night into Day, began to rise from her Bed, where she had slumbered away the Day, in order to sit up all Night. Jones had not travelled far before he paid his Compliments to that beautiful Planet,

and

and turning to his Companion, asked him, If he had ever beheld so delicious an Evening. *Partridge* making no ready Answer to his Question, he proceeded to comment on the Beauty of the Moon, and repeated some Passages from *Milton*, who hath certainly excelled all other Poets in his Description of the heavenly Luminaries. He then told *Partridge* the Story from the *Spectator*, of two Lovers who had agreed to entertain themselves when they were at a great Distance from each other, by repairing, at a certain fixed Hour, to look at the Moon; thus pleasing themselves with the Thought that they were both employed in contemplating the same Object at the same Time. ‘Those Lovers,’ added he, ‘must have had Souls truly capable of feeling all the Tenderness of the sublimest of all human Passions.’ ‘Very probably,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘but I envy them more if they had Bodies incapable of feeling cold; for I am almost frozen to Death, and am very much afraid I shall lose a Piece of my Nose before we get to another House of Entertainment. Nay, truly, we may well expect some Judgment should happen to us for our Folly in running away so by Night from one of the most excellent Inns I ever set my Foot into. I am sure

' sure I never saw more good Things in
 ' my Life, and the greatest Lord in the
 ' Land cannot live better in his own House
 ' than he may there. And to forsake such
 ' a House, and go a rambling about the
 ' Country, the Lord knows whither, *per*
 ' *devia rura viarum*, I say nothing, for my
 ' Part; but some People might not have
 ' Charity enough to conclude we were in
 ' our sober Senses.' ' Fie upon it, Mr.
 ' Partridge,' says Jones, ' have a better
 ' Heart; consider you are going to face an
 ' Enemy, and are you afraid of facing a
 ' little Cold? I wish, indeed, we had a
 ' Guide to advise which of these Roads we
 ' should take.' ' May I be so bold,' says
 ' Partridge, ' to offer my Advice: *Interdum*
 ' *Stultus opportuna loquitur*.' ' Why, which
 ' of them,' cries Jones, ' would you recom-
 ' mend?' ' Truly neither of them,' an-
 ' swered Partridge. ' The only Road we
 ' can be certain of finding, is the Road we
 ' came. A good hearty Pace will bring
 ' us back to Gloucester in an Hour; but if
 ' we go forward, the Lord Harry knows
 ' when we shall arrive at any Place; for I
 ' see at least fifty Miles before me, and no
 ' House in all the Way.' ' You see, in-
 ' deed, a very fair Prospect,' says Jones,
 ' which receives great additional Beauty
 ' from

‘ from the extreme Lustre of the Moon.
 ‘ However, I will keep the Left-hand
 ‘ Track, as that seems to lead directly to
 ‘ those Hills, which we were inform-
 ‘ ed lie not far from *Worcester*. And
 ‘ here, if you are inclined to quit me, you
 ‘ may, and return back again; but for
 ‘ my Part, I am resolved to go forward.’

‘ It is unkind in you, Sir,’ says *Partridge*, ‘ to suspect me of any such Inten-
 ‘ tion. What I have advised hath been as
 ‘ much on your Account as on my own; but
 ‘ since you are determined to go on, I am
 ‘ as much determined to follow. *I præ, se-
 ‘ quar te.*’

‘ They now travelled some Miles without
 ‘ speaking to each other, during which Sus-
 ‘ pence of Discourse *Jones* often sighed, and
 ‘ *Benjamin* groaned as bitterly, tho’ from a
 ‘ very different Reason. At length *Jones*
 ‘ made a full Stop, and turning about, cries,
 ‘ Who knows, *Partridge*, but the loveliest
 ‘ Creature in the Universe may have her
 ‘ Eyes now fixed on that very Moon which
 ‘ I behold at this Instant!’ ‘ Very likely,
 ‘ Sir,’ answered *Partridge*, ‘ and if my
 ‘ Eyes were fixed on a good Surloin of
 ‘ Roast Beef, the Devil might take the
 ‘ Moon,

‘ Moon and her Horns into the Bargain.’
 ‘ Did ever *Tramontane* make such an Answer,’ cries *Jones*? ‘ Prithee, *Partridge*,
 ‘ wast thou never susceptible of Love in thy
 ‘ Life, or hath Time worn away all the
 ‘ Traces of it from thy Memory?’ ‘ Alack-
 ‘ a-day,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ well would it
 ‘ have been for me if I had never known
 ‘ what Love was. *Infandum Regina jubes
 ‘ renovare Dolorem*. I am sure I have tasted
 ‘ all the Tenderness and Sublimities and Bit-
 ‘ ternesses of the Passion.’ ‘ Was your Mi-
 ‘ stress unkind then?’ says *Jones*. ‘ Very
 ‘ unkind indeed, Sir,’ answered *Partridge*;
 ‘ for she married me, and made one of the
 ‘ most confounded Wives in the World.
 ‘ However, Heaven be praised, she’s gone,
 ‘ and if I believed she was in the Moon,
 ‘ according to a Book I once read, which
 ‘ teaches that to be the Receptacle of de-
 ‘ parted Spirits, I would never look at it
 ‘ for fear of seeing her; but I wish, Sir,
 ‘ that the Moon was a Looking-glass for
 ‘ your Sake, and that Miss *Sophia Western*
 ‘ was now placed before it.’ ‘ My dear *Par-
 ‘ tridge*,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ what a Thought
 ‘ was there! A Thought which I am cer-
 ‘ tain could never have entered into any
 ‘ Mind but that of a Lover. O *Partridge*,
 ‘ could I hope once again to see that Face;
 ‘ but,

'but, alas! all those golden Dreams are
 'vanished for ever, and my only Refuge
 'from future Misery is to forget the Object
 'of all my former Happiness.' 'And do
 'you really despair of ever seeing Miss
 '*Western* again?' answered *Partridge*; 'if
 'you will follow my Advice, I will engage
 'you shall not only see her, but have her
 'in your Arms.' 'Ha! do not awaken
 'a Thought of that Nature,' cries *Jones*. 'I
 'have struggled sufficiently to conquer all
 'such Wishes already.' 'Nay,' answered
Partridge, 'if you do not wish to have
 'your Mistress in your Arms, you are
 'a most extraordinary Lover indeed.'
 'Well, well,' says *Jones*, 'let us avoid
 'this Subject; but pray what is your Ad-
 'vice?' 'To give it you in the military
 'Phrase then,' says *Partridge*, 'as we are
 'Soldiers; 'To the Right about.' 'Let
 'us return the Way we came, we may yet
 'reach *Gloucester* to Night, tho' late;
 'whereas if we proceed, we are likely, for
 'ought I see, to ramble about for ever with-
 'out coming either to House or Home.'
 'I have already told you my Resolution is
 'to go on,' answered *Jones*; 'but I
 'would have you go back. I am obliged
 'to you for your Company hither, and I
 'beg you to accept a Guinea as a small In-

stance of my Gratitude. Nay, it would
 be cruel in me to suffer you to go any
 farther; for, to deal plainly with you,
 my chief End and Desire is a glorious
 Death in the Service of my King and
 Country.' 'As for your Money,' replied
Partridge, 'I beg, Sir, you will put it up;
 I will receive none of you at this Time;
 for at present I am, I believe, the richer
 Man of the two. And as your Resolution
 is to go on, so mine is to follow you if
 you do. Nay, now my Presence appears
 absolutely necessary to take Care of you,
 since your Intentions are so desperate, for
 I promise you my Views are much more
 prudent: As you are resolved to fall in
 Battle, if you can, so I am resolved as
 firmly to come to no Hurt if I can help
 it. And indeed I have the Comfort to
 think there will be but little Danger; for
 a popish Priest told me the other Day,
 the Business would soon be over, and he
 believed without a Battle.' 'A popish
 Priest,' cries *Jones*, 'I have heard, is
 not always to be believed when he speaks
 in Behalf of his Religion.' 'Yes, but so
 far,' answered the other, 'from speaking
 in Behalf of his Religion, he assured me,
 the Catholicks did not expect to be any
 Gainers by the Change; for that Prince
 Charles

' Charles was as good a Protestant, as any
 ' in *England*; and that nothing but Regard
 ' to Right made him and the rest of the
 ' popish Party to be *Jacobites*.' ' I believe
 ' him to be as much a Protestant as I be-
 ' lieve he hath any Right,' says *Jones*,
 ' and I make no Doubt of our Success, but
 ' not without a Battle. So that I am not
 ' so sanguine as your Friend the popish
 ' Priest.' ' Nay, to be sure, Sir,' an-
 ' swered *Partridge*, ' all the Prophecies I
 ' have ever read, speak of a great deal of
 ' Blood to be spilt in the Quarrel, and the
 ' Miller with three Thumbs, who is now
 ' alive, is to hold the Horses of three
 ' Kings, up to his Knees in Blood. Lord
 ' have Mercy upon us all, and send better
 ' Times!' ' With what Stuff and Non-
 ' sense hast thou filled thy Head,' answer-
 ' ed *Jones*? ' This too, I suppose, comes
 ' from the popish Priest. Monsters and
 ' Prodigies are the proper Arguments to
 ' support monstrous and absurd Doctrines.
 ' The Cause of King *George* is the Cause of
 ' Liberty and true Religion. In other
 ' Words, it is the Cause of common Sense,
 ' my Boy, and I warrant you will succeed,
 ' tho' *Briareus* himself was to rise again
 ' with his hundred Thumbs, and to turn
 ' Miller.' *Partridge* made no Reply to
 L 6 this.

this. He was indeed cast into the utmost Confusion by this Declaration of *Jones*. For to inform the Reader of a Secret, which we had no proper Opportunity of revealing before, *Partridge* was in Truth a *Jacobite*, and had concluded that *Jones* was of the same Party, and was now proceeding to join the Rebels. An Opinion which was not without Foundation. For the tall long-sided Dame, mentioned by *Hudibras*; that many-eyed, many-tongued, many-mouthed, many-eared Monster of *Virgil*, had related the Story of the Quarrel between *Jones* and the Officer, with her usual Regard to Truth. She had indeed changed the Name of *Sophia* into that of the Pretender, and had reported, that drinking his Health was the Cause for which *Jones* was knocked down. This *Partridge* had heard, and most firmly believed. 'Tis no Wonder, therefore, that he had thence entertained the above-mentioned Opinion of *Jones*; and which he had almost discovered to him before he found out his own Mistake. And at this the Reader will be the less inclined to wonder, if he pleases to recollect the doubtful Phrase in which *Jones* first communicated his Resolution to Mr. *Partridge*; and, indeed, had the Words been less ambiguous, *Partridge* might very well have construed them

as

as he did ; being persuaded, as he was, that the whole Nation were of the same Inclination in their Hearts : Nor did it stagger him that *Jones* had travelled in the Company of Soldiers ; for he had the same Opinion of the Army which he had of the rest of the People.

But however well affected he might be to *James* or *Charles*, he was still much more attached to *Little Benjamin* than to either ; for which Reason he no sooner discovered the Principles of his Fellow-traveller, than he thought proper to conceal, and outwardly to give up his own to the Man on whom he depended for the making his Fortune, since he by no means believed the Affairs of *Jones* to be so desperate as they really were with Mr. *Allworthy* ; for as he had kept a constant Correspondence with some of his Neighbours since he left that Country, he had heard much, indeed more than was true, of the great Affection Mr. *Allworthy* bore this young Man, who, as *Partridge* had been instructed, was to be that Gentleman's Heir, and whom, as we have said, he did not in the least doubt to be his Son.

He imagined, therefore, that whatever Quarrel was between them, it would be cer-

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certainly made up at the Return of Mr. Jones ; an Event from which he promised great Advantages, if he could take this Opportunity of ingratiating himself with that young Gentleman ; and if he could by any Means be instrumental in procuring his Return, he doubted not, as we have before said, but it would as highly advance him in the Favour of Mr. *Allworthy*.

We have already observed, that he was a very good-natured Fellow, and he hath himself declared the violent Attachment he had to the Person and Character of Jones ; but possibly the Views which I have just before mentioned, might likewise have some little Share in prompting him to undertake this Expedition, at least in urging him to continue it, after he had discovered, that his Master and himself, like some prudent Fathers and Sons, tho' they travelled together in great Friendship, had embraced opposite Parties. I am led into this Conjecture, by having remarked, that tho' Love, Friendship, Esteem, and such like, have very powerful Operations in the human Mind ; Interest, however, is an Ingredient seldom omitted by wise Men, when they would work others to their own Purposes. This is indeed a most excellent Medicine,
and

and like *Ward's Pill*, flies at once to the particular Part of the Body on which you desire to operate, whether it be the Tongue, the Hand, or any other Member, where it scarce ever fails of immediately producing the desired Effect.

C H A P. X.

In which our Travellers meet with a very extraordinary Adventure.

JUST as *Jones* and his Friend came to the End of their Dialogue in the preceding Chapter, they arrived at the Bottom of a very steep Hill. Here *Jones* stopt short, and directing his Eyes upwards, stood for a while silent. At length he called to his Companion, and said, '*Partridge*, I wish I was at the Top of this Hill; it must certainly afford a most charming Prospect, especially by this Light: For the solemn Gloom which the Moon casts on all Objects, is beyond Expression beautiful, especially to an Imagination which is desirous of cultivating melancholy Ideas.' 'Very probably,' answered *Partridge*; 'but if the Top of the Hill be properest to produce melancholy Thoughts, I suppose the

• the Bottom is the likeliest to produce
 • merry ones, and these I take to be much
 • the better of the two. I protest you have
 • made my Blood run cold with the very
 • mentioning the Top of that Mountain;
 • which seems to me to be one of the high-
 • est in the World. No, no, if we look
 • for any thing, let it be for a Place under
 • Ground, to screen ourselves from the
 • Frost.—Do so, said *Jones*, let it be but
 • within Hearing of this Place, and I will
 • hollow to you at my Return back.' 'Sure-
 • ly, Sir, you are not mad,' said *Partridge*.
 • Indeed I am,' answered *Jones*, 'if ascend-
 • ing this Hill be Madness: But as you
 • complain so much of the Cold already, I
 • would have you stay below. I will cer-
 • tainly return to you within an Hour.'
 • Pardon me, Sir,' cries *Partridge*, 'I have
 • determined to follow you where-ever you
 • go: Indeed he was now afraid to stay
 • behind; for tho' he was Coward enough
 • in all Respects, yet his chief Fear was that
 • of Ghosts, with which the present Time
 • of Night, and the Wildness of the Place,
 • extremely well suited.

At this Instant *Partridge* espied a glim-
 mering Light through some Trees, which
 seemed very near to them. He immediate-
 ly

ly cried out in a Rapture, ‘ Oh, Sir!
 ‘ Heaven hath at last heard my Prayers,
 ‘ and hath brought us to a House ; per-
 ‘ haps it may be an Inn. Let me beseech
 ‘ you, Sir, if you have any Compassion
 ‘ either for me or yourself, do not despise
 ‘ the Goodness of Providence, but let us
 ‘ go directly to yon Light. . Whether it be
 ‘ a Public-house or no, I am sure if they
 ‘ be Christians that dwell there, they will
 ‘ not refuse a little House-room to Persons
 ‘ in our miserable Condition.’ *Jones* at
 length yielded to the earnest Supplications of
Partridge, and both together made directly
 towards the Place whence the Light issued.

They soon arrived at the Door of this
 House or Cottage : For it might be called
 either, without much Impropriety. Here
Jones knocked several Times without re-
 ceiving any Answer from within ; at which
Partridge, whose Head was full of nothing
 but of Ghosts, Devils, Witches, and such
 like, began to tremble, crying, ‘ Lord have
 ‘ Mercy upon us, sure the People must be
 ‘ all dead. I can see no Light neither now,
 ‘ and yet I am certain I saw a Candle
 ‘ burning but a Moment before. — Well !
 ‘ I have heard of such Things. — What hast
 ‘ thou heard of, said *Jones*. The People
 ‘ are

are either fast asleep, or probably as this is a lonely Place, are afraid to open their Door. He then began to vociferate pretty loudly, and at last an old Woman opening an upper Casement, asked who they were, and what they wanted? *Jones* answered, 'they were Travellers who had lost their Way, and having seen a Light in the Window, had been led thither in Hopes of finding some Fire to warm themselves.' 'Whoever you are,' cries the Woman, 'you have no Business here; nor shall I open the Door to any body at this Time of Night.' *Partridge*, whom the Sound of a human Voice had recovered from his Fright, fell to the most earnest Supplications to be admitted for a few Minutes to the Fire, saying, 'he was almost dead with the Cold,' to which Fear had indeed contributed equally with the Frost. He assured her, that the Gentleman who spoke to her, was one of the greatest Squires in the Country, and made use of every Argument save one, which *Jones* afterwards effectually added, and this was the Promise of Half a Crown. A Bribe too great to be resisted by such a Person, especially as the genteel Appearance of *Jones*, which the Light of the Moon plainly discovered to her, together with his affable Behaviour

ha

had entirely subdued those Apprehensions of Thieves which she had at first conceived. She agreed, therefore, at last to let them in, where *Partridge*, to his infinite Joy, found a good Fire ready for his Reception.

The poor Fellow, however, had no sooner warmed himself, than those Thoughts which were always uppermost in his Mind, began a little to disturb his Brain. There was no Article of his Creed in which he had a stronger Faith, than he had in Witchcraft, nor can the Reader conceive a Figure more adapted to inspire this Idea, than the old Woman who now stood before him. She answered exactly to that Picture drawn by *Otway* in his Orphan. Indeed if this Woman had lived in the Reign of *James the First*, her Appearance alone would have hanged her, almost without any Evidence.

Many Circumstances likewise conspired to confirm *Partridge* in his Opinion. Her living, as he then imagined, by herself in so lonely a Place; and in a House, the Outside of which seemed much too good for her; but where the Inside was furnished in the most neat and elegant Manner. To say the Truth, *Jones* himself was not a little sur-

surprized at what he saw: For, besides the extraordinary Neatness of the Room, it was adorned with a great Number of Nick-nacks, and Curiosities, which might have engaged the Attention of a Virtuoso.

While *Jones* was admiring these Things, and *Partridge* sat trembling with the firm Belief that he was in the House of a Witch, the old Woman said, 'I hope, Gentlemen, you will make what Haste you can; for I expect my Master presently, and I would not for double the Money he should find you here.' 'Then you have a Master,' cries *Jones*; 'indeed you will excuse me, good Woman, but I was surprized to see all those fine Things in your House.' 'Ah, Sir!' said she, 'if the twentieth Part of these Things were mine, I should think myself a rich Woman; but pray, Sir, do not stay much longer: For I look for him in every Minute.'—'Why sure he would not be angry with you,' said *Jones*, 'for doing a common Act of Charity.' 'Alack-a-day, Sir,' said she, 'he is a strange Man, not at all like other People. He keeps no Company with any Body, and seldom walks out but by Night; for he doth not care to be seen; and all the Country People are as much afraid of

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' meeting him ; for his Drefs is enough to
 ' frighten thofe who are not ufed to it.
 ' They call him, *The Man of the Hill* (for
 ' there he walks by Night) and the Coun-
 ' try People are not, I believe, more afraid
 ' of the Devil himfelf. He would be ter-
 ' ribly angry if he found you here.' ' Pray,
 ' Sir,' fays *Partridge*, ' don't let us offend
 ' the Gentleman, I am ready to walk, and
 ' was never warmer in my Life. — Do,
 ' pray Sir, let us go—here are Piftols over
 ' the Chimney ; who knows whether they
 ' be charged or no, or what he may do
 ' with them.' ' Fear nothing, *Partridge*,'
 cries *Jones*, ' I will fecure thee from Dan-
 ' ger.'—' Nay, for Matter o' that, he never
 ' doth any Mifchief,' faid the Woman ;
 ' but to be fure it is neceffary he fhould
 ' keep fome Arms for his own Safety ; for
 ' his Houfe hath been befet more than once,
 ' and it is not many Nights ago, that we
 ' thought, we heard Thieves about it : for
 ' my own Part, I have often wondered that
 ' he is not murdered by fome Villain or
 ' other, as he walks out by himfelf at fuch
 ' Hours ; but then, as I faid, the People
 ' are afraid of him, and befides they think,
 ' I fuppofe, he hath nothing about him
 ' worth taking.' ' I fhould imagine, by
 ' this Collection of Rarities,' cries *Jones*,
 ' that

‘that your Master had been a Traveller.’
 ‘Yes, Sir,’ answered she, ‘he hath been a
 very great one; there be few Gentle-
 men that know more of all Matters than
 he; I fancy he hath been crost in Love,
 or whatever it is, I know not, but I have
 lived with him above these thirty Years,
 and in all that Time he hath hardly spoke
 to six living People.’ She then again soli-
 cited their Departure, in which she was
 backed by *Partridge*; but *Jones* purposely
 protracted the time: For his Curiosity was
 greatly raised to see this extraordinary Per-
 son. Tho’ the old Woman, therefore,
 concluded every one of her Answers with
 desiring him to be gone, and *Partridge* pro-
 ceeded so far as to pull him by the Sleeve,
 he still continued to invent new Questions,
 till the old Woman with an affrighted Coun-
 tenance, declared she heard her Master’s
 Signal; and at the same Instant more than
 one Voice was heard without the Door,
 crying, ‘D—n your Blood, shew us your
 Money this Instant. Your Money, you
 Villain, or we will blow your Brains a-
 bout your Ears.’

‘O, good Heaven!’ cries the old Wo-
 man. ‘Some Villains, to be sure, have
 attacked my Master. O la! what shall I
 do?’

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‘do ? what shall I do ?’ ‘How,’ cries *Jones*, how — Are these Pistols loaded ?’ ‘O, Good Sir, there is nothing in them, indeed—O, pray don’t murder us, Gentlemen’ (for in reality she now had the same Opinion of those within, as she had of those without.) *Jones* made her no Answer ; but snatching an old Broad-sword which hung in the Room, he instantly sallied out, where he found the old Gentleman struggling with two Russians, and begging for Mercy. *Jones* asked no Questions, but fell so briskly to work with his Broad-sword, that the Fellows immediately quitted their Hold, and without offering to attack our Hero, betook themselves to their Heels, and made their Escape ; for he did not attempt to pursue them, being contented with having delivered the old Gentleman ; and indeed he concluded he had pretty well done their Business : For both of them, as they ran off, cried out with bitter Oaths, that they were dead Men.

Jones presently ran to lift up the old Gentleman, who had been thrown down in the Scuffle, expressing at the same Time great Concern, lest he should have received any Harm from the Villains. The old Man stared a Moment at *Jones*, and then
cried,

cried,—‘ No, Sir, no, I have very little
‘ Harm, I thank you. Lord have Mercy
‘ upon me.’ ‘ I see, Sir,’ said *Jones*, ‘ you
‘ are not free from Apprehensions even of
‘ those who have had the Happiness to be
‘ your Deliverers ; nor can I blame any
‘ Suspicions which you may have ; but in-
‘ deed, you have no real Occasion for any ;
‘ here are none but your Friends present.
‘ Having mist our Way this cold Night,
‘ we took the Liberty of warming ourselves
‘ at your Fire, whence we were just de-
‘ parting when we heard you call for As-
‘ sistance, which I must say, Providence
‘ alone seems to have sent you.’—‘ Provi-
‘ dence indeed,’ cries the old Gentlemen,
‘ if it be so.’—‘ So it is, I assure you,’ cries
‘ *Jones*, ‘ here is your own Sword, Sir.
‘ I have used it in your Defence, and I
‘ now return it into your own Hand.’ The
old Man having received the Sword, which
was stained with the Blood of his Enemies,
looked stedfastly at *Jones* during some Mo-
ments, and then with a Sigh, cried out,
‘ You will pardon me, young Gentleman,
‘ I was not always of a suspicious Temper,
‘ nor am I a Friend to Ingratitude.’ ‘ Be
‘ thankful then,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ to that Pro-
‘ vidence to which you owe your Deliver-
‘ ance ; as to my Part, I have only dis-
‘ charged

‘ charged the common Duties of Humanity, and what I would have done for any Fellow Creature in your Situation.’
 ‘ Let me look at you a little longer,’ cries the old Gentleman — ‘ You are a human Creature then?—’ Well, perhaps, you are.
 ‘ Come, pray walk into my little Hutt.
 ‘ You have been my Deliverer indeed.

The old Woman was distracted between the Fears which she had of her Master, and for him; and *Partridge* was, if possible, in a greater Fright. The former of these, however, when she heard her Master speak kindly to *Jones*, and perceived what had happened, came again to herself; but *Partridge* no sooner saw the Gentleman, than the Strangeness of his Dress infused greater Terrors into that poor Fellow, than he had before felt either from the strange Description which he had heard, or from the Uproar which had happened at the Door.

To say the Truth, it was an Appearance which might have affected a more constant Mind than that of Mr. *Partridge*. This Person was of the tallest Size, with a long Beard as white as Snow. His Body was cloathed with the Skin of an Ass, made something into the Form of a Coat. He wore

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likewise Boots on his Legs, and a Cap on
his Head, both composed of the Skin of
some other Animals.

As soon as the old Gentleman came in-
to his House, the old Woman began her
Congratulations on his happy Escape from
the Ruffians. ‘Yes,’ cried he, ‘I have
‘ escaped indeed, Thanks to my Preserver.’
‘O the Blessing on him,’ answered she, ‘he
‘ is a good Gentleman, I warrant him.
‘ I was afraid your Worship would have
‘ been angry with me for letting him in;
‘ and to be certain I should not have done
‘ it, had not I seen by the Moon-light, that
‘ he was a Gentleman, and almost frozen
‘ to Death. And to be certain it must
‘ have been some good Angel that sent him
‘ hither, and tempted me to do it.

‘I am afraid, Sir,’ said the old Gentle-
man to *Jones*, that I have nothing in
‘ this House which you can either eat or
‘ drink, unless you will accept a Dram of
‘ Brandy; of which I can give you some
‘ most excellent, and which I have had by
‘ me these thirty Years.’ *Jones* declined
this Offer in a very civil and proper Speech,
and then the other asked him ‘Whither he
‘ was travelling when he mist his Way;
‘ saying,

‘saying, I must own myself surprized to
 ‘see such a Person as you appear to be
 ‘journeying on Foot at this Time of
 ‘Night. I suppose, Sir, you are a Gen-
 ‘tleman of these Parts: for you do not
 ‘look like one who is used to travel far
 ‘without Horses.

‘Appearances,’ cried *Jones*, ‘are often
 ‘deceitful; Men sometimes look like what
 ‘they are not. I assure you, I am not of
 ‘this Country, and whither I am travel-
 ‘ling, in reality I scarce know myself.

‘Whoever you are, or whithersoever you
 ‘are going, answered the old Man, I have
 ‘Obligations to you which I can never re-
 ‘turn.

‘I once more,’ replied *Jones*, ‘affirm,
 ‘that you have none: For there can be
 ‘no Merit in having hazarded that in your
 ‘Service on which I set no Value. And
 ‘nothing is so contemptible in my Eyes as
 ‘Life.

‘I am sorry, young Gentleman,’ an-
 ‘swered the Stranger, ‘that you have any
 ‘Reason to be so unhappy at your Years.

‘ Indeed I am, Sir,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ the
‘ most unhappy of Mankind.’— ‘ Perhaps
‘ you have had a Friend, or a Mistress,’
replied the other. ‘ How could you,’ cries
Jones, ‘ mention two Words sufficient to
‘ drive me to Distraction?’ ‘ Either of
‘ them are enough to drive any Man to
‘ Distraction,’ answered the old Man. ‘ I
‘ enquire no farther, Sir. Perhaps my Cu-
‘ riosity hath led me too far already.

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ I cannot cen-
‘ sure a Passion, which I feel at this In-
‘ stant in the highest Degree. You will
‘ pardon me, when I assure you, that every
‘ Thing which I have seen or heard since I
‘ first entered this House, hath conspired
‘ to raise the greatest Curiosity in me.
‘ Something very extraordinary must have
‘ determined you to this Course of Life,
‘ and I have reason to fear your own Histo-
‘ ry is not without Misfortunes.

Here the old Gentleman again sighed,
and remained silent for some Minutes; at
last, looking earnestly on *Jones*, he said,
‘ I have read that a good Countenance is a
‘ Letter of Recommendation; if so, none
‘ ever can be more strongly recommended
‘ than yourself. If I did not feel some
‘ Yearnings

‘Yearnings towards you from another Consideration, I must be the most ungrateful Monster upon Earth; and I am really concerned it is no otherwise in my Power, than by Words, to convince you of my Gratitude.

Jones after a Moment's Hesitation, answered, ‘That it was in his Power by Words to gratify him extremely. I have confessed a Curiosity, said he, Sir; need I say how much obliged I should be to you, if you would condescend to gratify it? Will you suffer me therefore to beg, unless any Consideration restrains you, that you would be pleased to acquaint me what Motives have induced you thus to withdraw from the Society of Mankind, and to betake yourself to a Course of Life to which it sufficiently appears you was not born?

‘I scarce think myself at Liberty to refuse you any thing, after what hath happened,’ replied the old Man, ‘If you desire therefore to hear the Story of an unhappy Man, I will relate it to you. Indeed you judge rightly, in thinking there is commonly something extraordinary

' nary in the Fortunes of those who fly
 ' from Society : For however it may seem
 ' a Paradox, or even a Contradiction, cer-
 ' tain it is that great Philanthropy chiefly
 ' inclines us to avoid and detest Mankind;
 ' not on Account so much of their private
 ' and selfish Vices, but for those of a rela-
 ' tive Kind ; such as Envy, Malice, Trea-
 ' chery, Cruelty, with every other Species
 ' of Malevolence. These are the Vices
 ' which true Philanthropy abhors, and
 ' which rather than see and converse with,
 ' she avoids Society itself. However, with-
 ' out a Compliment to you, you do not
 ' appear to me one of those whom I should
 ' shun or detest ; nay, I must say, in what
 ' little hath dropt from you, there appears
 ' some Parity in our Fortunes ; I hope
 ' however yours will conclude more suc-
 ' cessfully.

Here some Compliments passed between our
 Heroe and his Host, and then the latter was
 going to begin his History, when *Partridge* in-
 terrupted him. His Apprehensions had now
 pretty well left him ; but some Effects of
 his Terrors remained ; he therefore remind-
 ed the Gentleman of that excellent Brandy
 which he had mentioned. This was pre-
 sently

sently brought, and *Partridge* swallowed a large Bumper.

The Gentleman then, without any farther Preface, began as you may read in the next Chapter.

C H A P. XI.

In which the Man of the Hill begins to relate his History.

I Was born in a Village of *Somersetshire*, called *Mark*, in the Year 1657; my Father was one of those whom they call Gentlemen Farmers. He had a little Estate of about 300 *l.* a Year of his own, and rented another Estate of near the same Value. He was prudent and industrious, and so good a Husbandman; that he might have led a very easy and comfortable Life, had not an errant Vixen of a Wife soured his domestic Quiet. But tho' this Circumstance perhaps made him miserable, it did not make him poor: For he confined her almost entirely at Home, and rather chose to bear eternal Upbraidings in his own House, than to injure his Fortune by indulging her in the Extravagancies she desired abroad.

M 4

By

‘ By this *Xantippe* (so was the Wife of *Socrates* called, said *Partridge*) ‘ By this ‘ *Xantippe* he had two Sons, of which I ‘ was the younger. He designed to give ‘ us both good Educations ; but my elder ‘ Brother, who, unhappily for him, was ‘ the Favourite of my Mother, utterly neglected his Learning ; insomuch that after having been five or six Years at ‘ School with little or no Improvement, ‘ my Father being told by his Master, that ‘ it would be to no Purpose to keep him ‘ longer there, at last complied with my ‘ Mother in taking him home from the ‘ Hands of that Tyrant, as she called his ‘ Master ; though indeed he gave the Lad ‘ much less Correction than his Idleness deserved, but much more, it seems, than ‘ the young Gentleman liked, who constantly complained to his Mother of his ‘ severe Treatment, and she as constantly ‘ gave him a Hearing.

“ Yes, yes,” cries *Partridge*, “ I have ‘ seen such Mothers ; I have been abused ‘ myself by them, and very unjustly ; such ‘ Parents deserve Correction as much ‘ as their Children.

Jones.

Jones chid the Pedagogue for this Interruption, and then the Stranger proceeded. 'My Brother now at the Age of fifteen, bid adieu to all Learning, and to every Thing else but to his Dog and Gun, with which latter he became so expert, that, though perhaps you may think it incredible, he could not only hit a standing Mark with great Certainty; but hath actually shot a Crow as it was flying in the Air. He was likewise excellent at finding a Hare sitting; and was soon reputed one of the best Sportsmen in the Country. A Reputation which both he and his Mother enjoyed as much as if he had been thought the finest Scholar.

The Situation of my Brother made me at first think my Lot the harder, in being continued at School; but I soon changed my Opinion; for as I advanced pretty fast in Learning, my Labours became easy, and my Exercise so delightful, that Holidays were my most unpleasant Time. For my Mother, who never loved me, now apprehending that I had the greater Share of my Father's Affection, and finding, or at least thinking, that I was more taken Notice of by some Gentlemen of

' Learning, and particularly by the Parson
 ' of the Parish; than my Brother; she now
 ' hated my Sight, and made Home so dis-
 ' agreeable to me, that what is called by
 ' Schoolboys Black Monday, was to me
 ' the whitest in the whole Year.

' Having, at length, gone through the
 ' School at *Taunton*, I was thence removed
 ' to *Exeter College* in *Oxford*, where I
 ' remained four Years; at the End of
 ' which an Accident happened, that put
 ' a final End to my Studies, and whence I
 ' may truly date the Rise of all which hap-
 ' pened to me afterwards in Life.

' There was at the same College with
 ' myself one Sir *George Gresham*, a young
 ' Fellow who was intitled to a very confi-
 ' derable Fortune; which he was not, by
 ' the Will of his Father, to come into full
 ' Possession of till he arrived at the Age of
 ' Twenty-five. However, the Liberality
 ' of his Guardians gave him little Cause to
 ' regret the abundant Caution of his Father:
 ' for they allowed him Five hundred Pound
 ' a Year while he remained at the Univer-
 ' sity, where he kept his Horses and his
 ' Whore; and lived as wicked and as pro-
 ' fligate a Life, as he could have done, had
 ' he

profigate
 Ervita

‘ he been never so entirely Master of his
 ‘ Fortune; for besides the Five hundred
 ‘ a Year which he received from his Guar-
 ‘ dians, he found Means to spend a thou-
 ‘ sand more. He was above the Age of
 ‘ Twenty-one, and had no Difficulty of
 ‘ gaining what Credit he pleased.

‘ This young Fellow, among many other
 ‘ tolerably bad Qualities, had one very dia-
 ‘ bolical. He had a great Delight in de-
 ‘ stroying and ruining the Youth of infe-
 ‘ rior Fortune, by drawing them into Ex-
 ‘ pences which they could not afford so
 ‘ well as himself; and the better, and wor-
 ‘ thier, and soberer, any young Man was,
 ‘ the greater Pleasure and Triumph had he
 ‘ in his Destruction. Thus acting the
 ‘ Character which is recorded of the Devil;
 ‘ and going about seeking whom he might
 ‘ devour.

‘ It was my Misfortune to fall into an
 ‘ Acquaintance and Intimacy with this Gen-
 ‘ tleman. My Reputation of Diligence in
 ‘ my Studies made me a desirable Object
 ‘ of his mischievous Intention; and my
 ‘ own Inclination made it sufficiently easy
 ‘ for him to effect his Purpose; for tho’ I
 ‘ had applied myself with much Industry

' to Books, in which I took great Delight,
 ' there were other Pleasures in which I was
 ' capable of taking much greater ; for I was
 ' high-mettled, had a violent Flow of ani-
 ' mal Spirits, was a little ambitious, and
 ' extremely amorous.

' I had not long contracted an Intimacy
 ' with Sir *George*, before I became a Parta-
 ' ker of all his Pleasures ; and when I was
 ' once entered on that Scene, neither my
 ' Inclination, nor my Spirit, would suffer
 ' me to play an Under-Part. I was second
 ' to none of the Company in any Acts of
 ' Debauchery ; nay, I soon distinguished
 ' myself so notably in all Riots and Disor-
 ' ders, that my Name generally stood
 ' first in the Roll of Delinquents, and
 ' instead of being lamented as the unfortu-
 ' nate Pupil of Sir *George*, I was now ac-
 ' cused as the Person who had misled and
 ' debauched that hopeful young Gentle-
 ' man ; for tho' he was the Ring-leader
 ' and Promoter of all the Mischief, he was
 ' never so considered. I fell at last under
 ' the Censure of the Vice-Chancellor, and
 ' very narrowly escaped Expulsion.

' You will easily believe, Sir, that such
 ' a Life as I am now describing must be
 ' incom-

incompatible with my further Progress in
 Learning; and that in Proportion as I ad-
 dicted myself more and more to loose
 Pleasure, I must grow more and more
 remiss in Application to my Studies. This
 was truly the Consequence; but this was
 not all. My Expences now greatly ex-
 ceeded not only my former Income, but
 those Additions which I extorted from
 my poor generous Father, by Pretences
 of Sums being necessary for preparing for
 my approaching Degree of Batchelor of
 Arts. These Demands, however, grew
 at last so frequent and exorbitant, that
 my Father, by slow Degrees, opened his
 Ears to the Accounts which he received
 from many Quarters of my present Beha-
 viour, and which my Mother failed not
 to eccho very faithfully and loudly; ad-
 ding, "Ay, this is the fine Gentleman,
 the Scholar who doth so much Honour
 to his Family, and is to be the Making
 of it. I thought what all his Learning
 would come to. He is to be the Ruin
 of us all, I find, after his elder Brother
 hath been denied Necessaries for his Sake,
 to perfect his Education forsooth, for
 which he was to pay us such Interest; I
 thought what the Interest would come
 to;" with much more of the same Kind;
 but

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‘ but I have, I believe, satisfied you with
‘ this Taste.

‘ My Father, therefore, began now to
‘ return Remonstrances, instead of Money,
‘ to my Demands, which brought my Affairs,
‘ perhaps a little sooner to a Crisis;
‘ but had he remitted me his whole Income,
‘ you will imagine it could have sufficed
‘ a very short Time to support one
‘ who kept Pace with the Expences of Sir
‘ *George Gresham*.

‘ It is more than possible, that the Distress
‘ I was now in for Money, and the Impracticability
‘ of going on in this Manner, might have restored
‘ me at once to my Senses, and to my Studies, had I
‘ opened my Eyes, before I became involved in Debts,
‘ from which I saw no Hopes of ever extricating
‘ myself. This was indeed the great Art of Sir
‘ *George*, and by which he accomplished the Ruin
‘ of many, whom he afterwards laughed at as Fools
‘ and Coxcombs, for vying, as he called it, with
‘ a Man of his Fortune. To bring this about,
‘ he would now and then advance a little Money
‘ himself, in order to support the Credit of the
‘ unfortunate Youth with other.

other People ; till, by Means of that very Credit, he was irretrievably undone.

My Mind being, by these Means, grown as desperate as my Fortune, there was scarce a Wickedness which I did not meditate, in order for my Relief. Self-murder itself became the Subject of my serious Deliberation ; and I had certainly resolved on it, had not a more shameful, tho' perhaps less sinful, Thought, expelled it from my Head.' Here he hesitated a Moment, and then cried out, ' I protest, so many Years have not washed away the Shame of this Act, and I shall blush while I relate it.' ' Jones desired him to pass over any thing that might give him Pain in the Relation ;' but *Partridge* eagerly cried out, ' O pray, Sir, let us hear this, I had rather hear this than all the rest ; as I hope to be saved, I will never mention a Word of it.' ' Jones was going to rebuke him, but the Stranger prevented it by proceeding thus. ' I had a Chum, a very prudent, frugal young Lad, who, tho' he had no very large Allowance, had by his Parsimony heaped up upwards of forty Guineas, which I knew he kept in his Escritore. I took therefore an Opportunity of purloining his Key from his Breeches Pocket

• Pocket while he was asleep, and thus
 • made myself Master of all his Riches.
 • After which I again conveyed his Key
 • into his Pocket, and counterfeiting Sleep,
 • tho' I never once closed my Eyes, lay in
 • Bed till after he arose and went to
 • Prayers, an Exercise to which I had long
 • been unaccustomed.

• Timorous Thieves, by extreme Cau-
 • tion, often subject themselves to Disco-
 • veries, which those of a bolder Kind
 • escape. Thus it happened to me; for
 • had I boldly broke open his Escritore, I
 • had, perhaps, escaped even his Suspicion;
 • but as it was plain that the Person who
 • robbed him had possessed himself of his
 • Key, he had no Doubt, when he first
 • missed his Money, but that his Chum was
 • certainly the Thief. Now as he was of a
 • fearful Disposition, and much my Infe-
 • rior in Strength, and, I believe, in Cou-
 • rage, he did not dare to confront me
 • with my Guilt, for fear of worse bodily
 • Consequences which might happen to him.
 • He repaired therefore immediately to the
 • Vice Chancellor, and, upon swearing to
 • the Robbery, and to the Circumstances
 • of it, very easily obtained a Warrant
 • against

‘ against one who had now so bad a Character through the whole University.

‘ Luckily for me I lay out of the College the next Evening ; for that Day I attended a young Lady in a Chaise to *Whitney*, where we staid all Night ; and in our Return the next Morning to *Oxford*, I met one of my Cronies, who acquainted me with sufficient News concerning myself to make me turn my Horse another Way.

‘ Pray Sir, did he mention any thing of the Warrant,’ said *Partridge* ? But *Jones* begged the Gentleman to proceed without regarding any impertinent Questions ; which he did as follows.

‘ Having now abandoned all Thoughts of returning to *Oxford*, the next Thing which offered itself was a Journey to *London*. I imparted this Intention to my female Companion, who at first remonstrated against it, but upon producing my Wealth, she immediately consented. We then struck across the Country into the great *Cirencester* Road, and made such Haste, that we spent the next Evening (save one) in *London*.

‘ When

‘ When you consider the Place where I
 ‘ now was, and the Company with whom
 ‘ I was, you will, I fancy, conceive that a
 ‘ very short Time brought me to an End
 ‘ of that Sum of which I had so iniquitously
 ‘ possessed myself.

‘ I was now reduced to a much higher
 ‘ Degree of Distress than before; the Ne-
 ‘ cessaries of Life began to be numbred
 ‘ among my Wants; and what made
 ‘ my Case still the more grievous, was,
 ‘ that my Paramour, of whom I was now
 ‘ grown immoderately fond, shared the
 ‘ same Distresses with myself. To see a
 ‘ Woman you love in Distress; to be una-
 ‘ ble to relieve her, and at the same Time
 ‘ to reflect that you have brought her into
 ‘ this Situation, is, perhaps, a Curse of
 ‘ which no Imagination can represent the
 ‘ Horrors to those who have not felt it.’
 ‘ I believe it from my Soul,’ cries *Jones*,
 ‘ and I pity you from the Bottom of my
 ‘ Heart.’ He then took two or three dis-
 ‘ orderly Turns about the Room, and at last
 ‘ begged Pardon, and flung himself into his
 ‘ Chair, crying, ‘ I thank Heaven I have
 ‘ escaped that.’

‘ This

' This Circumstance,' continued the Gentleman, ' so severely aggravated the Horrors of my present Situation, that they became absolutely intolerable. I could with less Pain endure the raging of my own natural unsatisfied Appetites, even Hunger or Thirst, than I could submit to leave ungratified the most whimsical Desires of a Woman, on whom I so extravagantly doated, that tho' I knew she had been the Mistress of half my Acquaintance, I firmly intended to marry her. But the good Creature was unwilling to consent to an Action which the World might think so much to my Disadvantage. And as, possibly, she comprehended the daily Anxieties which she must have perceived me suffer on her Account, she resolved to put an End to my Distress. She soon, indeed, found Means to relieve me from my troublesome and perplexed Situation: For while I was distracted with various Inventions to supply her with Pleasures, she very kindly—betrayed me to one of her former Lovers at Oxford, by whose Care and Diligence I was immediately apprehended and committed to Goal.

• Here

“ Here I first began seriously to reflect on
“ the Miscarriages of my former Life ; on
“ the Errors I had been guilty of ; on the
“ Misfortunes which I had brought on my-
“ self ; and on the Grief which I must have
“ occasioned to one of the best of Fathers.
“ When I added to all these the Perfidy of
“ my Mistress, such was the Horror of my
“ Mind, that Life, instead of being longer
“ desirable, grew the Object of my Abhor-
“ rence, and I could have gladly embraced
“ Death, as my dearest Friend, if it had
“ offered itself to my Choice unattended by
“ Shame.

“ The Time of the Assizes soon came,
“ and I was removed by *Habeas Corpus* to
“ Oxford, where I expected certain Con-
“ viction and Condemnation ; but, to my
“ great Surprise, none appeared against
“ me, and I was, at the End of the Ses-
“ sions, discharged for Want of Prosecu-
“ tion. In short, my Chum had left Ox-
“ ford, and whether from Indolence, or
“ from what other Motive, I am ignorant,
“ had declined concerning himself any far-
“ ther in the Affair.

“ Perhaps

‘ Perhaps,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ he did not care to have your Blood upon his Hands, and he was in the right on’t. If any Person was to hanged upon my Evidence, I should never be able to lie alone afterwards, for Fear of seeing his Ghost.’

‘ I shall shortly doubt, *Partridge*,’ says *Jones*, whether thou art more brave or wise. ‘ You may laugh at me, Sir, if you please,’ answered *Partridge*, ‘ but if you will hear a very short Story which I can tell, and which is most certainly true, perhaps you may change your Opinion. In the Parish where I was born--- Here *Jones* would have silenced him, but the Stranger interceded that he might be permitted to tell his Story, and in the mean time promised to recollect the Remainder of his own.

Partridge then proceeded thus. ‘ In the Parish where I was born, there lived a Farmer whose Name was *Bridle*, and he had a Son named *Francis*, a good hopeful young Fellow ; I was at the Grammar School with him, where I remember he was got into *Ovid’s Epistles*, and he

‘ he could construe you three Lines toge-
 ‘ ther sometimes without looking into a
 ‘ Dictionary. Besides all this, he was a
 ‘ very good Lad, never missed Church o’
 ‘ Sundays, and was reckoned one of the
 ‘ best Psalm-Singers in the whole Parish.
 ‘ He would indeed now and then take a
 ‘ Cup too much, and that was the only
 ‘ Fault he had.’——‘ Well, but come to
 ‘ the Ghost,’ cries *Jones*. ‘ Never fear,
 ‘ Sir, I shall come to him soon enough,’
 answered *Partridge*. ‘ You must know
 ‘ then, that Farmer *Bridle* lost a Mare, a
 ‘ sorrel one to the best of my Remem-
 ‘ brance, and so it fell out, that this young
 ‘ *Francis* shortly afterward being at a Fair
 ‘ at *Hindon*, and as I think it was on—I can’t
 ‘ remember the Day ; and being as he was,
 ‘ what should he happen to meet, but a
 ‘ Man upon his Father’s Mare. *Frank*
 ‘ called out presently, Stop Thief ; and it
 ‘ being in the Middle of the Fair, it was
 ‘ impossible, you know, for the Man to
 ‘ make his Escape. So they apprehended
 ‘ him, and carried him before the Justice,
 ‘ I remember it was Justice *Willoughby* of
 ‘ *Noyle*, a very worthy good Gentleman,
 ‘ and he committed him to Prison, and
 ‘ bound *Frank* in a Recognizance, I
 ‘ think they call it, a hard Word com-
 ‘ pounded

'pounded of *re* and *cognosco*, but it differs
 'in its Meaning from the Use of the
 'Simple, as many other Compounds do.
 'Well, at last, down came my Lord Jus-
 'tice *Page* to hold the Assizes, and so the
 'Fellow was had up, and *Frank* was had
 'up for a Witness. To be sure I shall
 'never forget the Face of the Judge, when
 'he begun to ask him what he had to say
 'against the Prisoner. He made poor
 '*Frank* tremble and shake in his Shoes.
 'Well, you Fellow, says my Lord, what
 'have you to say? Don't stand hum-
 'ming and hawing, but speak out; but
 'however he soon turned altogether as
 'civil to *Frank*, and began to thunder at
 'the Fellow; and when he asked him, if
 'he had any Thing to say for himself,
 'the Fellow said he had found the Horse.
 'Ay!' answered the Judge, 'thou art
 'a lucky Fellow; I have travelled the
 'Circuit these forty Years, and never
 'found a Horse in my Life; but I'll tell
 'thee what, Friend, thou wast more lucky
 'than thou didst know of: For thou didst
 'not only find a Horse; but a Halter
 'too, I promise thee. To be sure I shall
 'never forget the Word. Upon which every
 'Body fell a laughing, as how could they help
 'it. Nay, and twenty other Jests he made
 " which

“ which I can’t remember now. There
“ was something about his Skill in Horse
“ Flesh, which made all the Folks laugh.
“ To be certain the Judge must have been
“ a very brave Man, as well as a Man of
“ much Learning. It is indeed charming
“ Sport to hear Trials upon Life and Death.
“ One Thing I own I thought a little hard,
“ that the Prisoner’s Counsel was not suf-
“ fered to speak for him, though he desired
“ only to be heard one very short Word;
“ but my Lord would not hearken to him,
“ though he suffered a Counsellor to talk
“ against him for above half an Hour. I
“ thought it hard, I own, that there should
“ be so many of them; my Lord, and the
“ Court, and the Jury, and the Counsellors,
“ and the Witnesses all upon one poor
“ Man, and he too in Chains. Well, the
“ Fellow was hanged, as to be sure it cou’d
“ be no otherwise, and poor *Frank* could
“ never be easy about it. He never was in
“ the dark alone, but he fancied he saw the
“ Fellow’s Spirit. Well, and is this thy
“ Story, cries *Jones*? No, no, answer’d *Par-*
“ *tridge*, O Lord have Mercy upon me,—
“ I am just now coming to the Matter; for
“ one Night, coming from the Alehouse
“ in a long narrow dark Lane, there he ran
“ directly up against him, and the Spirit
“ was

' was all in white and fell upon *Frank*, and
 ' *Frank* who is a sturdy Lad, fell upon the
 ' Spirit again, and there they had a Tussel
 ' together, and poor *Frank* was dreadfully
 ' beat; indeed he made a shift at last to
 ' crawl Home, but what with the beating,
 ' and what with the Fright, he lay ill a-
 ' bove a Fortnight; and all this is most
 ' certainly true, and the whole Parish will
 ' bear Witness to it.'

The Stranger smiled at this Story, and
Jones burst into a loud Fit of Laughter,
 upon which *Partridge* cried, ' Ay, you may
 ' laugh, Sir, and so did some others, par-
 ' ticularly a Squire, who is thought to be
 ' no better than an Atheist; who forsooth,
 ' because there was a Calf with a white
 ' Face found dead in the same Lane the
 ' next Morning, would fain have it, that
 ' the Battle was between *Frank* and that,
 ' as if a Calf would set upon a Man. Be-
 ' sides, *Frank* told me he knew it to be a
 ' Spirit, and could swear to him in any
 ' Court in Christendom, and he had not
 ' drank above a Quart or two, or such a
 ' Matter of Liquor at the time. Lud have
 ' Mercy upon us, and keep us all from
 ' dipping our Hands in Blood, I say.'

' Well, Sir,' said *Jones* to the Stranger,
 ' Mr. *Partridge* hath finished his Story, and
 ' I hope will give you no future Interrup-
 ' tion, if you will be so kind to proceed.
 ' He then resumed his Narration; but as he
 ' hath taken Breath for a while, we think
 ' proper to give it to our Reader, and shall
 ' therefore put an End to this Chapter.'

CHAP. XII.

In which the Man of the Hill continues his History.

' I Had now regained my Liberty, said
 ' the Stranger, but I had lost my Repu-
 ' tation; for there is a wide Difference be-
 ' tween the Case of a Man who is barely ac-
 ' quitted of a Crime in a Court of Justice
 ' and of him who is acquitted in his own
 ' Heart, and in the Opinion of the People.
 ' I was conscious of my Guilt, and ashamed to
 ' look any one in the Face, so resolved to
 ' leave *Oxford* the next Morning, before the
 ' Daylight discovered me to the Eyes of
 ' any Beholders.

' When I had got clear of the City,
 ' first entered into my Head to return Home

' to my Father, and endeavour to obtain his
 ' Forgiveness; but as I had no Reason to
 ' doubt his Knowledge of all which had past,
 ' and as I was well assured of his great A-
 ' version to all Acts of Dishonesty, I could
 ' entertain no Hopes of being received by
 ' him, especially since I was too certain of
 ' all the good Offices in the Power of my
 ' Mother: Nay, had my Father's Pardon
 ' been as sure, as I conceived his Resentment
 ' to be, I yet question whether I could have
 ' had the Assurance to behold him, or whe-
 ' ther I could, upon any Terms, have submit-
 ' ted to live and converse with those, who,
 ' I was convinced, knew me to have been
 ' guilty of so base an Action.

' I hastened therefore back to *London*, the
 ' best Retirement of either Grief or Shame,
 ' unless for Persons of a very public Charac-
 ' ter; for here you have the Advantage of
 ' Solitude without its Disadvantage, since you
 ' may be alone and in Company at the same
 ' Time; and while you walk or sit unob-
 ' served, Noise, Hurry, and a constant Suc-
 ' cession of Objects, entertain the Mind,
 ' and prevent the Spirits from preying on
 ' themselves, or rather on Grief or Shame,
 ' which are the most unwholesome Diet in
 ' the World; and on which (though there

‘ are many who never taste either but in
 ‘ public) there are some who can feed very
 ‘ plentifully, and very fatally when alone.

‘ But as there is scarce any human Good
 ‘ without its concomitant Evil, so there are
 ‘ People who find an Inconvenience in this
 ‘ unobserving Temper of Mankind ; I mean
 ‘ Persons who have no Money ; for as you
 ‘ are not put out of Countenance, so neither
 ‘ are you cloathed or fed by those who do
 ‘ not know you. And a Man may be as
 ‘ easily starved in *Leadenhall* Market as in
 ‘ the Desarts of *Arabia*.

‘ It was at present my Fortune to be de-
 ‘ stitute of that great Evil, as it is appre-
 ‘ hended to be by several Writers, who I sup-
 ‘ pose were overburthened with it, namely,
 ‘ Money.’ “ With Submission, Sir, said *Par-*
 ‘ *tridge*, I do not remember any Writers
 ‘ who have called it *Malorum* ; but *Irrita-*
 ‘ *tamenta Malorum*. *Effodiuntur opes irri-*
 ‘ *tamenta Malorum*.” Well, Sir, continued
 ‘ the Stranger, whether it be an Evil, or
 ‘ only the Cause of Evil, I was entirely
 ‘ void of it, and at the same Time of
 ‘ Friends, and as I thought of Acquain-
 ‘ tance ; when one Evening as I was pas-
 ‘ sing through the *Inner Temple*, very hun-
 ‘ gry

'gry and very miserable, I heard a Voice
 'on a sudden haling me with great Familia-
 'rity by my Christian Name ; and upon my
 'turning about, I presently recollected the
 'Person who so saluted me, to have been
 'my Fellow Collegiate ; one who had left
 'the University above a Year, and long
 'before any of my Misfortunes had befallen
 'me. This Gentleman, whose Name was
 '*Watson*, shook me heartily by the Hand,
 'and expressing great Joy at meeting me,
 'proposed our immediately drinking a Bottle
 'together. I first declined the Proposal,
 'and pretended Business ; but as he was
 'very earnest and pressing, Hunger at last
 'overcame my Pride, and I fairly confessed
 'to him I had no Money in my Pocket ;
 'yet not without framing a Lie for an Ex-
 'cuse, and imputing it to my having
 'changed my Breeches that Morning. Mr.
 '*Watson* answered, " I thought, *Jack*, you
 " and I had been too old Acquaintance for
 " you to mention such a Matter. He then
 " took me by the Arm and was pulling me
 " along ; but I gave him very little Trou-
 " ble, for my own Inclinations pulled me
 " much stronger than he could do."

' We then went into the Friars, which
 ' you know is the Scene of all Mirth and
 N 3 ' Jollity.

‘ Jollity. Here when we arrived at the
 ‘ Tavern, Mr. *Watson* applied himself to
 ‘ the Drawer only, without taking the least
 ‘ Notice of the Cook ; for he had no Sus-
 ‘ picion but that I had dined long since.
 ‘ However, as the Case was really other-
 ‘ wise, I forged another Falshood, and
 ‘ told my Companion, I had been at the
 ‘ further End of the City on Business of
 ‘ Consequence, and had snapt up a Mutton
 ‘ Chop in Halte, so that I was again hun-
 ‘ gry, and wished he would add a Beef
 ‘ Steak to his Bottle.’ ‘ Some People,’
 cries *Partridge*, ‘ ought to have good
 ‘ Memories, or did you find just Money
 ‘ enough in your Breeches to pay for the
 ‘ Mutton Chop?’ ‘ Your Observation
 ‘ is right,’ answered the Stranger, ‘ and I
 ‘ believe such Blunders are inseparable from
 ‘ all dealing in Untruth.—But to proceed
 ‘ —I began now to feel myself extremely
 ‘ happy. The Meat and Wine soon re-
 ‘ vived my Spirits to a high Pitch, and I
 ‘ enjoyed much Pleasure in the Conversation
 ‘ of my old Acquaintance, the rather, as
 ‘ I thought him entirely ignorant of what
 ‘ had happened at the University since his
 ‘ leaving it.

' But he did not suffer me to remain long
 ' in this agreeable Delusion ; for taking a
 ' Bumper in one Hand, and holding me
 ' by the other, " Here, my Boy," cries
 ' he, " here's wishing you Joy of your be-
 ' ing so honourably acquitted of that Af-
 ' fair laid to your Charge." ' I was Thun-
 ' derstruck with Confusion at those Words,
 ' which *Walson* observing, proceeded thus
 ' —Nay, never be ashamed, Man ; thou
 ' hast been acquitted, and no one now
 ' dares call thee guilty ; but prithee do tell
 ' me, who am thy Friend, I hope thou
 ' didst really rob him ; for rat me if it was
 ' not a meritorious Action to strip such a
 ' sneaking pitiful Rascal, and instead of
 ' the Two hundred Guineas, I wish you
 ' had taken as many thousand. Come,
 ' come, my Boy, don't be shy of confes-
 ' sing to me, you are not now brought
 ' before one of the Pimps. D—n me,
 ' if I don't honour you for it ; for, as I
 ' hope for Salvation, I would have made
 ' no manner of Scruple of doing the same
 ' Thing."

' This Declaration a little relieved my
 ' Abashment, and as Wine had now some-
 ' what opened my Heart, I very freely ac-
 ' N 4 ' knowledged

‘knowledged the Robbery, but acquainted
 ‘him that he had been misinformed as to
 ‘the Sum taken, which was little more
 ‘than a fifth Part of what he had men-
 ‘tioned.’

“I am sorry for it with all my Heart,”
 ‘quoth he, “and I wish thee better Success
 “another Time. Tho’ if you will take
 “my Advice, you shall have no Occasion
 “to run any such Risque. Here,” said
 ‘he, (taking some Dice out of his Pocket)
 “here’s the Stuff. Here are the Imple-
 “ments; here are the little Doctors which
 “cure the Distempers of the Purse. Fol-
 “low but my Counsel, and I will shew
 “you a Way to empty the Pockets of a
 “*Queer Cull*, without any Danger of the
 “*Nubbing Cheat*.”

‘*Nubbing Cheat*,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘Pray,
 ‘Sir, what is that?’

‘Why that, Sir,’ says the Stranger,
 ‘is a Cant Phrase for the Gallows; for as
 ‘Gamblers differ little from Highwaymen
 ‘in their Morals, so do they very much
 ‘resemble them in their Language.

‘We

‘ We had now each drank our Bottle,
 ‘ when Mr. *Watson* said, the Board was sit-
 ‘ ting, and that he must attend, earnestly
 ‘ pressing me, at the same Time, to go
 ‘ with him and try my Fortune. I
 ‘ answered, He knew that was at present
 ‘ out of my Power, as I had informed him
 ‘ of the Emptiness of my Pocket. To say
 ‘ the Truth, I doubted not, from his many
 ‘ strong Expressions of Friendship, but
 ‘ that he would offer to lend me a
 ‘ small Sum for that Purpose; but he
 ‘ answered, “ Never mind that, Man,
 ‘ e’en boldly run a Levant; (*Partridge*
 ‘ was going to enquire the Meaning of that
 ‘ Word; but *Jones* stopped his Mouth;)”
 ‘ but be circumspect as to the Man. I
 ‘ will tip you the proper Person, which
 ‘ may be necessary, as you do not know
 ‘ the Town, nor can distinguish a Rum
 ‘ Cull from a Queer one.”

‘ The Bill was now brought, when *Wat-*
 ‘ *son* paid his Share, and was departing. I
 ‘ reminded him, not without blushing, of
 ‘ my having no Money.’ He answered,
 ‘ That signifies nothing, score it behind
 ‘ the Door, or make a bold Brush, and
 ‘ take no Notice—Or—stay,” says he.
 ‘ I will go down Stairs first, and then do
 ‘ you take up my Money, and score the
 N 5 “ whole

“ whole Reckoning at the Bar, and I will
 “ wait for you at the Corner.” ‘ I expressed
 ‘ some Dislike at this, and hinted my Ex-
 ‘ pectations that he would have deposited
 ‘ the whole ; but he swore he had not an-
 ‘ other Sixpence in his Pocket.

‘ He then went down, and I was pre-
 ‘ vailed on to take up the Money and fol-
 ‘ low him, which I did close enough to
 ‘ hear him tell the Drawer the Reckoning
 ‘ was upon the Table. The Drawer passed
 ‘ by me up Stairs ; but I made such Haste
 ‘ into the Street, that I heard nothing of
 ‘ his Disappointment, nor did I mention a
 ‘ Syllable at the Bar, according to my In-
 ‘ structions.

‘ We now went directly to the Gaming
 ‘ Table, where Mr. *Watson*, to my Sur-
 ‘ prize, pulled out a large Sum of Money,
 ‘ and placed before him, as did many
 ‘ others ; all of them, no doubt, consider-
 ‘ ing their own Heaps as so many decoy
 ‘ Birds, which were to entice and draw over
 ‘ the Heaps of their Neighbours.

‘ Here it would be tedious to relate all
 ‘ the Freaks which Fortune, or rather the
 ‘ Dice, played in this her Temple. Moun-
 ‘ tains of Gold were in a few Moments re-
 I duce

‘duced to nothing at one Part of the
 ‘Table, and rose as suddenly in an-
 ‘other. The Rich grew in a Moment
 ‘poor, and the Poor as suddenly became
 ‘rich; so that it seemed a Philosopher
 ‘could no where have so well instructed his
 ‘Pupils in the Contempt of Riches, at
 ‘least he could no where have better incul-
 ‘cated the Incertainty of their Duration.

‘For my own Part, after having confi-
 ‘derably improved my small Estate, I at
 ‘last entirely demolished it. Mr. *Watson*
 ‘too, after much Variety of Luck, rose
 ‘from the Table in some Heat, and de-
 ‘clared he had lost a cool hundred, and
 ‘would play no longer. Then coming up
 ‘to me, he asked me to return with him
 ‘to the Tavern; but I positively refused,
 ‘saying, I would not bring myself a second
 ‘Time into such a Dilemma, and especially
 ‘as he had lost all his Money, and was
 ‘now in my own Condition.’ “Pooh,”
 ‘says he, “I have just borrowed a couple of
 ‘Guineas of a Friend; and one of them
 ‘is at your Service.” ‘He immediately
 ‘put one of them into my Hand, and I
 ‘no longer resisted his Inclination.

' I was at first a little shocked at return-
 ' ing to the same House whence we had de-
 ' parted in so unhandsome a Manner; but
 ' when the Drawer, with very civil Address,
 ' told us, " he believed we had forgot to
 ' " pay our Reckoning," I became perfectly
 ' easy, and very readily gave him a Guinea,
 ' bid him pay himself, and acquiesced in
 ' the unjust Charge which had been laid on
 ' my Memory.

' Mr. *Walson* now bespoke the most ex-
 ' travagant Supper he could well think of,
 ' and tho' he had contented himself with
 ' simple Claret before, nothing now but the
 ' most precious Burgundy would serve his
 ' Purpose.

' Our Company was soon encreased by
 ' the Addition of several Gentlemen from
 ' the Gaming-Table; most of whom, as
 ' I afterwards found, came not to the Ta-
 ' vern to drink, but in the Way of Business
 ' for the true Gamesters pretended to be ill
 ' and refused their Glafs, while they plied
 ' heartily two young Fellows, who were
 ' to be afterwards pillaged, as indeed they
 ' were without Mercy. Of this Plunder
 ' had the good Fortune to be a Share
 ' tho' I was not yet let into the Secret.

' Ther

' There was one remarkable Accident
 ' attended this Tavern Play ; for the Mo-
 ' ney, by Degrees, totally disappeared, so
 ' that tho' at the Beginning the Table was
 ' half covered with Gold, yet before the Play
 ' ended, which it did not till the next
 ' Day, being *Sunday*, at Noon, there was
 ' scarce a single Guinea to be seen on the
 ' Table ; and this was the stranger, as
 ' every Person present except myself de-
 ' clared he had lost ; and what was become
 ' of the Money, unless the Devil himself
 ' carried it away, is difficult to determine.'

' Most certainly he did,' says *Partridge*.
 ' for evil Spirits can carry away any thing
 ' without being seen, tho' there were never
 ' so many Folk in the Room ; and I
 ' should not have been surprized if he had
 ' carried away all the Company of a Set
 ' of wicked Wretches, who were at play in
 ' Sermon-time. And I could tell you a
 ' true Story, if I would, where the Devil
 ' took a Man out of Bed from another
 ' Man's Wife, and carried him away
 ' through the Key-hole of the Door. I've
 ' seen the very House where it was done,
 ' and no Body hath lived in it these thirty
 ' Years.'

Tho'

Tho' Jones was a little offended by the Impertinence of Partridge, he could not however avoid smiling at his Simplicity. The Stranger did the same, and then proceeded with his Story, as will be seen in the next Chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

In which the foregoing Story is farther continued.

MY Fellow Collegiate had now entered me in a new Scene of Life. I soon became acquainted with the whole Fraternity of Sharpers, and was let into their Secrets. I mean into the Knowledge of those gross Cheats which are proper to impose on the raw and unexperienced : For there are some Tricks of a finer Kind, which are only known to a few of the Gang, who are at the Head of their Profession ; a Degree of Honour beyond my Expectation ; for Drink, to which I was immoderately addicted, and the natural Warmth of my Passions, prevented me from arriving at any great Success in an Art, which requires as much

Cool

‘ Coolness as the most austere School of
‘ Philosophy.

‘ Mr. *Watson*, with whom I now lived
‘ in the closest Amity, had unluckily the
‘ former Failing to a very great Excess ;
‘ so that instead of making a Fortune by
‘ his Profession, as some others did, he
‘ was alternately rich and poor, and was
‘ often obliged to surrender to his cooler
‘ Friends over a Bottle which they never
‘ tasted, that Plunder that he had taken
‘ from Culls at the public Table.

‘ However, we both made a Shift to pick
‘ up an uncomfortable Livelihood, and for
‘ two Years I continued of the Calling,
‘ during which Time I tasted all the Va-
‘ rieties of Fortune ; sometimes flourishing
‘ in Affluence, and at others being obliged
‘ to struggle with almost incredible Diffi-
‘ culties. To-day wallowing in Luxury,
‘ and To-morrow reduced to the coarsest
‘ and most homely Fare. My fine Clothes
‘ being often on my Back in the Evening,
‘ and at the Pawnshop the next Morning.

‘ One Night as I was returning Penny-
‘ less from the Gaming-table, I observed
‘ a very great Disturbance, and a large
‘ Mob

‘ Mob gathered together in the Street. As
 ‘ I was in no Danger from Pick-pockets, I
 ‘ ventured into the Croud, where, upon En-
 ‘ quiry, I found that a Man had been
 ‘ robbed and very ill used by some Ruf-
 ‘ fians. The wounded Man appeared very
 ‘ bloody, and seemed scarce able to sup-
 ‘ port himself on his Legs. As I had not
 ‘ therefore been deprived of my Humanity
 ‘ by my present Life and Conversation, tho’
 ‘ they had left me very little of either
 ‘ Honesty or Shame, I immediately offered
 ‘ my Assistance to the unhappy Person,
 ‘ who thankfully accepted it, and putting
 ‘ himself under my Conduct, begged me
 ‘ to convey him to some Tavern, where
 ‘ he might send for a Surgeon, being, as
 ‘ he said, faint with Loss of Blood. He
 ‘ seemed indeed highly pleased at finding
 ‘ one who appeared in the Dress of a Gen-
 ‘ tleman : For as to all the rest of the
 ‘ Company present, their Outside was such
 ‘ that he could not wisely place any Con-
 ‘ fidence in them.

‘ I took the poor Man by the Arm, and
 ‘ led him to the Tavern where we kept
 ‘ our Rendezvous, as it happened to be
 ‘ the nearest at Hand. A Surgeon hap-
 ‘ pening luckily to be in the House, im-
 ‘ mediately

‘ immediately attended, and applied himself
 ‘ to dressing his Wounds, which I had the
 ‘ Pleasure to hear were not likely to be
 ‘ mortal.

‘ The Surgeon having very expediti-
 ‘ ously and dextrously finished his Business,
 ‘ began to enquire in what Part of the Town
 ‘ the wounded Man lodged; who answered,
 “ That he was come to Town that very
 “ Morning ; that his Horse was at an Inn
 “ in *Piccadilly*, and that he had no other
 “ Lodging, and very little or no Acquain-
 “ tance in Town.”

‘ This Surgeon, whose Name I have for-
 ‘ got, tho’ I remember it began with an
 ‘ R, had the first Character in his Profes-
 ‘ sion, and was Serjeant-Surgeon to the
 ‘ King. He had moreover many good
 ‘ Qualities, and was a very generous, good-
 ‘ natured Man, and ready to do any Ser-
 ‘ vice to his Fellow-Creatures. He offer-
 ‘ ed his Patient the Use of his Chariot to
 ‘ carry him to his Inn, and at the same
 ‘ Time whispered in his Ear, “ That if he
 “ wanted any Money, he would furnish
 “ him.

‘ The

• The poor Man was not now capable of
• returning Thanks for this generous Offer:
• For having had his Eyes for some Time
• stedfastly on me, he threw himself back
• in his Chair, crying, O, my Son! my
• Son! and then fainted away.

• Many of the People present imagined
• this Accident had happened through his
• Loss of Blood; but I, who at the same
• Time began to recollect the Features of
• my Father, was now confirmed in my
• Suspicion, and satisfied that it was he
• himself who appeared before me. I pre-
• sently ran to him, raised him in my Arms,
• and kissed his cold Lips with the utmost
• Eagerness. Here I must draw a Curtain
• over a Scene which I cannot describe: for
• though I did not lose my Being, as my
• Father for a while did, my Senses were
• however so overpowered with Affright and
• Surprise, that I am a Stranger to what
• past during some Minutes, and indeed till
• my Father had again recovered from his
• Swoon, and I found myself in his Arms,
• both tenderly embracing each other, while
• the Tears trickled apace down the
• Cheeks of each of us.

• THE

• Most

' Most of those present seemed affected
 ' by this Scene, which we, who might be
 ' considered as the Actors in it, were de-
 ' sirous of removing from the Eyes of all
 ' Spectators, as fast as we could ; my Fa-
 ' ther therefore accepted the kind Offer of
 ' the Surgeon's Chariot, and I attended
 ' him in it to his Inn.

' When we were alone together, he gent-
 ' ly upbraided me with having neglected
 ' to write to him during so long a Time,
 ' but entirely omitted the Mention of that
 ' Crime which had occasioned it. He then
 ' informed me of my Mother's Death, and
 ' insisted on my returning Home with him,
 ' saying, " That he had long suffered the
 " greatest Anxiety on my Account; that he
 " knew not whether he had most feared my
 " Death, or wished it ; since he had so
 " many more dreadful Apprehensions
 " for me. At last he said, a neigh-
 " bouring Gentleman, who had just reco-
 " vered a Son from the same Place, in-
 " formed him where I was, and that to re-
 " claim me from this Course of Life, was
 " the sole Cause of his Journey to *London*."
 ' He thanked Heaven he had succeeded so
 ' far as to find me out by Means of an
 ' Acci-

‘ Accident which had like to have proved
‘ fatal to him ; and had the Pleasure to
‘ think he partly owed his Preservation to
‘ my Humanity, with which he profest him-
‘ self to be more delighted than he should
‘ have been with my filial Piety, if I had
‘ known that the Object of all my Care was
‘ my own Father.

‘ Vice had not so depraved my Heart, as
‘ to excite in it an Insensibility of so much
‘ paternal Affection, tho’ so unworthily be-
‘ stowed. I presently promised to obey
‘ his Commands in my return Home with
‘ him as soon as he was able to travel,
‘ which indeed he was in a very few Days,
‘ by the Assistance of that excellent Sur-
‘ geon who had undertaken his Cure.

‘ The Day preceding my Father’s Jour-
‘ ney (before which Time I scarce ever left
‘ him) I went to take my Leave of some
‘ of my most intimate Acquaintance, par-
‘ ticularly of Mr. *Watson*, who dissuaded
‘ me from burying myself, as he called it,
‘ out of a simple Compliance with the fond
‘ Desires of a foolish old Fellow. Such
‘ Solicitations, however, had no Effect, and
‘ I once more saw my own Home. My
‘ Father now greatly solicited me to think
‘ of

' of Marriage; but my Inclinations were
 ' utterly averse to any such Thoughts. I
 ' had tasted of Love already, and perhaps
 ' you know the extravagant Excesses of
 ' that most tender and most violent Passion.
 Here the old Gentlemen paused, and looked earnestly at *Jones*; whose Countenance within a Minute's Space displayed the Extremities of both red and white. Upon which the old Man, without making any Observations, renewed his Narrative.

' Being now provided with all the Necessaries of Life, I betook myself once again to Study, and that with a more inordinate Application than I had ever done formerly. The Books which now employed my Time solely, were those, as well ancient as modern, which treat of true Philosophy, a Word, which is by many thought to be the Subject only of Farce and Ridicule. I now read over the Works of *Aristotle* and *Plato*, with the rest of those inestimable Treasures which ancient *Greece* hath bequeathed to the World.

' These Authors, though they instructed me in no Science by which Men may promise to themselves to acquire the least
 ' Riches,

' Riches, or worldly Power, taught me, how.
 ' ever, the Art of despising the highest Ac-
 ' quisitions of both. They elevate the Mind,
 ' and steel and harden it against the capri-
 ' cious Invasions of Fortune. They not
 ' only instruct in the Knowledge of Wisdom,
 ' but confirm Men in her Habits, and de-
 ' monstrate plainly, that this must be our
 ' Guide, if we propose ever to arrive at the
 ' greatest worldly Happiness; or to defend
 ' ourselves with any tolerable Security a-
 ' gainst the Misery which every where sur-
 ' rounds and invests us.

' To this I added another Study, compared
 ' to which all the Philosophy taught by the
 ' wisest Heathens is little better than a
 ' Dream, and is indeed as full of Vanity
 ' as the silliest Jester ever pleased to repre-
 ' sent it. This is that divine Wisdom
 ' which is alone to be found in the Holy
 ' Scriptures: for these impart to us the Know-
 ' ledge and Assurance of Things much
 ' more worthy our Attention, than all
 ' which this World can offer to our Ac-
 ' ceptance. Of Things which Heaven it-
 ' self hath condescended to reveal to us,
 ' and to the smallest Knowledge of which
 ' the highest human Wit unassisted could
 ' never ascend. I began now to think

they
 errata

' all the Time I had spent with the best
 ' Heathen Writers, was little more than
 ' Labour lost : For however pleasant and
 ' delightful their Lessons may be, or how-
 ' ever adequate to the right Regulation of
 ' our Conduct with Respect to this World
 ' only, yet when compared with the Glory
 ' revealed in Scripture, their highest Docu-
 ' ments will appear as trifling, and of as
 ' little Consequence as the Rules by which
 ' Children regulate their childish little Games
 ' and Pastime. True it is, that Philosophy
 ' makes us wiser, but Christianity makes us
 ' better Men. Philosophy elevates and
 ' steels the Mind, Christianity softens and
 ' sweetens it. The Former makes us the
 ' Objects of human Admiration, the Latter
 ' of Divine Love. That insures us a tem-
 ' poral, but this an eternal Happiness.—
 ' But I am afraid I tire you with my Rhap-
 ' sody.

' Not at all,' cries *Partridge*, ' Lud for-
 ' bid we should be tired with good Things.

' I had spent,' continued the Stranger,
 ' about four Years in the most delightful
 ' Manner to myself, totally given up to
 ' Contemplation, and entirely unembarras-
 ' sed with the Affairs of the World, when
 ' I

' I lost the best of Fathers, and one whom
 ' I so sincerely loved, that my Grief at his
 ' Loss exceeds all Description. I now aban-
 ' doned my Books, and gave myself up for
 ' a whole Month to the Efforts of Melan-
 ' choly and Despair. Time, however, the
 ' best Physician of the Mind; at length
 ' brought me Relief.' Ay, ay, *Tempus*
 ' *edax Rerum*,' said Partridge. ' I then,'
 continued the Stranger, ' betook myself a-
 ' gain to my former Studies, which I may
 ' say perfected my Cure: For Philosophy
 ' and Religion may be called the Exercises
 ' of the Mind, and when this is disordered
 ' they are as wholesome as Exercise can
 ' be to a distempered Body. They do in-
 ' deed produce similar Effects with Exer-
 ' cise: For they strengthen and confirm the
 ' Mind; till Man becomes, in the noble
 ' Strain of *Horace*, -

' *Fortis, & in seipso totus teres atq; rotundus,*

' *Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:*

' *In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna. —*'

• Firm in himself, who on himself relies,
 Polish'd and round, who runs his proper Course,
 And breaks Misfortunes with superior Force.

MR. FRANCIS.

Here

Here *Jones* smiled at some Conceit which intruded itself into his Imagination ; but the Stranger, I believe, perceived it not, and proceeded thus.

‘ My Circumstances were now greatly altered by the Death of that best of Men :
 ‘ For my Brother, who was now become
 ‘ Master of the House, differed so widely
 ‘ from me in his Inclinations, and our Pursuits in Life had been so very various, that
 ‘ we were the worst of Company to each other ; but what made our living together
 ‘ still more disagreeable, was the little Harmony which could subsist between the few
 ‘ who resorted to me, and the numerous
 ‘ Train of Sportsmen who often attended
 ‘ my Brother from the Field to the Table :
 ‘ For such Fellows, besides the Noise and
 ‘ Nonsense with which they persecute the
 ‘ Ears of sober Men, endeavour always to
 ‘ attack them with Affront and Contempt.
 ‘ This was so much the Case, that neither I
 ‘ myself, nor my Friends, could ever sit
 ‘ down to a Meal with them, without being
 ‘ treated with Derision, because we were
 ‘ unacquainted with the Phrases of Sportsmen.
 ‘ For Men of true Learning, and almost
 ‘ universal Knowledge, always compassionate the Ignorance of others : but
 ‘ Fellows who excel in some little, low, contemptible Art, are always certain to
 ‘ VOL. III. O despise

*Affronts
Derision*

“despise those who are unacquainted with
“that Art.

“In short, we soon separated, and I went
“by the Advice of a Physician to drink the
“*Bath Waters*: For my violent Affliction,
“added to a sedentary Life, had thrown
“me into a kind of paralytic Disorder, for
“which those Waters are accounted an al-
“most certain Cure. The second Day after
“my Arrival, as I was walking by the Ri-
“ver, the Sun shone so intensely hot (tho’ it
“was early in the Year) that I retired to the
“Shelter of some Willows, and sat down by
“the River-side. Here I had not been
“seated long before I heard a Person on the
“other Side the Willows, sighing and be-
“moaning himself bitterly. On a sudden,
“having uttered a most impious Oath, he
“cried, “I am resolved to bear it no longer,”
“and directly threw himself into the Water.
“I immediately started, and ran towards the
“Place, calling at the same Time as loudly
“as I could for Assistance. An Angler hap-
“pened luckily to be a fishing a little below
“me, tho’ some very high Sedge had hid him
“from my Sight. He immediately came
“up, and both of us together, not without
“some Hazard of our Lives, drew the Body
“to the Shore. At first we perceived no Sign
“of Life remaining; but having held the
“Body up by the Heels (for we soon had
“Assist-

‘ Assistance enough) it discharged a vast
‘ Quantity of Water at the Mouth, and at
‘ length began to discover some Symptoms
‘ of Breathing, and a little afterwards to
‘ move both its Hands and its Legs.

‘ An Apothecary, who happened to be
‘ present among others, advised that the
‘ Body, which seemed now to have pretty
‘ well emptied itself of Water, and which
‘ began to have many convulsive Motions,
‘ should be directly taken up, and carried
‘ into a warm Bed. This was accordingly
‘ performed, the Apothecary and myself at-
‘ tending.

‘ As we were going towards an Inn, for
‘ we knew not the Man’s Lodgings, luckily
‘ a Woman met us, who, after some vio-
‘ lent Screaming, told us, that the Gentle-
‘ man lodged at her House.

‘ When I had seen the Man safely depo-
‘ sited there, I left him to the Care of the
‘ Apothecary, who, I suppose, used all the
‘ right Methods with him; for the next
‘ Morning I heard he had perfectly recover-
‘ ed his Senses.

‘ I then went to visit him, intending to
‘ search out as well as I could the Cause of
‘ his having attempted so desperate an Act,
‘ and to prevent as far as I was able, his pur-
‘ suing such wicked Intentions for the future.
‘ I was no sooner admitted into his Cham-

‘ber, than we both instantly knew each other; for who should this Person be, but my good Friend Mr. *Watson*! Here I will not trouble you with what past at our first Interview: For I would avoid Prolixity as much as possible.’ ‘Pray let us hear all,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘I want mightily to know what brought him to *Bath*.’

‘You shall hear every Thing material,’ answered the Stranger; and then proceeded to relate what we shall proceed to write, after we have given a short breathing Time to both ourselves and the Reader.

C H A P. XIV.

In which the Man of the Hill concludes his History.

‘**M**R. *Watson*,’ continued the Stranger, ‘very freely acquainted me, that the unhappy Situation of his Circumstances, occasioned by a Tide of Ill-Luck had in a Manner forced him to a Resolution of destroying himself.

‘I now began to argue very seriously with him, in Opposition to this Heathenish or indeed Diabolical Principle of the Lawfulness of Self-Murder; and said every Thing which occurred to me on this Subject.’

‘ Subject ; but to my great Concern, it
 ‘ seemed to have very little Effect on him.
 ‘ He seemed not at all to repent of what he
 ‘ had done, and gave me Reason to fear,
 ‘ he would soon make a second Attempt of
 ‘ the like horrible kind.

‘ When I had finished my Discourse, in-
 ‘ stead of endeavouring to answer my Ar-
 ‘ guments, he looked me stedfastly in the
 ‘ Face, and with a Smile said, “ You are
 “ strangely altered, my good Friend, since
 “ I remember you. I question whether any
 “ of our Bishops could make a better Ar-
 “ gument against Suicide than you have en-
 “ tertained me with, but unless you can
 “ find Somebody who will lend me a cool
 “ Hundred, I must either hang, or drown,
 “ or starve ; and in my Opinion the last
 “ Death is the most terrible of the three.

‘ I answered him very gravely, that I
 ‘ was indeed altered since I had seen him
 ‘ last. That I had found Leisure to look
 ‘ into my Follies, and to repent of them. I
 ‘ then advised him to pursue the same Steps ;
 ‘ and at last concluded with an Assurance,
 ‘ that I myself would lend him a hundred
 ‘ Pound, if it would be of any Service to his
 ‘ Affairs, and he would not put it into the
 ‘ Power of a Die to deprive him of it.

‘ Mr. *Watson*, who seemed almost com-
 ‘ posed in Slumber by the former Part of my

Discourse, was roused by the latter. He seized my Hand eagerly, gave me a thousand Thanks, and declared I was a Friend indeed; adding, that he hoped I had a better Opinion of him, than to imagine he had profited so little by Experience, as to put any Confidence in those damned Dice, which had so often deceived him. "No, no," cries he, "let me but once handsomely be set up again, and if ever Fortune makes a broken Merchant of me afterwards, I will forgive her."

I very well understood the Language of *setting up*, and *broken Merchant*. I therefore said to him with a very grave Face, Mr. *Watson*, you must endeavour to find out some Business, or Employment, by which you may procure yourself a Livelihood; and I promise you, could I see any Probability of being repaid hereafter, I would advance a much larger Sum than what you have mentioned, to equip you in any fair and honourable Calling; but as to Gaming, besides the Baseness and Wickedness of making it a Profession, you are really, to my own Knowledge, unfit for it, and it will end in your certain Ruin.

"Why now, that's strange," answered he, "neither you, nor any of my Friends, would ever allow me to know any Thing

of

“ of the Matter, and yet, I believe I am
 “ as good a Hand at every Game as any
 “ of you all ; and I heartily wish I was to
 “ play with you only for your whole For-
 “ tune ; I should desire no better Sport,
 “ and I would let you name your Game
 “ into the Bargain ; but come, my dear
 “ Boy, have you the Hundred in your
 “ Pocket ?

‘ I answered, I had only a Bill for 50 *l.*
 ‘ which I delivered him, and promised to
 ‘ bring him the rest next Morning ;
 ‘ and after giving him a little more Ad-
 ‘ vice, took my Leave.

‘ I was indeed better than my Word :
 ‘ For I returned to him that very After-
 ‘ noon. When I entered the Room, I
 ‘ found him sitting up in his Bed at
 ‘ Cards with a notorious Gamester. This
 ‘ Sight, you will imagine, shocked me not
 ‘ a little ; to which I may add the Morti-
 ‘ fication of seeing my Bill delivered by
 ‘ him to his Antagonist, and thirty Guineas
 ‘ only given in Exchange for it.

‘ The other Gamester presently quitted
 ‘ the Room, and then *Watson* declared he
 ‘ was ashamed to see me ; “ but, says he, I
 “ find Luck runs so damnably against me,
 “ that I will resolve to leave off Play for
 “ ever. I have thought of the kind Propo-
 “ sal you made me ever since, and I pro-
 “ mise

“mise you there shall be no Fault in me,
“if I do not put it in Execution.”

“Though I had no great Faith in his
Promises, I produced him the Remainder
of the hundred in Consequence of my
own; for which he gave me a Note,
which was all I ever expected to see
in Return for my Money.

“We were prevented from any further
Discourse at present, by the Arrival of the
Apothecary, who with much Joy in his
Countenance, and without even asking his
Patient how he did, proclaimed there
was great News arrived in a Letter to
himself, which he said would shortly be
public, “that the Duke of *Monmouth* was
landed in the West with a vast Army of
Dutch, and that another vast Fleet ho-
vered over the Coast of *Norfolk*, and
was to make a Descent there, in order
to favour the Duke’s Enterprize with a
Diversi^{on} on that Side.”

“This Apothecary was one of the greatest
Politicians of his Time. He was more
delighted with the most-paultry Packet,
than with the best Patient; and the high-
est Joy he was capable of, he received
from having a Piece of News in his Pos-
session an Hour or two sooner than any
other Person in the Town. His Advices,
however, were seldom authentic; for
he

‘ he would swallow almost any thing as a
 ‘ Truth, a Humour which many made use
 ‘ of to impose upon him.

‘ Thus it happened with what he at pre-
 ‘ sent communicated ; for it was known
 ‘ within a short Time afterwards, that the
 ‘ Duke was really landed ; but that his
 ‘ Army consisted only of a few Attendants ;
 ‘ and as to the Diversion in *Norfolk*, it was
 ‘ entirely false.

‘ The Apothecary staid no longer in the
 ‘ Room, than while he acquainted us with
 ‘ his News ; and then, without saying a
 ‘ Syllable to his Patient on any other Sub-
 ‘ ject, departed to spread his Advices all
 ‘ over the Town.

‘ Events of this Nature in the Public are
 ‘ generally apt to eclipse all private Con-
 ‘ cerns. Our Discourse, therefore, now
 ‘ became entirely political. For my own
 ‘ Part, I had been for some Time very se-
 ‘ riously affected with the Danger to which
 ‘ the Protestant Religion was so visibly ex-
 ‘ posed, under a Popish Prince ; and thought
 ‘ the Apprehension of it alone sufficient to
 ‘ justify that Insurrection : For no real Se-
 ‘ curity can ever be found against the per-
 ‘ secuting Spirit of Popery, when armed
 ‘ with Power, except the depriving it of
 ‘ that Power, as woeful Experience present-
 ‘ ly shewed. You know how King *James*
 O 5 ‘ behaved.

• behaved after getting the better of this
 • Attempt; how little he valued either his
 • Royal Word, or Coronation-Oath, or the
 • Liberties and Rights of his People. But
 • all had not the Sense to foresee this at first;
 • and therefore the Duke of *Monmouth* was
 • weakly supported; yet all could feel when
 • the Evil came upon them; and therefore
 • all united, at last, to drive out that King,
 • against whose Exclusion a great Party
 • among us had so warmly contended, during
 • the Reign of his Brother; and for whom
 • they now fought with such Zeal and Af-
 • fection:

• ‘What you say,’ interrupted *Jones*, ‘is
 • very true; and it has often struck me, as
 • the most wonderful thing I ever read of in
 • History, that so soon after this convincing
 • Experience, which brought our whole Na-
 • tion to join so unanimously in expelling
 • King *James*, for the Preservation of our
 • Religion and Liberties, there should be
 • a Party among us mad enough to desire the
 • placing his Family again on the Throne.
 • ‘You are not in Earnest!’ answered the
 • old Man; ‘there can be no such Party. A
 • bad an Opinion as I have of Mankind,
 • cannot believe them insatuated to such
 • a Degree! There may be some hot-head
 • Papists led by their Priests to engage
 • in this desperate Cause, and think it

• Ho

' Holy War ; but that Protestants, that
 ' Members of the Church of *England* should
 ' be such Apostates, such *Felos de se*, I can-
 ' not believe it ; no, no, young Man, un-
 ' acquainted as I am with what has past in
 ' the World for these last thirty Years, I
 ' cannot be so imposed upon as to credit so
 ' foolish a Tale : But I see you have a
 ' Mind to sport with my Ignorance.' ' Can
 ' it be possible,' replied *Jones*, ' that you
 ' have lived so much out of the World as
 ' not to know, that during that Time there
 ' have been two Rebellions in favour of the
 ' Son of King *James*, one of which is now
 ' actually raging in the very Heart of this
 ' Kingdom?' At these Words the old
 Gentleman started up, and, in a most solemn
 Tone of Voice conjured *Jones* by his Maker
 to tell him, if what he said was really true :
 Which the other as solemnly affirming, he
 walked several Turns about the Room, in a
 profound Silence, then cried, then laughed,
 and, at last, fell down on his Knees, and
 blessed God, in a loud Thanksgiving-Prayer,
 for having delivered him from all Society
 with Human Nature, which could be ca-
 pable of such monstrous Extravagances.
 After which being reminded by *Jones*, that
 he had broke off his Story, he resumed it
 again, in this Manner.

' As Mankind, in the Days I was speak-
 ' ing of, was not yet arrived to that Pitch
 ' of Madneſs which I find they are ca-
 ' pable of now, and which, to be ſure, I
 ' have only eſcaped by living alone, and at
 ' a Diſtance from the Contagion, there was
 ' a conſiderable Riſing in favour of *Mon-*
 ' *mouth*, and my Principles ſtrongly inclining
 ' me to take the ſame Part, I determined to
 ' join him, and Mr. *Watſon*, from different
 ' Motives concurring in the ſame Reſolu-
 ' tion (for the Spirit of a Gameſter will carry
 ' a Man as far upon ſuch an Occaſion as the
 ' Spirit of Patriotiſm,) we ſoon provided
 ' ourſelves with all Neceſſaries, and went to
 ' the Duke at *Bridgwater*. The unfortunate
 ' Event of this Enterprize you are, I con-
 ' clude, as well acquainted with as myſelf.
 ' I eſcaped, together with Mr. *Watſon*, from
 ' the Battle at *Sedgemore*, in which Action
 ' I received a ſlight Wound. We rode
 ' near forty Miles together on the *Exeter*
 ' Road, and then abandoning our Horſes,
 ' ſcrambled as well as we could through
 ' the Fields and Bye-Roads, till we arrived
 ' at a little wild Hut on a Common, where
 ' a poor old Woman took all the Care of
 ' us ſhe could, and dreſſed my Wound
 ' with Salve, which quickly healed it.'

' Pray, Sir, where was the Wound,'
 ſays *Partridge*. The Stranger ſatiſfied him
 ' it

it was in his Arm, and then continued his Narrative. ' Here, Sir,' said he, ' Mr. *Watson* left me the next Morning, in order, as he pretended, to get us some Provision from the Town of *Cullumpton*; but——can I relate it? or can you believe it? —— This Mr. *Watson*, this Friend, this base, barbarous, treacherous Villain, betrayed me to a Party of Horse belonging to King *James*, and, at his Return, delivered me into their Hands.

' The Soldiers, being six in Number, had now seized me, and were conducting me to *Taunton* Goal; but neither my present Situation, nor the Apprehensions of what might happen to me, were half so irksome to my Mind, as the Company of my false Friend, who, having surrendered himself, was likewise considered as a Prisoner, tho' he was better treated, as being to make his Peace at my Expence. He at first endeavoured to excuse his Treachery; but when he received nothing but Scorn and Upbraiding from me, he soon changed his Note, abused me as the most atrocious and malicious Rebel, and laid all his own Guilt to my Charge, who, as he declared, had solicited, and even threatened him, to make him take up Arms against his gracious, as well as lawful, Sovereign.

' This false Evidence, (for, in Reality,
 ' he had been much the forwarder of the
 ' two) stung me to the Quick, and
 ' raised an Indignation scarce conceivable
 ' by those who have not felt it. However,
 ' Fortune at length, took Pity on me;
 ' for as we were got a little beyond *Wil-*
 ' *lington*, in a narrow Lane, my Guards re-
 ' ceived a false Alarm, that near fifty of the
 ' Enemy were at hand, upon which they
 ' shifted for themselves, and left me and
 ' my Betrayer to do the same. That Vil-
 ' lain immediately ran from me, and I am
 ' glad he did, or I should have certainly
 ' endeavoured, though I had no Arms,
 ' to have executed Vengeance on his Base-
 ' ness.

' I was now once more at Liberty, and
 ' immediately withdrawing from the High-
 ' way into the Fields, I travelled on, scarce
 ' knowing which Way I went, and making
 ' it my chief Care to avoid all public
 ' Roads, and all Towns, nay, even the
 ' most homely Houses; for I imagined
 ' every human Creature whom I saw, desi-
 ' rous of betraying me.

' At last, after rambling several Days
 ' about the Country, during which the
 ' Fields afforded me the same Bed, and the
 ' same Food, which Nature bestows on
 ' our Savage Brothers of the Creation, I

at

at length arrived at this Place, where the Solitude and Wildness of the Country invited me to fix my Abode. The first Person with whom I took up my Habitation was the Mother of this old Woman, with whom I remained concealed, till the News of the glorious Revolution put an End to all my Apprehensions of Danger, and gave me an Opportunity of once more visiting my own Home, and of enquiring a little into my Affairs, which I soon settled as agreeably to my Brother as to myself; having resigned every thing to him, for which he paid me the Sum of a thousand Pounds, and settled on me an Annuity for Life.

His Behaviour in this last Instance, as in all others, was selfish and ungenerous. I could not look on him as my Friend, nor indeed did he desire that I should; so I presently took my Leave of him, as well as of my other Acquaintance; and from that Day to this my History is little better than a Blank.

‘And is it possible, Sir,’ said *Jones*, ‘that you can have resided here, from that Day to this?’ ‘O no, Sir,’ answered the Gentleman, ‘I have been a great Traveller, and there are few Parts of *Europe* with which I am not acquainted.’ ‘I have not, Sir,’ cried *Jones*, ‘the Assu-

‘rance

• rance to ask it of you now. Indeed it
 • would be cruel, after so much Breath as
 • you have already spent. But you will
 • give me Leave to wish for some further
 • Opportunity of hearing the excellent Ob-
 • servations, which a Man of your Sense
 • and Knowledge of the World must have
 • made in so long a Course of Travels.
 • Indeed, young Gentleman,' answered the
 Stranger, ' I will endeavour to satisfy your
 • Curiosity on this Head likewise, as far
 • as I am able.' Jones attempted fresh
 Apologies, but was prevented; and while
 he and Partridge sat with greedy and im-
 patient Ears, the Stranger proceeded as in
 the next Chapter.

CH A P. XV.

*A brief History of Europe. And a curious
 Discourse between Mr. Jones and the Man
 of the Hill.*

• **I**N *Italy* the Landlords are very silent.
 • In *France* they are more talkative, but
 • yet civil. In *Germany* and *Holland* they
 • are generally very impertinent. And as
 • for their Honesty, I believe it is pretty
 • equal in all those Countries. The *Laquais*
 • a *Leuange* are sure to lose no Opportuni-
 • ty of cheating you: And as for the Posti-
 • lions

‘ lions, I think they are pretty much alike
 ‘ all the World over. These, Sir, are the
 ‘ Observations on Men which I made in my
 ‘ Travels, for these were the only Men I
 ‘ ever conversed with. My Design, when
 ‘ I went abroad, was to divert myself by
 ‘ seeing the wondrous Variety of Prospects,
 ‘ Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Insects, and Vege-
 ‘ tables, with which God has been pleased
 ‘ to enrich the several Parts of this Globe.
 ‘ A Variety, which as it must give great
 ‘ Pleasure to a contemplative Beholder, so
 ‘ doth it admirably display the Power and
 ‘ Wisdom and Goodness of the Creator.
 ‘ Indeed, to say the Truth, there is but
 ‘ one Work in his whole Creation that doth
 ‘ him any Dishonour, and with that I have
 ‘ long since avoided holding any Conver-
 ‘ sation.

‘ You will pardon me,’ cries *Jones*,
 ‘ but I have always imagined, that there is
 ‘ in this very Work you mention, as great
 ‘ Variety as in all the rest; for besides the
 ‘ Difference of Inclination, Customs and
 ‘ Climates have, I am told, introduced
 ‘ the utmost Diversity into Human Nature.
 ‘ Very little indeed,’ answered the other;
 ‘ those who travel in order to acquaint
 ‘ themselves with the different Manners of
 ‘ Men, might spare themselves much Pains,
 ‘ by going to a Carnival at *Venice*; for there
 ‘ they

‘ they will see at once all which they can
 ‘ discover in the several Courts of *Europe*.
 ‘ The same Hypocrisy, the same Fraud;
 ‘ in short, the same Follies and Vices,
 ‘ dressed in different Habits. In *Spain* these
 ‘ are equipped with much Gravity; and
 ‘ in *Italy*, with vast Splendor. In *France*,
 ‘ a Knave is dressed like a Fop; and in the
 ‘ Northern Countries, like a Sloven. But
 ‘ Human Nature is every where the same,
 ‘ every where the Object of Detestation and
 ‘ Scorn.’

‘ As for my own Part, I past through
 ‘ all these Nations, as you perhaps may
 ‘ have done through a Croud at a Shew,
 ‘ jostling to get by them, holding my Nose
 ‘ with one Hand, and defending my Pock-
 ‘ ets with the other, without speaking a
 ‘ Word to any of them, while I was pref-
 ‘ ering on to see what I wanted to see,
 ‘ which, however entertaining it might be
 ‘ in itself, scarce made me Amends for the
 ‘ Trouble the Company gave me.

‘ Did not you find some of the Nations
 ‘ among which you travelled, less trouble-
 ‘ some to you than others? said *Jones*. ‘ C
 ‘ yes,’ replied the old Man, ‘ the *Turks*
 ‘ were much more tolerable to me than the
 ‘ *Christians*. For they are Men of pro-
 ‘ found Taciturnity, and never disturb
 ‘ a Stranger with Questions. Now and the
 ‘ indeed

indeed they bestow a short Curse upon him, or spit in his Face as he walks the Streets, but then they have done with him, and a Man may live an Age in their Country without hearing a Dozen Words from them. But of all the People I ever saw, Heaven defend me from the *French*. With their damned Prate and Civilities, and doing the Honour of their Nation to Strangers, (as they are pleased to call it) but indeed setting forth their own Vanity; they are so troublesome, that I had infinitely rather pass my Life with the *Hottentots*, than set my Foot in *Paris* again. They are a nasty People, but their Nastiness is mostly *without*, whereas in *France*, and some other Nations that I won't name, it is all *within*, and makes them stink much more to my Reason than that of *Hottentots* does to my Nose.

Thus, Sir, I have ended the History of my Life; for as to all that Series of Years, during which I have lived retired here, it affords no Variety to entertain you, and may be almost considered as one Day. The Retirement has been so compleat, that I could hardly have enjoyed a more absolute Solitude in the Deserts of the *Thebais*, than here in the midst of this populous Kingdom. As I have no Estate, I am plagued with no Tenants or

Stew-

‘ Stewards; my Annuity is paid me pretty
 ‘ regularly, as indeed it ought to be, for it is
 ‘ much less than what I might have expected,
 ‘ in Return for what I gave up. Visits I
 ‘ admit none, and the old Woman who
 ‘ keeps my House knows, that her Place
 ‘ entirely depends upon her saving me all
 ‘ the Trouble of buying the Things that I
 ‘ want, keeping off all Sollicitation or
 ‘ Business from me, and holding her
 ‘ Tongue whenever I am within hearing.
 ‘ As my Walks are all by Night, I am
 ‘ pretty secure in this wild, unfrequented
 ‘ Place from meeting any Company. Some
 ‘ few Persons I have met by Chance, and
 ‘ sent them Home heartily frightened, as
 ‘ from the Oddness of my Dress and Fi-
 ‘ gure they took me for a Ghost or a
 ‘ Hobgoblin. But what has happened to-
 ‘ Night shews, that even here I cannot be
 ‘ safe from the Villany of Men; for with-
 ‘ out your Assistance I had not only been
 ‘ robbed, but very probably murdered.

Jones thanked the Stranger for the Trou-
 ble he had taken in relating his Story, and
 then expressed some Wonder how he could
 possibly endure a Life of such Solitude;
 ‘ which,’ says he, ‘ you may well com-
 ‘ plain of the Want of Variety. Indeed
 ‘ am astonished how you have filled up,
 ‘ rather killed, so much of your Time.’

' I am not at all surprized,' answered the
 ' other, ' that to one whose Affections
 ' and Thoughts are fixed on 'the World;
 ' my Hours should appear to have wanted
 ' Employment in this Place; but there is
 ' one single Act, for which the whole Life
 ' of Man is infinitely too short. What Time
 ' can suffice for the Contemplation and
 ' Worship of that glorious, immortal, and
 ' eternal Being, among the Works of
 ' whose stupendous Creation, not only this
 ' Globe, but even those numberless Lu-
 ' minaries which we may here behold
 ' spangling all the Sky, tho' they should
 ' many of them be Suns lighting different
 ' Systems of Worlds, may possibly appear
 ' but as a few Atoms, opposed to the
 ' whole Earth which we inhabit? Can a
 ' Man who, by Divine Meditations, is
 ' admitted, as it were, into the Conversa-
 ' tion of this ineffable, incomprehensible
 ' Majesty, think Days, or Years, or Ages;
 ' too long, for the Continuance of so ra-
 ' vishing an Honour? Shall the trifling A-
 ' musements, the palling Pleasures, the
 ' silly Business of the World, roll away our
 ' Hours too swiftly from us; and shall the
 ' Pace of Time seem sluggish to a Mind
 ' exercised in Studies so high, so important,
 ' and so glorious! As no Time is suf-
 ' ficient, so no Place is improper
 ' for

* for this great Concern. On what Ob-
 * ject can we cast our Eyes, which may
 * not inspire us with Ideas of his Power, of
 * his Wisdom, and of his Goodness? It
 * is not necessary, that the rising Sun
 * should dart his fiery Glories over the
 * Eastern Horizon; nor that the boisterous
 * Winds should rush from their Caverns,
 * and shake the lofty Forest; nor that the
 * opening Clouds should pour their De-
 * luges on the Plains: It is not necessary,
 * I say, that any of these should proclaim
 * his Majesty; there is not an Insect, not a
 * Vegetable, of so low an Order in the Crea-
 * tion, as not to be honoured with bearing
 * Marks of the Attributes of its great Cre-
 * ator; Marks not only of his Power, but
 * of his Wisdom and Goodness. Man
 * alone, the King of this Globe, the last
 * and greatest Work of the Supreme Being,
 * below the Sun; Man alone hath basely
 * dishonoured his own Nature, and by
 * Dishonesty, Cruelty, Ingratitude, and
 * Treachery, hath called his Maker's
 * Goodness in Question, by puzzling
 * us to account how a benevolent Being
 * should form so foolish, and so vile an
 * Animal. Yet this is the Being from
 * whose Conversation you think, I suppose,
 * that I have been unfortunately restrained;
 * and without whose blessed Society, Life, in
 * your

‘ your Opinion, must be tedious and insipid.

‘ In the former Part of what you said,’ replied *Jones*, ‘ I most heartily and readily concur ; but I believe, as well as hope, that the Abhorrence which you express for Mankind, in the Conclusion, is much too general. Indeed you here fall into an Error, which, in my little Experience, I have observed to be a very common one, by taking the Character of Mankind from the worst and basest among them ; whereas indeed, as an excellent Writer observes, nothing should be esteemed as characteristic of a Species, but what is to be found among the best and most perfect Individuals of that Species. This Error, I believe, is generally committed by those who, from Want of proper Caution in the Choice of their Friends and Acquaintance, have suffered Injuries from bad and worthless Men ; two or three Instances of which are very unjustly charged on all Human Nature.

‘ I think I had Experience enough of it,’ answered the other. ‘ My first Mistress, and my first Friend, betrayed me in the basest Manner, and in Matters which threatened to be of the worst of Consequences, even to bring me to a shameful Death.’

‘ But you will pardon me,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ if

' if I desire you to reflect who that Mistress,
 ' and who that Friend were. What better,
 ' my good Sir, could be expected in Love
 ' derived from the Stews, or in Friendship
 ' first produced and nourished at the
 ' Gaming-Table! To take the Characters
 ' of Women from the former Instance, or
 ' of Men from the latter, would be as un-
 ' just as to assert, that Air is a nauseous and
 ' unwholesome Element, because we find
 ' it so in a Jakes. I have lived but a short
 ' Time in the World, and yet have known
 ' Men worthy of the highest Friendship,
 ' and Women of the highest Love.

' Alas! young Man,' answered the Stran-
 ' ger; you have lived, you confess, but
 ' a very short Time in the World; I was
 ' somewhat older than you when I was of
 ' the same Opinion.

' You might have remained so still,' re-
 ' plies Jones, ' if you had not been unfortu-
 ' nate, I will venture to say incautious in
 ' the placing your Affections. If there was
 ' indeed much more Wickedness in the
 ' World than there is, it would not prove
 ' such general Assertions against human Na-
 ' ture, since much of this arrives by mere
 ' Accident, and many a Man who com-
 ' mits Evil, is not totally bad and corrupt in
 ' his Heart. In Truth, none seem to have
 ' any Title to assert Human Nature to be
 ' necessarily and universally evil, but those
 ' whose

‘ whose own Minds afford them one Instance of this natural Depravity ; which is not, I am convinced, your Case.

‘ And such,’ said the Stranger, ‘ will be always the most backward to assert any such thing. Knaves will no more endeavour to persuade us of the Baseness of Mankind, than a Highwayman will inform you that there are Thieves on the Road. This would indeed be a Method to put you on your Guard, and to defeat their own Purposes. For which Reason tho’ Knaves, as I remember, are very apt to abuse particular Persons ; yet they never cast any Reflection on Human Nature in general.’ The old Gentleman spoke this so warmly, that as *Jones* despaired of making a Convert, and was unwilling to offend, he returned no Answer.

The Day now began to send forth its first Streams of Light, when *Jones* made an Apology to the Stranger for his having staid so long, and perhaps having detained him from his Rest. The Stranger answered, ‘ He never wanted Rest less than at present ; for that Day and Night were indifferent Seasons to him, and that he commonly made use of the former for

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‘ the Time of his Repose, and of the latter for his Walks and Lucubrations. ‘ However,’ said he, ‘ it is now a most ‘ lovely Morning, and if you can bear ‘ any longer to be without your own Rest ‘ or Food, I will gladly entertain you with ‘ the Sight of some very fine Prospects, ‘ which I believe you have not yet seen.’

Jones very readily embraced this Offer, and they immediately set forward together from the Cottage. As for *Partridge*, he had fallen into a profound Repose, just as the Stranger had finished his Story; for his Curiosity was satisfied, and the subsequent Discourse was not forcible enough in its Operation to conjure down the Charms of Sleep. *Jones* therefore left him to enjoy his Nap; and as the Reader may perhaps be, at this Season, glad of the same Favour, we will here put an End to the Eighth Book of our History.

THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK IX.

Containing twelve Hours.

CHAP. I.

*Of those who lawfully may, and of those who
may not write such Histories as this.*

AMONG other good Uses for
which I have thought proper to
institute these several introduc-
tory Chapters, I have consider-
ed them as a Kind of Mark or Stamp,
which may hereafter enable a very in-
differe-

different Reader to distinguish, what is true and genuine in this historic kind of Writing, from what is false and counterfeit. Indeed it seems likely that some such Mark may shortly become necessary, since the favourable Reception which two or three Authors have lately procured for their Works of this Nature from the Public, will probably serve as an Encouragement to many others to undertake the like. Thus a Swarm of foolish Novels, and monstrous Romances will be produced, either to the great impoverishing of Booksellers, or to the great Loss of Time, and Depravation of Morals in the Reader ; nay, often to the spreading of Scandal and Calumny, and to the Prejudice of the Characters of many worthy and honest People.

I question not but the ingenious Author of the Spectator was principally induced to prefix *Greek* and *Latin* Mottos to every Paper from the same Consideration of guarding against the Pursuit of those Scribes, who, having no Talents of a Writer but what is taught by the Writing-master, are yet nowise afraid nor ashamed to assume the same Titles with the greatest Genius, than their good Brother in the Fable was of braying in the Lion's Skin.

By

By the Device therefore of his Motto, it became impracticable for any Man to presume to imitate the Spectators, without understanding at least one Sentence in the learned Languages. In the same Manner I have now secured myself from the Imitation of those who are utterly incapable of any Degree of Reflection, and whose Learning is not equal to an Essay.

I would not be here understood to insinuate, that the greatest Merit of such historical Productions can ever lie in these introductory Chapters ; but, in Fact, those Parts which contain mere Narrative only, afford much more Encouragement to the Pen of an Imitator, than those which are composed of Observation and Reflection. Here I mean such Imitators as *Rowe* was of *Shakespeare*, or as *Horace* hints some of the *Romans* were of *Cato*, by bare Feet and four Faces.

To invent good Stories, and to tell them well, are possibly very rare Talents, and yet I have observed few Persons who have scrupled to aim at both ; and if we examine the Romances and Novels with which the World abounds, I think we may fairly conclude

clude, that most of the Authors would not have attempted to shew their Teeth (if the Expression may be allowed me) in any other Way of Writing; nor could indeed have strung together a dozen Sentences on any other Subject whatever. *Scribimus indocti doctiq; passim* *, may be more truly said of the Historian and Biographer, than of any other Species of Writing: For all the Arts and Sciences (even Criticism itself) require some little Degree of Learning and Knowledge. Poetry indeed may perhaps be thought an Exception; but then it demands Numbers, or something like Numbers; whereas to the Composition of Novels and Romances, nothing is necessary but Paper, Pens and Ink, with the manual Capacity of using them. This, I conceive, their Productions shew to be the Opinion of the Authors themselves; and this must be the Opinion of their Readers, if indeed there be any such.

Hence we are to derive that universal Contempt, which the World, who always denominate the Whole from the Majority, have cast on all historical Writers, who do

* — Each desperate Blockhead dares to write,
Verse is the Trade of every living Wight.

FRANCIS.

not

not draw their Materials from Records. And it is the Apprehension of this Contempt, that hath made us so cautiously avoid the Term Romance, a Name with which we might otherwise have been well enough contented. Though as we have good Authority for all our Characters, no less indeed than Doomsday Book, or the vast authentic Book of Nature, as is elsewhere hinted, our Labours have sufficient Title to the Name of History. Certainly they deserve some Distinction from those Works, which one of the wittiest of Men regarded only as proceeding from a Pruritus, or indeed rather from a Looseness of the Brain.

But besides the Dishonour which is thus cast on one of the most useful as well as entertaining of all Kinds of Writing, there is just Reason to apprehend, that by encouraging such Authors, we shall propagate much Dishonour of another Kind; I mean to the Characters of many good and valuable Members of Society: For the dullest Writers, no more than the dullest Companions, are always inoffensive. They have both enough of Language to be indecent and abusive. And surely if the Opinion just above cited be true, we cannot wonder, that

308 *The HISTORY of* Book IX.
that Works so nastily derived should be
nasty themselves, or have a Tendency to
make others so.

To prevent therefore for the future, such
intemperate Abuses of Leisure, of Letters,
and of the Liberty of the Press, especially
as the World seems at present to be more
than usually threatned with them, I shall
here venture to mention some Qualifica-
tions, every one of which are in a pretty
high Degree necessary to this Order of
Historians.

The first is Genius, without a rich Vein
of which, no Study, says *Horace*, can avail
us. By Genius I would understand that
Power, or rather those Powers of the Mind,
which are capable of penetrating into all
Things within our Reach and Knowledge,
and of distinguishing their essential Diffe-
rences. These are no other than Invention
and Judgment; and they are both called
by the collective Name of Genius, as they
are of those Gifts of Nature which we bring
with us into the World. Concerning each of
which many seem to have fallen into very
great Errors: For by Invention, I believe
is generally understood a creative Faculty
which would indeed prove most Romance
Writer

Writers to have the highest Pretensions to it; whereas by Invention is really meant no more, (and so the Word signifies) than Discovery, or finding out; or to explain it at large, a quick and sagacious Penetration into the true Essence of all the Objects of our Contemplation. This, I think, can rarely exist without the Concomitancy of Judgment: For how we can be said to have discovered the true Essence of two Things, without discerning their Difference, seems to me hard to conceive; now this last is the undisputed Province of Judgment, and yet some few Men of Wit have agreed with all the dull Fellows in the World, in representing these two to have been seldom or never the Property of one and the same Person.

But tho' they should be so, they are not sufficient for our Purpose without a good Share of Learning; for which I could again cite the Authority of *Horace*, and of many others, if any was necessary to prove that Tools are of no Service to a Workman, when they are not sharpened by Art, or when he wants Rules to direct him in his Work, or hath no Matter to work upon. All these Uses are supplied by Learning: For Nature can only furnish us with Capacity,

city, or, as I have chose to illustrate it, with the Tools of our Profession; Learning must fit them for Use, must direct them in it; and lastly, must contribute, Part at least, of the Materials. A competent Knowledge of History and of the *Belles Lettres*, is here absolutely necessary; and without this Share of Knowledge at least, to affect the Character of an Historian, is as vain as to endeavour at building a House without Timber or Mortar, or Brick or Stone. *Homer* and *Milton*, who, though they added the Ornament of Numbers to their Works, were both Historians of our Order, were Masters of all the Learning of their Times.

Again, there is another Sort of Knowledge beyond the Power of Learning to bestow, and this is to be had by Conversation. So necessary is this to the understanding the Characters of Men, that none are more ignorant of them than those learned Pedants, whose Lives have been entirely consumed in Colleges, and among Books: For however exquisitely Human Nature may have been described by Writers, the true practical System can only be learnt in the World. Indeed the like happens in every other Kind of Knowledge. Neither
Physic

Ch. I. a FOUNDLING. 318

Physic, nor Law, are to be practically known from Books. Nay, the Farmer, the Planter, the Gardener, must perfect by Experience what he hath acquired the Rudiments of by Reading. How accurately soever the ingenious Mr. *Miller* may have described the Plant, he himself would advise his Disciple to see it in the Garden. As we must perceive, that after the nicest Strokes of a *Shakespeare*, or a *Johnson*, of a *Wycherly*, or an *Otway*, some Touches of Nature will escape the Reader, which the judicious Action of a *Garrick*, of a *Gibber*, or a *Clive**, can convey to him; so on the real Stage, the Character shews himself in a stronger and bolder Light, than he can be described. And if this be the Case in those fine and nervous Descriptions, which great Authors themselves have taken from Life, how much more strongly will it hold when the Writer himself takes his Lines not from Nature, but from Books! Such Characters are only the faint Copy of a Copy, and can have neither the Justness nor Spirit of an Original.

* There is a peculiar Propriety in mentioning this great Actor, and these two most justly celebrated Actresses in this Place; as they have all formed themselves on the Study of Nature only; and not on the Imitation of their Predecessors. Hence they have been able to excel all who have gone before them; a Degree of Merit which the servile Herd of Imitators can never possibly arrive at.

Now this Conversation in our Historian must be universal, that is, with all Ranks and Degrees of Men: For the Knowledge of what is called High-Life, will not instruct him in low, nor *e converso*, will his being acquainted with the inferior Part of Mankind, teach him the Manners of the superior. And though it may be thought that the Knowledge of either may sufficiently enable him to describe at least that in which he hath been conversant; yet he will even here fall greatly short of Perfection: for the Follies of either Rank do in reality illustrate each other. For Instance, the Affectation of High-life appears more glaring and ridiculous from the Simplicity of the Low; and again the Rudeness and Barbarity of this latter, strikes with much stronger Ideas of Absurdity, when contrasted with, and opposed to the Politeness which controuls the former. Besides, to say the Truth, the Manners of our Historian will be improved by both these Conversations: For in the one he will easily find Examples of Plainness, Honesty, and Sincerity; in the other of Refinement, Elegance, and a Liberality of Spirit; which last Quality I myself have scarce ever seen in Men of low Birth and Education.

Nor

Nor will all the Qualities I have hitherto given my Historian avail him, unless he have what is generally meant by a good Heart, and be capable of feeling. The Author who will make me weep, says *Horace*, must first weep himself. In reality, no Man can paint a Distress well, which he doth not feel while he is painting it; nor do I doubt, but that the most pathetic and affecting Scenes have been writ with Tears. In the same Manner it is with the Ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my Reader laugh heartily, but where I have laughed before him, unless it should happen at any Time; that instead of laughing with me, he should be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been the Case at some Passages in this Chapter, from which Apprehension I will here put an End to it.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

Containing a very surprizing Adventure indeed, which Mr. Jones met with in his Walk with the Man of the Hill.

AURORA now first opened her Casement, *anglicè*, the Day began to break, when Jones walked forth in Company with the Stranger, and mounted *Mazard Hill*; of which they had no sooner gained the Summit, than one of the most noble Prospects in the World presented itself to their View, and which we would likewise present to the Reader; but for two Reasons.— *First*, We despair of making those who have seen this Prospect, admire our Description. *Secondly*, We very much doubt whether those, who have not seen it, would understand it.

Jones stood for some Minutes fixed in one Posture, and directing his Eyes towards the South; upon which the old Gentleman asked, What he was looking at with so much Attention? ‘Alas, Sir,’ answered he, with a Sigh, ‘I was endeavouring to trace out my own Journey hither.’

‘ hither. Good Heavens ! what a Distance is-
 ‘ *Gloucester* from us ! What a vast Tract of
 ‘ Land must be between me and my own
 ‘ Home.’ ‘ Ay, ay, young Gentleman,’
 cries the other, ‘ and, by your Sighing,
 ‘ from what you love better than your own
 ‘ Home, or I am mistaken. I perceive
 ‘ now the Object of your Contemplation is
 ‘ not within your Sight, and yet I fancy
 ‘ you have a Pleasure in looking that Way.’
Jones answered with a Smile, ‘ I find, old
 ‘ Friend, you have not yet forgot the Sen-
 ‘ sations of your Youth. — I own my
 ‘ Thoughts were employed as you have
 ‘ guessed.’

They now walked to that Part of the Hill which looks to the North West, and which hangs over a vast and extensive Wood. Here they were no sooner arrived, than they heard at a Distance the most violent Skreams of a Woman, proceeding from the Wood below them. *Jones* listened a Moment, and then, without saying a Word to his Companion (for indeed the Occasion seemed sufficiently pressing) ran, or rather slid, down the Hill, and without the least Apprehension or Concern for his own Safety, made directly to the Thicket whence the Sound had issued.

He

He had not entered far into the Wood before he beheld a most shocking Sight indeed, a Woman stript half naked, under the Hands of a Russian, who had put his Garter round her Neck, and was endeavouring to draw her up to a Tree. Jones asked no Questions at this Interval; but fell instantly upon the Villain, and made such good Use of his trusty Oaken Stick, that he laid him sprawling on the Ground, before he could defend himself, indeed almost before he knew he was attacked; nor did he cease the Prosecution of his Blows, till the Woman herself begged him to forbear, saying, She believed he had sufficiently done his Business.

The poor Wretch then fell upon her Knees to Jones, and gave him a thousand Thanks for her Deliverance: He presently lifted her up, and told her he was highly pleased with the extraordinary Accident which had sent him thither for her Relief, where it was so improbable she should find any; adding, that Heaven seemed to have designed him as the happy Instrument of her Protection. 'Nay,' answered she, 'I could almost conceive you to be some good Angel; and to say the Truth, you

‘you look more like an Angel than a Man, in my Eye.’ Indeed he was a charming Figure, and if a very fine Person, and a most comely Set of Features, adorned with Youth, Health, Strength, Freshness, Spirit and Good Nature, can make a Man resemble an Angel, he certainly had that Resemblance.

The redeemed Captive had not altogether so much of the human-angelic Species; she seemed to be, at least, of the middle Age, nor had her Face much Appearance of Beauty; but her Cloaths being torn from all the upper Part of her Body, her Breasts, which were well formed, and extremely white, attracted the Eyes of her Deliverer; and for a few Moments they stood silent, and gazing at each other; till the Russian on the Ground beginning to move, *Jones* took the Garter which had been intended for another Purpose, and bound both his Hands behind him. And now, on contemplating his Face, he discovered, greatly to his Surprise, and perhaps not a little to his Satisfaction, this very Person to be no other than Ensign *Northberton*. Nor had the Ensign forgotten his former Antagonist, whom he knew the Moment he came to himself. His Surprise was equal to that
of

Jones helped *Northerton* upon his Legs, and then looking him stedfastly in the Face, ‘I fancy, Sir,’ said he, ‘you did not expect to meet me any more in this World, and I confess I had as little Expectation to find you here. However, Fortune, I see, hath brought us once more together, and hath given me Satisfaction for the Injury I have received, even without my own Knowledge.’

‘It is very much like a Man of Honour indeed,’ answered *Northerton*, ‘to take Satisfaction by knocking a Man down behind his Back. Neither am I capable of giving you Satisfaction here, as I have no Sword; but if you dare behave like a Gentleman, let us go where I can furnish myself with one, and I will do by you as a Man of Honour ought.’

‘Doth it become such a Villain as you are,’ cries *Jones*, ‘to contaminate the Name of Honour by assuming it? But I shall waste no Time in Discourse with you—Justice requires Satisfaction of you now, and shall have it.’ Then turning to

to the Woman, he asked her, if she was near her Home, or if not, whether she was acquainted with any House in the Neighbourhood, where she might procure herself some decent Cloaths, in order to proceed to a Justice of the Peace.

She answered, She was an entire Stranger in that Part of the World. *Jones* then recollecting himself, said he had a Friend near, who would direct them; indeed he wondered at his not following; but, in Fact, the Good Man of the Hill, when our Heroe departed, sat himself down on the Brow, where, tho' he had a Gun in his Hand, he with great Patience and Unconcern, had attended the Issue.

Jones then stepping without the Wood, perceived the old Man sitting as we have just described him; he presently exerted his utmost Agility, and with surprizing Expedition ascended the Hill.

The old Man advised him to carry the Woman to *Upton*, which, he said, was the nearest Town, and there he would be sure of furnishing her with all manner of Conveniencies. *Jones* having received his Direction to the Place, took his Leave of the Man of the Hill, and desiring him to direct

Partridge:

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Partridge the same Way, returned hastily
to the Wood.

Our Heroe, at his Departure to make this Enquiry of his Friend, had considered, that as the Russian's Hands were tied behind him, he was incapable of executing any wicked Purposes on the poor Woman. Besides, he knew he should not be beyond the Reach of her Voice, and could return soon enough to prevent any Mischief. He had moreover declared to the Villain, that if he attempted the least Insult, he would be himself immediately the Executioner of Vengeance on him. But *Jones* unluckily forgot that tho' the Hands of *Northerton* were tied, his Legs were at Liberty; nor did he lay the least Injunction on the Prisoner, that he should not make what use of these he pleased. *Northerton* therefore having given no Parole of that Kind, thought he might, without any Breach of Honour, depart, not being obliged, as he imagined, by any Rules, to wait for a formal Discharge. He therefore took up his Legs, which were at Liberty, and walked off thro' the Wood, which favoured his Retreat; nor did the Woman, whose Eyes were perhaps rather turned towards her Deliverer, once think of his Escape, or give herself

herself any Concern or Trouble to prevent it.

Jones therefore, at his Return, found the Woman alone. He would have spent some Time in searching for *Northberton*; but she would not permit him; earnestly entreating that he would accompany her to the Town whither they had been directed. ‘As to the Fellow’s Escape,’ said she, ‘it gives me no Uneasiness: For Philosophy and Christianity both preach up Forgiveness of Injuries. But for you, Sir, I am concerned at the Trouble I give you, nay indeed my Nakedness may well make me ashamed to look you in the Face; and if it was not for the Sake of your Protection, I should wish to go alone.’

Jones offered her his Coat; but, I know not for what Reason, she absolutely refused the most earnest Solicitations to accept it. He then begged her to forget both the Causes of her Confusion. ‘With Regard to the former,’ says he, ‘I have done no more than my Duty in protecting you; and as for the latter, I will entirely remove it, by walking before you all the Way; for I would not have my Eyes offend you, and I could not answer for my Power

‘ Power of resisting the attractive Charms
 of so much Beauty.’

Thus our Heroe and the redeemed Lady walked in the same Manner as *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* marched heretofore: But tho’ I cannot believe that *Jones* was designedly tempted by his Fair One to look behind him, yet as she frequently wanted his Assistance to help her over Stiles, and had besides many Trips and other Accidents, he was often obliged to turn about. However, he had better Fortune than what attended poor *Orpheus*; for he brought his Companion, or rather Follower, safe into the famous Town of *Upton*.

CHAP. III.

*The Arrival of Mr. Jones, with his Lady,
 at the Inn, with a very full Description of
 the Battle of Upton.*

THO’ the Reader, we doubt not, is very eager to know who this Lady was, and how she fell into the Hands of Mr. *Northerton*; we must beg him to suspend his Curiosity for a short Time, as we are obliged, for some very good Reasons,

sons, which hereafter perhaps he may guess, to delay his Satisfaction a little longer.

Mr. *Jones* and his fair Companion no sooner entered the Town, than they went directly to that Inn which, in their Eyes, presented the fairest Appearance to the Street. Here *Jones*, having ordered a Servant to shew a Room above Stairs, was ascending, when the dishevelled Fair hastily following, was laid hold on by the Master of the House, who cried, ‘ Hey day, where is that Beggar Wench going? stay below Stairs, I desire you;’ but *Jones* at that Instant thundered from above, ‘ Let the Lady come up,’ in so authoritative a Voice, that the good Man instantly withdrew his Hands, and the Lady made the best of her Way to the Chamber.

Here *Jones* wished her Joy of her safe Arrival, and then departed, in order, as he promised, to send the Landlady up with some Cloaths. The poor Woman thanked him heartily for all his Kindness, and said, She hoped she should see him again soon, to thank him a thousand Times more. During this short Conversation, she covered her white Bosom as well as she could possibly with her Arms: For *Jones* could not avoid

avoid stealing a fly Peep or two, tho' he took all imaginable Care to avoid giving any Offence.

Our Travellers had happened to take up their Residence at a House of exceeding good Repute, whither *Irish* Ladies of strict Virtue, and many Northern Lassies of the same Predicament, were accustomed to resort in their Way to *Bath*. The Landlady therefore would by no Means have admitted any Conversation of a disreputable Kind to pass under her Roof. Indeed so foul and contagious are all such Proceedings, that they contaminate the very innocent Scenes where they are committed, and give the Name of a bad House, or of a House of ill Repute, to all those where they are suffered to be carried on.

Not that I would intimate, that such strict Chastity as was preserved in the Temple of *Vesta* can possibly be maintained at a public Inn. My good Landlady did not hope for such a Blessing, nor would any of the Ladies I have spoken of, or indeed any others of the most rigid Note, have expected or insisted on any such Thing. But to exclude all vulgar Concubinage, and to drive all Whores in Rags from within the Walls,

Walls, is within the Power of every one. This my Landlady very stiffly adhered to, and this her virtuous Guests, who did not travel in Rags, would very reasonably have expected of her.

Now it required no very blameable Degree of Suspicion, to imagine that Mr. *Jones* and his ragged Companion had certain Purposes in their Intention, which, tho' tolerated in some Christian Countries, connived at in others, and practised in all; are however as expressly forbidden as Murder, or any other horrid Vice, by that Religion which is universally believed in those Countries. The Landlady therefore had no sooner received an Intimation of the Entrance of the abovesaid Persons, than she began to meditate the most expeditious Means for their Expulsion. In order to this, she had provided herself with a long and deadly Instrument, with which, in Times of Peace, the Chambermaid was wont to demolish the Labours of the industrious Spider. In vulgar Phrase, she had taken up the Broomstick, and was just about to fall from the Kitchen, when *Jones* accosted her with a Demand of a Gown, and other Vestments, to cover the half-naked Woman above Stairs.

VOL. III.

Q

Nothing

Nothing can be more provoking to the human Temper, nor more dangerous to that cardinal Virtue, Patience, than Solicitations of extraordinary Offices of Kindness, on Behalf of those very Persons with whom we are highly incensed. For this Reason *Shakespear* hath artfully introduced his *Demona* soliciting Favours for *Cassio* of her Husband, as the Means of enflaming not only his Jealousy, but his Rage, to the highest Pitch of Madness; and we find the unfortunate Moor less able to command his Passion on this Occasion, than even when he beheld his valued Present to his Wife in the Hands of his supposed Rival. In Fact, we regard these Efforts as insults on our Understanding, and to such the Pride of Man is very difficultly brought to submit.

My Landlady, though a very good-tempered Woman, had, I suppose, some of this Pride in her Composition; for *Jones* had scarce ended his Request, when she fell upon him with a certain Weapon, which, tho' it be neither long, nor sharp, nor hard, nor indeed threatens from its Appearance with either Death or Wound, hath been however held in great Dread and Abhorrence by many wise Men; nay, by many brave

Ch. 3. *a* FOUNDLING. 327

brave ones; insomuch that some who have dared to look into the Mouth of a loaded Cannon, have not dared to look into a Mouth where this Weapon was brandished; and rather than run the Hazard of its Execution, have contented themselves with making a most pitiful and sneaking Figure in the Eyes of all their Acquaintance.

To confess the Truth, I am afraid Mr. *Jones* was one of these; for tho' he was attacked and violently belaboured with the aforesaid Weapon, he could not be provoked to make any Resistance; but in a most cowardly Manner applied, with many Entreaties, to his Antagonist to desist from pursuing her Blows; in plain *English*, he only begged her with the utmost Earnestness to hear him; but before he could obtain his Request, my Landlord himself entered into the Fray, and embraced that Side of the Cause which seemed to stand very little in need of Assistance.

There are a Sort of Heroes who are supposed to be determined in their chusing or avoiding a Conflict by the Character and Behaviour of the Person whom they are to engage. These are said to know their Man, and *Jones*, I believe, knew his Woman; for tho' he had been so submissive to her,

Q 2

he

he was no sooner attacked by her Husband, than he demonstrated an immediate Spirit of Resentment, and enjoined him Silence under a very severe Penalty ; no less than that, I think, of being converted into Fuel for his own Fire.

The Husband, with great Indignation, but with a Mixture of Pity, answered, ‘ You must pray first to be made able ; I believe I am a better Man than yourself ; ay, every Way, that I am ;’ and presently proceeded to discharge half a dozen Whores at the Lady above Stairs, the last of which had scarce issued from his Lips, when a swinging Blow from the Cudgel that *Jones* carried in his Hand assaulted him over the Shoulders.

It is a Question whether the Landlord or the Landlady was the most expeditious in returning this Blow. My Landlord, whose Hands were empty, fell to with his Fist, and the good Wife, uplifting her Broom, and aiming at the Head of *Jones*, had probably put an immediate End to the Fray, and to *Jones* likewise, had not the Descent of this Broom been prevented, ——— not by the miraculous Intervention of any Heathen Deity, but by a very natural, tho’ fortunate

nate Accident ; viz. by the Arrival of *Partridge* ; who entered the House at that Instant (for Fear had caused him to run every Step from the Hill) and who, seeing the Danger which threatned his Master, or Companion, (which you chuse to call him) prevented so sad a Catastrophe, by catching hold of the Landlady's Arm, as it was brandished aloft in the Air.

The Landlady soon perceived the Impediment which prevented her Blow ; and being unable to rescue her Arm from the Hands of *Partridge*, she let fall the Broom, and then leaving *Jones* to the Discipline of her Husband, she fell with the utmost Fury on that poor Fellow, who had already given some Intimation of himself, by crying, ' Zounds ! do you intend to kill my Friend ?'

Partridge, though not much addicted to Battle, would not however stand still when his Friend was attacked ; nor was he much displeased with that Part of the Combat which fell to his Share : He therefore returned my Landlady's Blows as soon as he received them ; and now the Fight was obstinately maintained on all Parts, and it seemed doubtful to which Side Fortune

Q 3

would

would incline, when the naked Lady, who had listened at the Top of the Stairs to the Dialogue which preceded the Engagement, descended suddenly from above, and without weighing the unfair Inequality of two to one, fell upon the poor Woman who was boxing with *Partridge*; nor did that great Champion desist, but rather redoubled his Fury, when he found fresh Succours were arrived to his Assistance.

Victory must now have fallen to the Side of the Travellers (for the bravest Troops must yield to Numbers) had not *Susan* the Chambermaid came luckily to support her Mistress. This *Susan* was as two-handed a Wench (according to the Phrase) as any in the Country, and would, I believe, have beat the famed *Thalestris* herself, or any of her subject *Amazons*; for her Form was robust and manlike, and every way made for such Encounters. As her Hands and Arms were formed to give Blows with great Mischief to an Enemy, so was her Face as well contrived to receive Blows without any great Injury to herself: Her Nose being already flat to her Face; her Lips were so large, that no Swelling could be perceived in them, and moreover they were so hard, that a Fist could hardly make any Impres-

Come
writes
wrong
says
came,

but
someone
corrects
it to

come
in the
margin

(Cross)
II. 122a

sion on them. Lastly, her Cheek-Bones stood out, as if Nature had intended them for two Bastions to defend her Eyes in those Encounters for which she seemed so well calculated, and to which she was most wonderfully well inclined.

This fair Creature entering the Field of Battle, immediately filed to that Wing where her Mistress maintained so unequal a Fight with one of either Sex. Here she presently challenged *Partridge* to single Combat. He accepted the Challenge, and a most desperate Fight began between them.

Now the Dogs of War being let loose, began to lick their bloody Lips ; now Victory with Golden Wings hung hovering in the Air. Now Fortune taking her Scales from her Shelf, began to weigh the Fates of *Tom Jones*, his Female Companion, and *Partridge*, against the Landlord, his Wife, and Maid ; all which hung in exact Balance before her ; when a good-natured Accident put suddenly an End to the bloody Fray, with which half of the Combatants had already sufficiently feasted. This Accident was the Arrival of a Coach and four ; upon which my Landlord and Landlady immediately desisted from fighting, and at

Q 4

their

their Entreaty obtained the same Favour of their Antagonists ; but *Susan* was not so kind to *Partridge*, for that *Amazonian* Fair having overthrown and bestrid her Enemy, was now cuffing him lustily with both her Hands, without any Regard to his Request of a Cessation of Arms, or to those loud Exclamations of Murder which he roared forth.

No sooner, however, had *Jones* quitted the Landlord, than he flew to the Rescue of his defeated Companion, from whom he with much Difficulty drew off the enraged Chambermaid ; but *Partridge* was not immediately sensible of his Deliverance ; for he still lay flat on the Floor, guarding his Face with his Hands, nor did he cease roaring till *Jones* had forced him to look up, and to perceive that the Battle was at an End.

The Landlord who had no visible Hurt, and the Landlady hiding her well scratched Face with her Handkerchief, ran both hastily to the Door to attend the Coach, from which a young Lady and her Maid now alighted. These the Landlady presently ushered into that Room, where Mr. *Jones* had at first deposited his fair Prize,

as

as it was the best Apartment in the House. Hither they were obliged to pass through the Field of Battle, which they did with the utmost Haste, covering their Faces with their Handkerchiefs, as desirous to avoid the Notice of any one. Indeed their Caution was quite unnecessary : For the poor unfortunate *Helen*, the fatal Cause of all the Bloodshed, was entirely taken up in endeavouring to conceal her own Face, and *Jones* was no less occupied in rescuing *Partridge* from the Fury of *Susan* ; which being happily effected, the poor Fellow immediately departed to the Pump to wash his Face, and to stop that bloody Torrent which *Susan* had plentifully set a flowing from his Nostrils.

C H A P. IV:

In which the Arrival of a Man of War puts a final End to Hostilities, and causes the Conclusion of a firm and lasting Peace between all Parties.

A Serjeant and a File of Musqueteers, with a Deserter in their Custody, arrived about this Time. The Serjeant presently enquired for the principal Magistrate of the Town, and was informed by my

Q 5

Land;

Landlord, that he himself was vested in that Office. He then demanded his Billets, together with a Mug of Beer, and complaining it was cold, spread himself before the Kitchen Fire.

Mr. *Jones* was at this Time comforting the poor distressed Lady, who sat down at a Table in the Kitchen, and leaning her Head upon her Arm, was bemoaning her Misfortunes; but lest my fair Readers should be in Pain concerning a particular Circumstance, I think proper here to acquaint them, that before she had quitted the Room above Stairs, she had so well covered herself with a Pillowbere which she there found, that her Regard to Decency was not in the least violated by the Presence of so many Men as were now in the Room.

One of the Soldiers now went up to the Serjeant, and whispered something in his Ear; upon which he stedfastly fixed his Eyes on the Lady, and having looked at her for near a Minute, he came up to her, saying, 'I ask Pardon, Madam, but I am certain I am not deceived, you can be no other Person than Captain *Waters's* Lady.'

The

The poor Woman, who in her present Distress had very little regarded the Face of any Person present, no sooner looked at the Serjeant, than she presently recollected him, and calling him by his Name, answered, 'That she was indeed the unhappy Person he imagined her to be; but added, I wonder any one should know me in this Disguise.' To which the Serjeant replied, 'he was very much surprized to see her Ladyship in such a Dress, and was afraid some Accident had happened to her.' 'An Accident hath happened to me, indeed,' says she, 'and I am highly obliged to this Gentleman (pointing to Jones) that it was not a fatal one, or that I am now living to mention it.' 'Whatever the Gentleman hath done,' cries the Serjeant, 'I am sure the Captain will make him Amends for it; and if I can be of any Service, your Ladyship may command me, and I shall think myself very happy to have it my Power to serve your Ladyship; and so indeed may any one, for I know the Captain will well reward them for it.'

The Landlady who heard from the Stairs all that past between the Serjeant and Mrs.

Q 6

Waters,

Waters, came hastily down, and running directly up to her, began to ask Pardon for the Offences she had committed, begging that all might be imputed to Ignorance of her Quality: For, ‘Lud! Madam,’ says she, ‘how should I have imagined that a Lady of your Fashion would appear in such a Dress? I am sure, Madam, if I had once suspected that your Ladyship was your Ladyship, I would sooner have burnt my Tongue out, than have said what I have said: And I hope your Ladyship will accept of a Gown, till you can get your own Cloaths.

‘Prithee Woman,’ says Mrs. *Waters*, ‘cease your Impertinence: How can you imagine I should concern myself about any thing which comes from the Lips of such low Creatures as yourself. But I am surprized at your Assurance in thinking, after what is past, that I will condescend to put on any of your dirty Things. I would have you know, Creature, I have a Spirit above that.

Here *Jones* interfered, and begg’d Mrs. *Waters* to forgive the Landlady, and to accept her Gown: ‘For I must confess,’
cries

cries he, ‘ our Appearance was a little suspicious when first we came in ; and I am well assured, all this good Woman did, was, as she professed, out of Regard to the Reputation of her House.

‘ Yes, upon my truly was it,’ says she ;
 ‘ the Gentleman speaks very much like a
 ‘ Gentleman, and I see very plainly is so ;
 ‘ and to be certain the House is well known
 ‘ to be a House of as good Reputation as
 ‘ any on the Road, and tho’ I say it, is
 ‘ frequented by Gentry of the best Quality,
 ‘ both *Irish* and *English*. I defy any Body
 ‘ to say black is my Eye, for that Matter.
 ‘ And, as I was saying, if I had
 ‘ known your Ladyship to be your Lady-
 ‘ ship, I would as soon have burnt my
 ‘ Fingers as have affronted your Ladyship ;
 ‘ but truly where Gentry come and spend
 ‘ their Money, I am not willing that they
 ‘ should be scandalized by a Set of poor
 ‘ shabby Vermin, that wherever they go,
 ‘ leave more Lice than Money behind
 ‘ them ; such Folks never raise my Com-
 ‘ passion : For to be certain, it is foolish
 ‘ to have any for them, and if our Justices
 ‘ did as they ought, they would be all
 ‘ whipt out of the Kingdom ; for to be
 ‘ certain it is what is most fitting for them.
 ‘ But

‘ But as for your Ladyship, I am heartily
 ‘ sorry your Ladyship hath had a Misfor-
 ‘ tune, and if your Ladyship will do me
 ‘ the Honour to wear my Cloaths till you
 ‘ can get some of your Ladyship’s own, to
 ‘ be certain the best I have is at your Lady-
 ‘ ship’s Service.’

Whether Cold, Shame, or the Persua-
 sions of Mr. *Jones* prevailed most with Mrs.
Waters, I will not determine ; but she suf-
 fered herself to be pacified by this Speech
 of my Landlady, and retired with that good
 Woman, in order to apparel herself in a
 decent Manner.

My Landlord was likewise beginning his
 Oration to *Jones*, but was presently inter-
 rupted by that generous Youth, who shook
 him heartily by the Hand ; and assured
 him of entire Forgiveness, saying, ‘ If
 ‘ you are satisfied, my worthy Friend, I
 ‘ promise you I am ;’ and indeed in one
 Sense the Landlord had the better Reason
 to be satisfied ; for he had received a Belly-
 full of Drubbing, whereas *Jones* had scarce
 felt a single Blow.

Partridge, who had been all this Time
 washing his bloody Nose at the Pump, re-
 turned

turned into the Kitchen at the Instant when his Master and the Landlord were shaking Hands with each other. As he was of a peaceable Disposition, he was pleased with those Symptoms of Reconciliation ; and tho' his Face bore some Marks of *Susan's* Filt, and many more of her Nails, he rather chose to be contented with his Fortune in the last Battle, than to endeavour at bettering it in another.

The heroic *Susan* was likewise well contented with her Victory, tho' it had cost her a Black-Eye, which *Partridge* had given her at the first Onset. Between these two, therefore, a League was struck, and those Hands which had been the Instruments of War, became now the Mediators of Peace.

Matters were thus restored to a perfect Calm, at which the Serjeant, tho' it may seem so contrary to the Principles of his Profession, testified his Approbation. 'Why now, that's friendly, said he ; D—n me, I hate to see two People bear Ill-will to one another, after they have had a Tussel. The only Way when Friends quarrel, is to see it out fairly in a friendly Manner, as a Man may call it, either

‘ther with Fist, or Sword, or Pistol, according as they like, and then let it be all over : For my own Part, d—n me if ever I love my Friend better than when I am fighting with him. To bear Malice is more like a *Frenchman* than an *Englishman*.

He then proposed a Libation as a necessary Part of the Ceremony at all Treaties of this Kind. Perhaps the Reader may here conclude that he was well versed in antient History ; but this, tho’ highly probable, as he cited no Authority to support the Custom, I will not affirm with any Confidence. Most likely indeed it is, that he founded his Opinion on very good Authority, since he confirmed it with many violent Oaths.

Jones no sooner heard the Proposal, than immediately agreeing with the learned Serjeant, he ordered a Bowl, or rather a large Mug, filled with the Liquor used on these Occasions to be brought in, and then began the Ceremony himself. He placed his Right Hand in that of the Landlord, and seizing the Bowl with his Left, uttered the usual Words, and then made his Libation. After which the same was observed by all present. Indeed there is very little Need of being

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being particular in describing the whole Form, as it differed so little from those Libations of which so much is recorded in ancient Authors, and their modern Transcribers. The principal Difference lay in two Instances : For first, the present Company poured the Liquor only down their Throats ; and, 2dly, The Serjeant, who officiated as Priest, drank the last ; but he preserved, I believe, the antient Form in swallowing much the largest Draught of the whole Company, and in being the only Person present who contributed nothing towards the Libation, besides his good Offices in assisting at the Performance.

The good People now ranged themselves round the Kitchen Fire, where good Humour seemed to maintain an absolute Dominion, and *Partridge* not only forgot his shameful Defeat, but converted Hunger into Thirst, and soon became extremely facetious. We must, however, quit this agreeable Assembly for a while, and attend Mr. *Jones* to Mrs. *Waters's* Apartment, where the Dinner which he had bespoke was now on the Table. Indeed it took no long Time in preparing, having been all drest three Days before, and required nothing

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thing more from the Cook than to warm
it over again.

C H A P. V.

*An Apology for all Heroes who have good
Stomachs, with a Description of a Battle
of the amorous Kind.*

H E R O E S, notwithstanding the high
Ideas, which by the Means of Flatterers they may entertain of themselves, or the World may conceive of them, have certainly more of mortal than divine about them. However elevated their Minds may be, their Bodies at least (which is much the major Part of most) are liable to the worst Infirmities and subject to the vilest Offices of human Nature. Among these latter the Act of Eating, which hath by several wise Men been considered as extremely mean and derogatory from the Philosophic Dignity, must be in some Measure performed by the greatest Prince, Heroe, or Philosopher upon Earth; nay, sometimes Nature hath been so frolicsome as to exact of these dignified Characters, a much more exorbitant Share of this Office, than she
hat

hath obliged those of the lowest Order to perform.

To say the Truth, as no known Inhabitant of this Globe is really more than Man, so none need be ashamed of submitting to what the Necessities of Man demand ; but when those great Personages I have just mentioned, condescend to aim at confining such low Offices to themselves ; as when by hoarding or destroying, they seem desirous to prevent any others from eating, they then surely become very low and despicable.

Now after this short Preface, we think it no Disparagement to our Heroe to mention the immoderate Ardour with which he laid about him at this Season. Indeed it may be doubted, whether *Ulysses*, who by the Way seems to have had the best Stomach of all the Heroes in that eating Poem of the *Odyssey*, ever made a better Meal. Three Pounds at least of that Flesh which formerly had contributed to the Composition of an Ox, was now honoured with becoming Part of the individual Mr. *Jones*.

This Particular we thought ourselves obliged to mention, as it may account for our
 Heroe's

Heroe's temporary Neglect of his fair Companion ; who eat but very little, and was indeed employed in Considerations of a very different Nature, which passed unobserved by *Jones*, till he had entirely satisfied that Appetite which a Fast of twenty-four Hours had procured him ; but his Dinner was no sooner ended, than his Attention to other Matters revived ; with these Matters therefore we shall now proceed to acquaint the Reader.

Mr. *Jones*, of whose personal Accomplishments we have hitherto said very little, was in reality, one of the handsomest young Fellows in the World. His Face, besides being the Picture of Health, had in it the most apparent Marks of Sweetness and Good-Nature. These Qualities were indeed so characteristical in his Countenance, that while the Spirit and Sensibility in his Eyes, tho' they must have been perceived by an accurate Observer, might have escaped the Notice of the less discerning, so strongly was this Good-nature painted in his Look, that it was remarked by almost every one who saw him.

It was, perhaps, as much owing to this, as to a very fine Complection, that his Face had a Delicacy in it almost inexpressible, and which might have given him an Air rather too effeminate, had it not been joined to a most masculine Person and Mein; which latter had as much in them of the *Hercules*, as the former had of the *Adonis*. He was besides active, genteel, gay and good-humoured, and had a Flow of Animal Spirits, which enlivened every Conversation where he was present.

When the Reader hath duly reflected on these many Charms which all centered in our Heroe, and considers at the same Time the fresh Obligations which Mrs. *Waters* had to him, it will be a Mark of more Prudery than Candour to entertain a bad Opinion of her, because she conceived a very good Opinion of him.

But whatever Censures may be passed upon her, it is my Business to relate Matters of Fact with Veracity. Mrs. *Waters* had, in Truth, not only a good Opinion of our Heroe, but a very great Affection for him. To speak out boldly at once, she was in Love, according to the present universal

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versally received Sense of that Phrase, by which Love is applied indiscriminately to the desirable Objects of all our Passions, Appetites, and Senses; and is understood to be that Preference which we give to one Kind of Food rather than to another.

But tho' the Love to these several Objects may possibly be one and the same in all Cases, its Operations however must be allowed to be different; for how much soever we may be in Love with an excellent Surloin of Beef, or Bottle of *Burgundy*; with a Damask Rose, or *Cremona* Fiddle; yet do we never smile, nor ogle, nor dress, nor flatter, nor endeavour by any other Arts or Tricks to gain the Affection of the said Beef, &c. Sigh indeed we sometimes may; but it is generally in the Absence, not in the Presence of the beloved Object. For otherwise we might possibly complain of their Ingratitude and Deafness, with the same Reason as *Psiphæ* doth of her Bull, whom she endeavoured to engage by all the Coquetry practised with good Success in the Drawing Room, on the much more sensible, as well as tender, Hearts of the fine Gentlemen there.

The

The contrary happens, in that Love which operates between Persons of the same Species, but of different Sexes. Here we are no sooner in Love, than it becomes our principal Care to engage the Affection of the Object beloved. For what other Purpose indeed are our Youth instructed in all the Arts of rendering themselves agreeable? If it was not with a View to this Love, I question whether any of those Trades which deal in setting off and adorning the Human Person would procure a Livelihood. Nay, those great Polishers of our Manners, who are by some thought to teach what principally distinguishes us from the Brute Creation, even Dancing-Masters themselves, might possibly find no Place in Society. In short, all the Graces which young Ladies and young Gentlemen too learn from others; and the many Improvements which, by the Help of a Looking-glass, they add of their own, are in Reality those very *Spicula & Faces Amoris*, so often mentioned by *Ovid*; or, as they are sometimes called in our own Language, *The whole Artillery of Love*.

Now Mrs. *Waters* and our Heroe had no sooner sat down together, than the former began

began to play this Artillery upon the latter. But here, as we are about to attempt a Description hitherto unessayed either in Prose or Verse, we think proper to invoke the Assistance of certain Aerial Beings, who will, we doubt not, come kindly to our Aid on this Occasion.

‘ Say then, you Graces, you that inhabit
 ‘ the heavenly Mansions of *Seraphina’s*
 ‘ Countenance; for you are truly Divine,
 ‘ are always in her Presence, and well know
 ‘ all the Arts of charming.] Say, what
 ‘ were the Weapons now used to captivate
 ‘ the Heart of Mr. Jones.’

‘ First, from two lovely blue Eyes,
 ‘ whose bright Orbs flashed Lightning at
 ‘ their Discharge, flew forth two pointed
 ‘ Ogles. But happily for our Heroe, hit
 ‘ only a vast Piece of Beef which he was
 ‘ then conveying into his Plate, and harm-
 ‘ less spent their Force. The fair Warrior
 ‘ perceived their Miscarriage, and imme-
 ‘ diately from her fair Bosom drew forth a
 ‘ deadly Sigh. A Sigh, which none could
 ‘ have heard unmoved, and which was
 ‘ sufficient at once to have swept off a do-
 ‘ zen Beaus; so soft, so sweet, so tender,
 ‘ that the insinuating Air must have found
 ‘ its

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‘ its subtle Way to the Heart of our He-
‘ roe, had it not luckily been driven from
‘ his Ears by the coarse Bubbling of some
‘ bottled Ale, which at that Time he
‘ was pouring forth. Many other Wea-
‘ pons did she assay ; but the God of
‘ Eating (if there be any such Deity ; for I
‘ do not confidently assert it) preserved his
‘ Votary ; or perhaps it may not be *Dignus*
‘ *vindice nodus*, and the present Security
‘ of *Jones* may be accounted for by natural
‘ Means: For as Love frequently preserves
‘ from the Attacks of Hunger, so may
‘ Hunger possibly, in some Cases, defend us
‘ against Love.

‘ The Fair One, enraged at her frequent
‘ Disappointments, determined on a short
‘ Cessation of Arms. Which Interval
‘ she employed in making ready every En-
‘ gine of Amorous Warfare for the renew-
‘ ing of the Attack, when Dinner should
‘ be over.

‘ No sooner then was the Cloth re-
‘ moved, than she again began her Opera-
‘ tions. First, having planted her Right
‘ Eye side-ways against Mr. *Jones*, she
‘ shot from its Corner a most penetrating
‘ Glance ; which, tho’ great Part of its
‘ Force

• Force was spent before it reached our
 • Heroe, did not vent itself absolutely with-
 • out Effect. This the Fair One per-
 • ceiving, hastily withdrew her Eyes, and
 • leveled them downwards as if she was
 • concerned for what she had done: Tho'
 • by this Means she designed only to draw
 • him from his Guard, and indeed to open
 • his Eyes, through which she intended to
 • surprize his Heart. And now, gently
 • lifting up those two bright Orbs which
 • had already begun to make an Impres-
 • sion on poor *Jones*, she discharged a
 • Volley of small Charms at once from her
 • whole Countenance in a Smile. Not a
 • Smile of Mirth, nor of Joy; but a Smile
 • of Affection, which most Ladies have
 • always ready at their Command, and
 • which serves them to show at once their
 • Good-Humour, their pretty Dimples, and
 • their white Teeth.

• This Smile our Heroe received full in
 • his Eyes, and was immediately staggered
 • with its Force. He then began to see the
 • Designs of the Enemy, and indeed to feel
 • their Success. A Parley now was set on
 • Foot between the Parties; during which
 • the artful Fair so slyly and imperceptibly
 • carried on her Attack, that she had almost
 • subdued

‘ subdued the Heart of our Heroe, before
 ‘ she again repaired to Acts of Hostility.
 ‘ To confess the Truth, I am afraid Mr.
 ‘ Jones maintained a Kind of *Dutch* De-
 ‘ fence, and treacherously delivered up the
 ‘ Garrison without duly weighing his Alle-
 ‘ giance to the fair *Sophia*. In short, no
 ‘ sooner had the amorous Parley ended,
 ‘ and the Lady had unmasked the Royal
 ‘ Battery, by carelessly letting her Hand-
 ‘ kerchief drop from her Neck, than the
 ‘ Heart of Mr. Jones was entirely taken,
 ‘ and the fair Conqueror enjoyed the usual
 ‘ Fruits of her Victory.’

Here the Graces think proper to end
 their Description, and here we think proper
 to end the Chapter.

C H A P. VI.

*A friendly Conversation in the Kitchen, which
 had a very common, tho’ not very friendly
 Conclusion.*

WHILE our Lovers were entertain-
 ing themselves in the Manner which
 is partly described in the foregoing Chapter;
 they were likewise furnishing out an Enter-
 tainment

tainment for their good Friends in the Kitchen. And this in a double Sense, by affording them Matter for their Conversation, and, at the same Time, Drink to enliven their Spirits.

There were now assembled round the Kitchen Fire, besides my Landlord and Landlady, who occasionally went backward and forward, Mr. *Partridge*, the Serjeant, and the Coachman who drove the young Lady and her Maid.

Partridge having acquainted the Company with what he had learnt from the Man of the Hill, concerning the Situation in which Mrs. *Waters* had been found by *Jones*, the Serjeant proceeded to that Part of her History which was known to him. He said, she was the Wife of Mr. *Waters*, who was a Captain in their Regiment, and had often been with him at Quarters. ‘Some Folks,’ says he, ‘used indeed to doubt whether they were lawfully married in a Church or no. But, for my Part, that’s no Business of mine; I must own, if I was put to my Corporal Oath, I believe she is little better than one of us, and I fancy the Captain may go to Heaven when the Sun shines upon a rainy Day.’

' Day. But if he does, that is neither here
 ' nor there, for he won't want Company.
 ' And the Lady, to give the Devil his
 ' Due, is a very good Sort of Lady, and
 ' loves the Cloth, and is always desirous to
 ' do strict Justice to it; for she hath begged
 ' off many a poor Soldier, and, by her
 ' Good will, would never have any of them
 ' punished. But yet, to be sure, Ensign
 ' Northerton and she were very well ac-
 ' quainted together, at our last Quarters, that
 ' is the very Right and Truth of the Matter.
 ' But the Captain he knows nothing about
 ' it; and as long as there is enough for
 ' him too, what does it signify! He loves
 ' her not a b't the worse, and I am certain
 ' would run any Man through the Body
 ' that was to abuse her, therefore I don't
 ' abuse her, for my Part. I only re-
 ' peat what other Folks say; and to be
 ' certain, what every body says, there
 ' must be some Truth in.' ' Ay, ay, a
 ' great deal of Truth, I warrant you,'
 ' cries Partridge, '*Veritas odium parit.*'
 ' All a Parcel of scandalous Stuff,' an-
 ' swered the Mistress of the House. ' I am
 ' sure now she is drest, she looks like a very
 ' good Sort of Lady, and she behaves her-
 ' self like one; for she gave me a Guinea
 ' for the Use of my Cloaths.' ' A very
 ' good

‘ good Lady indeed,’ cries my Landlord,
 ‘ and if you had not been a little too hasty,
 ‘ you would not have quarrelled with her
 ‘ as you did at first.’ ‘ You need mention
 ‘ that with my truly,’ answered she,
 ‘ if it had not been for your Nonsense, no-
 ‘ thing had happened. You must be med-
 ‘ dling with what did not belong to you,
 ‘ and throw in your Fool’s Discourse.’
 ‘ Well, well,’ answered he, ‘ what’s past
 ‘ cannot be mended, so there’s an End of
 ‘ the Matter.’ ‘ Yes,’ cries she, ‘ for
 ‘ this once, but will it be mended ever the
 ‘ more hereafter? This is not the first
 ‘ Time I have suffered for your Numscull’s
 ‘ Pate. I wish you would always hold
 ‘ your Tongue in the House, and med-
 ‘ dle only in Matters without Doors which
 ‘ concern you. Don’t you remember what
 ‘ happened about seven Years ago?—Nay,
 ‘ my Dear,’ returned he, ‘ don’t rip up
 ‘ old Stories. Come, come, all’s well,
 ‘ and I am sorry for what I have done.’

The Landlady was going to reply, but was
 prevented by the Peace-making Serjeant,
 sorely to the Displeasure of *Partridge*, who
 was a great Lover of what is called Fun,
 and a great Promoter of those harmless
 Quarrels which tend rather to the Produc-
 tion of comical than tragical Incidents.

The Serjeant asked *Partridge* whither he and his Master were travelling. ‘None of your Magisters,’ answered *Partridge*, ‘I am no Man’s Servant, I assure you; for tho’ I have had Misfortunes in the World, I write Gentleman after my Name; and as poor and simple as I may appear now, I have taught Grammar Schoof in my Time. *Sed hei mihi non sum quod fui.*’ ‘No Offence, I hope, Sir,’ said the Serjeant, ‘where then, if I may venture to be so bold, may you and your Friend be travelling?’—‘You have now denominated us right,’ says *Partridge*. ‘*Amici Sumus.* And I promise you my Friend is one of the greatest Gentlemen in the Kingdom,’ (at which Words both Landlord and Landlady pricked up their Ears). ‘He is the Heir of Squire *Allworthy.*’ ‘What, the Squire who doth so much Good all over the Country,’ cries my Landlady? ‘Even he,’ answered *Partridge*. ‘Then I warrant,’ says she, ‘he’ll have a swinging great Estate hereafter.’ ‘Most certainly,’ answered *Partridge*. ‘Well,’ replied the Landlady, ‘I thought the first Moment I saw him he looked like a good Sort of Gentleman; but my Husband here, to be sure, is wiser than

‘any body.’ ‘I own, my Dear,’ cries he, ‘it was a Mistake.’ ‘A Mistake indeed!’ answered she; ‘but when did you ever know me to make such Mistakes?’— ‘But how comes it, Sir,’ cries the Landlord, ‘that such a great Gentleman walks about the Country afoot?’ ‘I don’t know,’ returned *Partridge*, ‘great Gentlemen have Humours sometimes. He hath now a dozen Horses and Servants at *Gloucester*, and nothing would serve him, but last Night, it being very hot Weather, he must cool himself with a Walk to yon high Hill, whither I likewise walked with him to bear him Company; but if ever you catch me there again: For I was never so frightened in all my Life. We met with the strangest Man there.’ ‘I’ll be hanged,’ cries the Landlord, ‘if it was not the Man of the Hill, as they call him; if indeed he be a Man; but I know several People who believe it is the Devil that lives there.’ ‘Nay, nay, like enough,’ says *Partridge*, ‘and now you put me in the Head of it, I verily and sincerely believe it was the Devil; tho’ I could not perceive his cloven Foot; but perhaps he might have the Power given him to hide that, since evil Spirits can appear in what
‘Shapes

‘ Shapes they please.’ ‘ And pray, Sir,’
 says the Serjeant, ‘ no Offence I hope ;
 ‘ but pray what Sort of a Gentleman is the
 ‘ Devil ? For I have heard some of our
 ‘ Officers say, There is no such Person, and
 ‘ and that it is only a Trick of the Parsons,
 ‘ to prevent their being broke ; for if it
 ‘ was publickly known that there was no
 ‘ Devil, the Parsons would be of no more
 ‘ Use than we are in Time of Peace.’
 ‘ Those Officers,’ says *Partridge*, ‘ are
 ‘ very great Scholars, I suppose.’ ‘ Not
 ‘ much of Schollards neither,’ answered the
 Serjeant, ‘ they have not half your Learn-
 ‘ ing, Sir, I believe ; and to be sure, I
 ‘ thought there must be a Devil, notwith-
 ‘ standing what they said, tho’ one of them
 ‘ was a Captain ; for methought, thinks I
 ‘ to myself, if there be no Devil, how can
 ‘ wicked People be sent to him, and I have
 ‘ read all that upon a Book.’ ‘ Some of
 ‘ your Officers,’ quoth the Landlord, ‘ will
 ‘ find there is a Devil, to their Shame, I
 ‘ believe. I don’t question but he’ll pay
 ‘ off some old Scores, upon my Account.
 ‘ Here was one quartered upon me half a
 ‘ Year, who had the Conscience to take up
 ‘ one of my best Beds, tho’ he hardly spent
 ‘ a Shilling a Day in the House, and suf-
 ‘ fered his Men to roast Cabbages at the

‘ Kitchen Fire, because I would not give
 ‘ them a Dinner on a *Sunday*. Every good
 ‘ Christian must desire there should be a
 ‘ Devil for the Punishment of such
 ‘ Wretches.’ ‘ Harkee, Landlord,’ said
 the Serjeant, ‘ don’t abuse the Cloth, for I
 ‘ won’t take it.’ ‘ D—n the Cloth,’ an-
 swered the Landlord, ‘ I have suffered
 ‘ enough by them. ‘ Bear Witness, Gen-
 ‘ tlemen,’ says the Serjeant, ‘ he curses the
 ‘ King, and that’s High Treason.’ ‘ I
 ‘ curse the King! you Villain,’ said the
 ‘ Landlord. ‘ Yes you did,’ cries the
 Serjeant, ‘ you cursed the Cloth, and that’s
 ‘ cursing the King. It’s all one and the
 ‘ same; for every Man who curses the
 ‘ Cloth, would curse the King if he durst;
 ‘ so for Matter o’ that, it’s all one and the
 ‘ same Thing.’ ‘ Excuse me there, Mr.
 ‘ Serjeant,’ quoth *Partridge*, ‘ that’s a
 ‘ *Non Sequitur*.’ ‘ None of your outland-
 ‘ ish Linguo,’ answered the Serjeant, leap-
 ing from his Seat, ‘ I will not sit still and
 ‘ hear the Cloth abused.’—‘ You mistake
 ‘ me, Friend,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ I did not
 ‘ mean to abuse the Cloth; I only said
 ‘ your Conclusion was a *Non Sequitur*.’*

* This Word, which the Serjeant unhappily
 mistook for an Affront, is a Term in Logic, and
 means that the Conclusion doth not follow from the
 Premises.

‘ You

‘ You are another,’ cries the Serjeant, ‘ an
 ‘ you come to that. No more a *Sequitur*
 ‘ than yourself. You are a Pack of Rascals;
 ‘ and I’ll prove it; for I will fight the best
 ‘ Man of you all for twenty Pound.’ This
 Challenge effectually silenced *Partridge*,
 whose Stomach for drubbing did not so soon
 return, after the hearty Meal which he
 had lately been treated with; but the Coach-
 man, whose Bones were less sore, and whose
 Appetite for Fighting was somewhat sharp-
 er, did not so easily brook the Affront, of
 which he conceived some Part at least fell
 to his Share. He started therefore from
 his Seat, and advancing to the Serjeant,
 swore he looked on himself to be as good
 a Man as any in the Army, and offered to
 box for a Guinea. The military Man ac-
 cepted the Combat, but refused the Wager;
 upon which both immediately stript and
 engaged, till the Driver of Horses was so
 well mauled by the Leader of Men, that he
 was obliged to exhaust his small Remainder
 of Breath in begging for Quarter.

The young Lady was now desirous to
 depart, and had given Orders for her Coach
 to be prepared; but all in vain; for the
 Coachman was disabled from performing his
 Office for that Evening. An antient Hea-

then would perhaps have imputed this Disability to the God of Drink, no less than to the God of War ; for, in Reality, both the Combatants had sacrificed as well to the former Deity as to the latter. To speak plainly, they were both dead drunk, nor was *Partridge* in a much better Situation. As for my Landlord, drinking was his Trade, and the Liquor had no more Effect on him, than it had on any other Vessel in his House.

The Mistress of the Inn being summoned to attend Mr. *Jones* and his Companion, at their Tea, gave a full Relation of the latter Part of the foregoing Scene ; and at the same Time expressed great Concern for the young Lady, ‘ who,’ she said, ‘ was under ‘ the utmost Uneasiness at being prevented ‘ from pursuing her Journey. She is a ‘ sweet pretty Creature,’ added she, and I ‘ am certain I have seen her Face before. ‘ I fancy she is in Love, and running away ‘ from her Friends. Who knows but some ‘ young Gentleman or other may be expecting her, with a Heart as heavy as her ‘ own.’

Jones fetched a hearty Sigh at those Words ; of which, tho’ Mrs. *Waters* observed

observed it, she took no Notice while the Landlady continued in the Room; but after the Departure of that good Woman, she could not forbear giving our Heroe certain Hints of her suspecting some very dangerous Rival in his Affections. The aukward Behaviour of Mr. *Jones* on this Occasion convinced her of the Truth, without his giving her a direct Answer to any of her Questions; but she was not nice enough in her Amours to be greatly concerned at the Discovery. The Beauty of *Jones* highly charmed her Eye; but, as she could not see his Heart, she gave herself no concern about it. She could feast heartily at the Table of Love, without reflecting that some other already had been, or hereafter might be, feasted with the same Repast. A Sentiment which, if it deals but little in Refinement, deals however much in Substance; and is less capricious, and perhaps less ill-natured and selfish than the Desires of those Females who can be contented enough to abstain from the Possession of their Lovers, provided they are sufficiently satisfied that no one else possesses them.

C H A P. VII.

Containing a fuller Account of Mrs. Waters, and by what Means she came into that distressful Situation from which she was rescued by Jones.

THOUGH Nature hath by no Means mixed up an equal Share either of Curiosity or Vanity in every human Composition, there is perhaps no Individual to whom she hath not allotted such a Proportion of both, as requires much Art and Pains too, to subdue and keep under. A Conquest, however, absolutely necessary to every one who would in any Degree deserve the Characters of Wisdom or Good-Breeding.

As *Jones* therefore might very justly be called a well-bred Man, he had stifled all that Curiosity which the extraordinary Manner in which he had found *Mrs. Waters*, must be supposed to have occasioned. He had indeed at first thrown out some few Hints to the Lady; but when he perceived her industriously avoiding any Explanation, he was contented to remain in Ignorance, the

the rather as he was not without Suspicion, that there were some Circumstances which must have raised her Blushes, had she related the whole Truth.

Now, since it is possible that some of our Readers may not so easily acquiesce under the same Ignorance, and as we are very desirous to satisfy them all, we have taken uncommon Pains to inform ourselves of the real Fact, with the Relation of which we shall conclude this Book.

This Lady then had lived some Years with one Captain *Waters*, who was a Captain in the same Regiment to which Mr. *Norberton* belonged. She past for that Gentleman's Wife, and went by his Name; and yet, as the Serjeant said, there were some Doubts concerning the Reality of their Marriage, which we shall not at present take upon us to resolve.

Mrs. *Waters*, I am sorry to say it, had for some Time contracted an Intimacy with the above mentioned Ensign, which did no great Credit to her Reputation. That she had a remarkable Fondness for that young Fellow is most certain; but whether she indulged this to any very criminal Lengths, is

is not so extremely clear, unless we will suppose that Women never grant every Favour to a Man but one, without granting him that one also.

The Division of the Regiment to which Captain *Waters* belonged, had two Days preceded the March of that Company to which Mr. *Northerton* was the Ensign; so that the former had reached *Worcester*, the very Day after the unfortunate Rencounter between *Jones* and *Northerton*, which we have before recorded.

Now it had been agreed between Mrs. *Waters* and the Captain, that she should accompany him in his March as far as *Worcester*, where they were to take their Leave of each other, and she was thence to return to *Bath*, where she was to stay till the End of the Winter's Campaign against the Rebels.

With this Agreement Mr. *Northerton* was made acquainted. To say the Truth, the Lady had made him an Assignation at this very Place, and promised to stay at *Worcester* till his Division came thither; with what View, and for what Purpose must be left to the Reader's Divination: For
though

though we are obliged to relate Facts, we are not obliged to do a Violence to our Nature by any Comments to the Disadvantage of the loveliest Part of the Creation.

Northerton no sooner obtained a Release from his Captivity, as we have seen, than he hastened away to overtake *Mrs. Waters*; which, as he was a very active nimble Fellow, he did at the last mentioned City, some few Hours after Captain *Waters* had left her: At his first Arrival he made no Scruple of acquainting her with the unfortunate Accident, which he made appear very unfortunate indeed: For he totally extracted every Particle of what could be called Fault, at least in a Court of Honour, though he left some Circumstances which might be questionable in a Court of Law.

Women, to their Glory be it spoken, are more generally capable of that violent and apparently disinterested Passion of Love, which seeks only the Good of its Object, than Men. *Mrs. Waters*, therefore, was no sooner apprized of the Danger to which her Lover was exposed, than she lost every Consideration besides that of his Safety; and this being a Matter equally agreeable
to

to the Gentleman, it became the immediate Subject of Debate between them.

After much Consultation on this Matter, it was at length agreed, that the Ensign should go a-cross the Country to *Hereford*, whence he might find some Conveyance to one of the Sea-Ports in *Wales*, and thence might make his Escape abroad. In all which Expedition Mrs. *Waters* declared she would bear him Company ; and for which she was able to furnish him with Money, a very material Article to Mr. *Northern*, she having then in her Pocket three Bank Notes to the Amount of 50 *l.* besides some Cash, and a Diamond Ring of pretty considerable Value on her Finger. All which she, with the utmost Confidence, revealed to this wicked Man, little suspecting she should by these Means inspire him with a Design of robbing her. Now as they must, by taking Horses from *Worcester*, have furnished any Pursuers with the Means of hereafter discovering their Rout, the Ensign proposed, and the Lady presently agreed to make their first Stage on Foot ; for which Purpose the Hardness of the Frost was very seasonable.

The

The main Part of the Lady's Baggage was already at *Bath*, and she had nothing with her at present besides a very small Quantity of Linnen, which the Gallant undertook to carry in his own Pockets. All Things, therefore, being settled in the Evening, they arose early the next Morning, and at Five o'Clock departed from *Worcester*, it being then above two Hours before Day. But the Moon which was then at the full, gave them all the Light she was capable of affording.

Mrs. *Waters* was not of that delicate Race of Women who are obliged to the Invention of Vehicles for the Capacity of removing themselves from one Place to another, and with whom consequently a Coach is reckoned among the Necessaries of Life. Her Limbs were indeed full of Strength and Agility, and as her Mind was no less animated with Spirit, she was perfectly able to keep Pace with her nimble Lover.

Having travelled on for some Miles in a High Road, which *Northerton* said he was informed led to *Hereford*, they came at the Break of Day to the Side of a large Wood, where he suddenly stopped, and affecting to

to meditate a Moment with himself, expressed some Apprehensions from travelling any longer in so public a Way. Upon which he easily persuaded his fair Companion to strike with him into a Path which seemed to lead directly through the Wood, and which at length brought them both to the Bottom of *Mazard-Hill*.

Whether the execrable Scheme which he now attempted to execute, was the Effect of previous Deliberation, or whether it now first came into his Head, I cannot determine. But being arrived in this lonely Place, where it was very improbable he should meet with any Interruption; he suddenly slipped his Garter from his Leg, and laying violent Hands on the poor Woman, endeavoured to perpetrate that dreadful and detestable Fact, which we have before commemorated, and which the providential Appearance of *Jones* did so fortunately prevent.

Happy was it for Mrs. *Waters*, that she was not of the weakest Order of Females; for no sooner did she perceive by his tying a Knot in his Garter, and by his Declarations, what his Hellish Intentions were, than

than she stood stoutly to her Defence, and so strongly struggled with her Enemy, screaming all the while for Assistance, that she delayed the Execution of the Villain's Purpose several Minutes, by which Means Mr. *Jones* came to her Relief, at that very Instant when her Strength failed, and she was totally overpowered, and delivered her from the Russian's Hands, with no other Loss than that of her Cloaths, which were torn from her Back, and of the Diamond Ring, which during the Contention either dropped from her Finger, or was wrenched from it by *Northerton*.

Thus, Reader, we have given thee the Fruits of a very painful Enquiry, which for thy Satisfaction we have made into this Matter. And here we have opened to thee a Scene of Folly, as well as Villainy, which we could scarce have believed a human Creature capable of being guilty of; had we not remembered that this Fellow was at that Time firmly persuaded, that he had already committed a Murder, and had forfeited his Life to the Law. As he concluded therefore that his only Safety lay in Flight, he thought the possessing himself of this poor Woman's Money and Ring, would

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would make him Amends for the additional
Burthen he was to lay on his Conscience.

And here, Reader, we must strictly caution thee, that thou dost not take any Occasion from the Misbehaviour of such a Wretch as this, to reflect on so worthy and honourable a Body of Men, as are the Officers of our Army in general. Thou wilt be pleased to consider, that this Fellow, as we have already informed thee, had neither the Birth nor Education of a Gentleman, nor was a proper Person to be enrolled among the Number of such. If therefore his Baseness can justly reflect on any besides himself, it must be only on those who gave him his Commission.

The End of the Third Volume.



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